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LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

JOURNEY

IN THE BERMUDAS, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, NORWAY,
SWEDEN, DENMARK, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND,
ITALY AND FRANCE, 1894.

IN MEXICO, 1896.

IN CANADA, 1898.

IN EGYPT, HOLY LAND, TURKEY, GREECE,
ITALY AND FRANCE, 1900.

IN MOROCCO, SPAIN, ALGIERS, ITALY, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY,
GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM
AND LONDON, 1903.



By JOHNSON SHERRICK.



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CONTENTS.

	Page
Letter I—The Bermuda Islands	5
Letter II—Yellowstone National Park 615192	9
Letter III—Sailing for Europe—(First Trip).....	18
Letter IV—Merrie England—Isle of Wight	25
Letter V—From London—Queen's Castle	33
Letter VI—England and Scotland—Parliament	39
Letter VII—Edinburgh—To Norway—Holyrood	45
Letter VIII—In Norway—Traveling by Post Cart	53
Letter IX—North Cape—Midnight Sun	59
Letter X—Southward in Norway—Christiania.....	65
Letter XI—In Sweden—Stockholm—Gota Canal	70
Letter XII—Denmark—Copenhagen to Prussia	79
Letter XIII—Southward Through Germany—Berlin	87
Letter XIV—Switzerland and on to Italy—Milan	96
Letter XV—From Milan to Venice—In Venice	105
Letter XVI—Florence to Rome—St. Peters—Colosseum..	113
Letter XVII—Naples—Vesuvius—Pompell	122
Letter XVIII—Again In Switzerland—Geneva	131
Letter XIX—In Paris—French Revolution	141
Letter XX—Second Letter From Paris	151
Letter XXI—Back to London—Crossing the Channel ...	162
Letter XXII—South to Mexico—Monterey	174
Letter XXIII—Mexico City—Bull Fight	180
Letter XXIV—Scenes in Old Mexico—Floating Gardens ..	191
Letter XXV—Northward Through Mexico.....	199
Letter XXVI—Fruitful California—Los Angeles	207
Letter XXVII—Canada—Quebec—Saguenay River	216
Letter XXVIII—Second Trip Abroad—Gibraltar.....	222
Letter XXIX—Sailing to Egypt—Arabs on Board.....	226
Letter XXX—In Cairo—Landing at Alexandria.....	232
Letter XXXI—In Egypt—Pyramids—The Nile.....	239
Letter XXXII—Upper Egypt—Temples—The Great Dam..	247
Letter XXXIII—Holy Land—Trip From Cairo	256
Letter XXXIV—In Asia—Baalbek—Damascus	266
Letter XXXV—In Turkey—Constantinople	274
Letter XXXVI—In Greece—Athens—Eastern Festivities..	281
Letter XXXVII—Again in Italy—Beautiful Sorrento....	288
Letter XXXVIII—Through Land of Flowers—Vesuvius ..	294
Letter XXXIX—Third Trip Abroad—Tangiers—Spain....	299
Letter XXXX—In Spain—Seville—Madrid	305
Letter XXXXI—Alhambra at Granada—The Moors	311
Letter XXXXII—Algiers, Africa—Arabs.....	317
Letter XXXXIII—Again in Italy—Italian Progress.....	321
Letter XXXXIV—In Austria—Vienna.....	325
Letter XXXXV—In Hungary—Buda-Pest	330
Letter XXXXVI—In Germany—On the Rhine	334
Letter XXXXVII—Holland—Belgium—Waterloo	340

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Frontispiece	
Grand Canal—Venice.....	112½
Scene in Uncovered Pompeii.....	126½
Mixed Team Hauling Wine—Naples.....	130½
Oxen and Wooden Plow—Mexico.....	176½
Going to Market—Mexico.....	190½
Egyptian Women.....	232½
Nile Bridge at Cairo.....	238½
Water Carriers—Cairo.....	242½
Scene on the Nile.....	246½
Entrance to Karnak Temple on the Nile.....	252½
View in Jerusalem.....	258½
St. Anne's Church—Jerusalem.....	264½
Cathedral—Cordova, Spain	310½
Landing From Ship—Algiers.....	316½
Native Woman of Algiers.....	320½

INTRODUCTORY.

Letters contained in this volume were written while Mrs. Sherrick and I were sojourning in foreign countries and published in the Canton papers at the various times in which they were written.

In order to reduce the size of this volume, I shall not include all of my published letters from foreign countries, and add two only, of those published while traveling in this country.

Many friends in whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, have frequently suggested to me their desire to have a copy of these letters in book form. They may not be of much interest to the general reader but I trust my acquaintances and friends of long standing will appreciate this work and read it with interest.

I wrote at the bottom of each letter the date and place where it was written; with a few exceptions such as making clerical or typographical corrections and supplying a few omissions, these communications appear just as they were hastily dotted down at the time and mailed to the press at our distant home.

We make no claim that these letters are in any way classical or that they will add in the least to literature. The observations that we noted were only gleaned by the wayside as we journeyed among many strange people. Outside of England,

we met few who could speak our language, consequently it was often quite difficult to write more completely. The glances at history of many of the places visited were often referred to from memory, which were perhaps not always entirely correct, so the reader may easily understand that the liability to criticism should be charitably considered. It was the object of the author (not thinking at the time of writing that any of these communications would ever be published either in pamphlet or book form), to write in a plain and comprehensible way; that in describing any scene, natural or artificial, to make it so that the mind of the reader could see the true picture easily. To what extent this object has been attained the reader must be the judge. These letters are not published with a view of any financial gain. The writing of them was not only a pleasant but an easy task. They were published in the Repository or News Democrat for the benefit of their readers, and the manner in which they were received and read is a sufficient recompense for me. That this book shall meet with the approval of friends and be read by them with interest and pleasure is the wish of its

AUTHOR.

Canton, Ohio, 1905.

LETTER I.

THE BERMUDAS.

WINTER SAIL ON ROUGH SEA.—A DELIGHTFUL PLACE.
—KIND PEOPLE.

WE sailed from New York on Thursday, the 31st of January, on the beautiful little steamship Trinidad. There were seventy-one passengers on board, all anxious and eager to reach the beautiful little islands away out in the Atlantic sea, called The Bermudas.

All was cheerfulness on board and of course every one expected a mild, smooth sea, at least until the Gulf Stream was reached. This is always more boisterous as it plows northward through the ocean with its current of warm water, but the first night we struck a frightful sea, and about the same time a howling snow storm from the north struck us. The waves after daylight seemed to me like mountains. Our ship rolled and pitched, and the black waters of the angry sea looked frightful.

The next morning at breakfast only four of the passengers were able to get out for that meal. All were very sea-sick except a Catholic bishop, a passenger from New York city, a little Scotchman and myself. Every lady on the ship was sea-sick. My wife ate but one meal at the table during the whole voyage. The ship rolled so badly for a

while that the dishes on the table of the dining saloon could not remain there.

I stood on deck, holding on to the rail and viewed the swelling waves that rose like mountains before me. At times our little ship perched on the crest, and I looked down to a huge trough in the sea. As the swell died away the boat would go down, down, and the waves rise higher and higher until the turbulent waters seemed to be lashing their white caps a thousand feet above us. But the next day was warm and Sunday morning found us sailing on the beautiful green waters of the bay which is the harbor for the town of Hamilton, and the waters were quiet and peaceful. As our ship pulled in to the landing hundreds of people were standing on the dock to welcome us. Sojourners here, natives of the islands, black and white people, all seemed glad to see the ship come in. We were invited as soon as we were on land, by an employe of the hotel, to step into his fine open carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, and have a free ride to the Hamilton House. We dashed up the street, almost as white as marble and as clean, lined on both sides with white houses and white stone fences, over which the green vines clustered, blooming with flowers. Up the terraces lined with roses, into the hotel grounds, among the trees that are always green, dashed our carriage. The fragrant air; the charming songs of the beautiful birds, made the scene enchanting, and we said, what a change, especially in contrast with the cold and cutting winds of our home, and the dark and fearful ocean just left behind us.

This seems to me the most beautiful spot on earth. Here the cold winds never blow, and the vines, shrubbery and trees are always green, and the flowers never cease to bloom. The native cedars grow on every hill top. The pawpaw, the orange, the oleander, the rubber tree and the banana flourish here, and the palmetto rears its slender form above them all, and from its majestic height can view the ocean on either side.

The streets, the lanes and highways are simply perfect; no mud, no dust, no soot. The houses (roofs included) are all white, and the rain water is so clear that you can not see it when in a bowl. The houses are built out of the native white coral rock which can be quarried from any hill side. It is so soft that it can be sawed up in square blocks ready for the walls, and gets as hard as building stone when exposed to the air. The stone fences are also built with white coral rock. This rock is burned into white lime which they use to make their mortar and convert to use in building for plastering.

The people are all well dressed, neat and clean, and they are very kind and sociable to strangers. About 14,000 people inhabit this island, and over half are colored. The colored people are fairly educated. They are better appearing and finer featured than their colored brethren in the United States. England governs these islands and has several thousand troops here. The English land system prevails. There are many beautiful homes, with large, fine grounds, enclosed with white stone fences, with picturesque drives leading from

the gates, at the highways among the cedars and cultivated shrubbery to the "mansion on the hill." One can drive along these magnificent highways for miles and miles in every direction until you reach the waters edge, and no end of the beautiful scenery. Even the waters as they gently break upon the beach radiate a bluish green tint, and so perfectly clear that one can see to the bottom of the deep bay.

The combined area of these little islands is not as large as a township in Ohio. They are but a dot on the map, lying six or seven hundred miles out in the Atlantic ocean, off the east coast of North America, in the latitude of South Carolina. The English have strong fortifications, a large dry dock and many soldiers are quartered at this place.

It seems as if one would never tire here. It's nature's favored spot. Extreme poverty, disease and distress are not known. The cottage of the humblest colored man seems to have an air of cleanliness, and the "little coons" who play in the gardens around, are all well clad, bright and happy. Most of these people who live here have never seen a train of cars; they have good schools and churches and are well informed.

Hamilton, Bermuda, February 5, 1889.

LETTER II.

NATIONAL PARK.

STAGE COACHES.—HOTELS.—HOT SPRINGS. — PAINT
POTS.—GEYSERS.—GAME AND WILD ANIMALS.

THIS is perhaps the most remarkable place within the territory of the United States. It lies in the northwest corner of Wyoming and is 65 miles long and 51 miles broad and contains over 3,300 square miles. It has been set aside by our government for a National Park, and to be used as such forever. It is entirely free to visitors, so far as admission to the grounds is concerned, but it costs \$10 a day for a carriage for two persons, and that is the cheapest carriage you can hire here. Our congress has seen fit to grant the exclusive privilege for public conveyance to one company and allows them to charge as much as they please, and of course they extort from the people. The hotels charge \$4.00 a day. They have gone to much expense to erect fine hotels and as they are only open four months in the year, this charge is very reasonable.

It takes a visitor six days to see all the points of interest and costs about \$50. To make a complete tour and see all of the park will take several weeks. The government has done very little towards beautifying the grounds; as yet the roads

are not in good condition. Art has not yet come to the front to lend a hand in embellishing that which nature has made so grand. What you see here is not chiefly the beautiful, not roses and flower beds with shrubbery, pure and green, artistically laid out and cultivated, but wonders in nature, great, grand and sublime. Four hotels are built inside the park, at a distance of twenty-five miles apart and at places of noted interest, where visitors are now handsomely entertained while going through the grounds. This wonderful place, so properly dedicated to the people of the United States, to be held sacred for them while the Nation lasts, will ere long be the pride of all our people. It will be a place where every citizen of the United States can repair to and feel at home, assured by the fact that it belongs to himself in part.

The Northern Pacific Railroad has built a branch road, fifty-one miles long, running south from Livingston, a station on the main line, to Cinnabar, near the entrance to the park grounds. There the visitors take four-horse stages and are driven to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which is inside the grounds, and where they arrive about 1 p. m. They have under the present arrangements all afternoon to visit points of interest at that place. There are the famous Hot Springs, blubbling their boiling water out of the ground, hot enough to cook a potato in a few minutes. These springs are quite large, the waters are green, and they form quite a stream as they flow down the mountain side. Each spring is located one above the other. The lowest one is right on the bank of a mountain stream that

flows down the narrow valley. This stream is full of brook trout. They are caught in this mountain stream, near by this boiling spring. One can, without taking the fish from the hook, or without moving from the place where he stood when catching the fish, suspend it from the same line into the boiling spring, and in a few minutes it would be cooked for dinner. This is no fish story.

As you ascend the mountain, just about one hundred feet above the valley, and on the first ledge of the steep, you see another boiling and steaming spring, belching forth and foaming over the precipice to join the waters below. You continue to ascend other ledges and other boiling springs continue to belch forth until you are more than a thousand feet above the first spring and seven thousand feet above the sea level. The fountain head for these springs must be still higher, in some mountain range further back, and the waters flow through some subterranean passage wherein a smothering volcano is heating some portion of this mountain to an intense heat. It is probable that some day this volcano will burst forth with fire and lava, and perhaps submerge the hotels and cluster of houses that stand near its base.

Twenty-two miles further south the visitor reaches the Norris Geyser Basin. It covers an area of six square miles and is a very interesting place. The many hot springs here are of such a character that one is impressed with a feeling that he is entering the locality of a great manufacturing place. The terrible noise and rumblings, the hissing of

escaping steam, as it forces its way out through the crevices of the rocks, or blubbers up through the restless water in the boiling cauldron, make one feel afraid to go near. Twenty and thirty miles further south, reached by means of stage coach and other carriages, we came on the grounds of Lower and Upper Basin, where the largest and most celebrated geysers and hot springs in the world are located. I will not attempt to describe them in detail. They are too numerous. All of them are wonders. I will only refer to those which I thought were the most wonderful.

At the Lower Basin we saw "Fountain Geyser." It is twenty-five feet higher than the roadway and close to the hotel. The formation or deposit from this geyser covers about ten acres. This crater is surrounded with a rim-like edge four or five feet higher than the base and resembles in shape a round basket, thirty feet in diameter, with a hole through the bottom six or eight feet in diameter, going down into the ground no one knows how far. Through this place comes the clear, boiling water, keeping the pool full to the rim. If one stands on the rim and looks down this apparently bottomless pit and sees the steam coming up through the clear water, it seems as if this pool was connected with the infernal regions. One's doubts are lessened in this direction when the eruption takes place, for then comes a sound like distant thunder, the escaping of steam from a hundred steam engines and the splashing of many waters, with clouds of steam that darken the atmosphere all around and fill the air with the

odor of sulphur and brimstone. At every breath the mountain belches forth a huge volume of steam through the pool of water, carrying up many feet in the air the water, steam and vapor, all of which is a picture terrible to behold. It is said by Indian traditions that the red man of the forest kept many miles away from this region, as his superstition led him to believe that below this place was the ever burning lake of "Fire and Brimstone" where the bad Indian would be compelled to go, if he failed to reach the "Happy Hunting Ground."

A few miles south of this geyser is the largest cauldron in the world. The clear water is so transparent that you can see nearly one hundred feet to the apparent bottom of the pool and the water is so hot that it bubbles and boils continuously, night and day, summer and winter. True to its purpose, it remains on duty faithfully carrying out the design of nature for some good, no doubt, that is far beyond the finding out of us poor mortals. Near the bottom of this pool it is said the skeleton of a large buffalo was seen in early days. If this be so it is very likely that it carelessly jumped in and was scalded to death at once.

The largest and most popular geyser for all visitors is the one that is so properly named "Old Faithful." This is close to the hotel on the Upper Basin and spouts water up to two hundred feet, at regular intervals. It will send up a huge volume of water and steam every sixty-five minutes as sure and regular as your watch will mark the time. It has not failed to do this since it was discovered about thirty years ago. The many geysers

here vary in their eruptions very much. Few are regular, more of them are irregular, varying from ten minutes to sixteen days. Some make more noise than others. The one about a mile east of the Upper Branch Hotel, called "Geyser Castle," belches about once in fourteen days. It has crystalized about its mouth a spout about six feet in diameter and ten feet high, and just a few hours before it throws the water two hundred feet, the steam drives through this spout with such force from some pressure that it shakes and makes the earth tremble like a slight earthquake.

There are many others that I saw that are truly wonderful. But the most novel and curious work of nature is what are called the "Paint Pots." They are close to Geyser Fountain on the lower basin. The largest one is like a kettle about twenty-five feet in diameter with the bottom buried in the earth. Close by are many smaller ones of about the same shape. They are all filled with a substance about the density of mixed paint ready for use and seem to be slowly boiling all the time. The steam from below bubbles up through this mud, producing sounds like a hoarse whisper, "plop," "plop," and forming cones, rings, jets and making lilies and roses just as plain as if moulded by the best artist. They appear in sight for a moment then disappear to make room for others. This clay paint, which is made here by nature, and made in a half dozen shades of the most beautiful cottage colors will cover wood quite well, but the rain will wash it off. It is a very curious operation, and all visitors seem to behold it with much admiration and wonder. The

different parts filled with their varied colors and shades of paint, slowly and constantly boiling among the snow clad hills of the Rocky Mountains is a rare scene in nature's works. The Yellowstone Lake, said to be the largest body of water in the world at so high an altitude, is in this park, filling a basin between the mountain peaks, about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its beautiful, clear, fresh water, surrounded by high mountains, attracts many people here during the hot weather elsewhere.

The Falls of the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon, through which the water flows, make a sublime picture in nature that every person is charmed to see. The falling and splashing prismatic waters, in sunshine, reflect the most beautiful and delicate colors in the gorge below these immense falls. Rainbow like it paints its golden hues upon the rocks of the towering walls that line each side of this remarkable canyon. At this place the association have a hotel where they expect to entertain twenty thousand visitors this season. Many people come here from all parts of the world, for nowhere else on the face of the earth has man yet discovered anything to equal this. In connection with the geysers, another feature of this National Park no where else equaled—without even considering the many other attractions here located—would make the most interesting show in the world. There are three hundred horses ready to hitch to stages and carriages, all well trained, to glide along the mountain roads and many narrow ways which would be dangerous to travel, with the

unskilled horse. Quite a number of people are here now, although it is not so pleasant on account of the backwardness of the season this year. The best time to visit this park is after the middle of June to October first, except the two last weeks of July and the two first weeks of August, at which period the flies are very troublesome. Yesterday the weather was bad in the higher altitudes of the park. We were driven to the Upper Basin, where the largest geysers are located, and the snow storm up there raged all day with unrelenting fury. It seemed a little strange to me to be out in such a severe snow storm in June, and realize the rigor of winter in the middle of summer. Some of the roads in the highest part of this park are covered with five feet of snow and are impassable. Here at Mammoth Hot Springs, where I am writing this letter, in the park, and which is about fifteen hundred feet lower than the Upper Basin, the weather is pleasant, the sun shines brightly and the roads are very good. Yesterday, while we were driving along a road which ran through a tract of dense timber, a large, fat wolf came dashing out of the timber near the road. We stopped and the wolf stopped and keenly eyed us for a while. Dr. White, of Nashville, Tenn., quickly got his kodak ready and took its picture, when it turned and quickly retreated to its forest home. This park is yet full of wild animals, such as bears, lions, wildcats, wolves, porcupines, deer, goats, elks, buffaloes, etc., which are protected by the government, and no one is allowed to kill any bird or animal in these grounds. No one is allowed to fish, except

with hook and line, or to carry away any of the specimens or formations as curiosities. However, the latter part of the rule is not strictly enforced by the United States soldiers who are doing guard duty here.

The stage is now waiting to take us to the railroad station at Cinnabar, where we get the train on the Northern Pacific for Minneapolis, which is more than one thousand miles east of here and where I expect to be in time to take in the Republican Convention for a short time at least. I feel anxious now to get a warm Pullman car, as I have been driven this day fifty miles through the park and much of that distance through snow.

Yellowstone Park, June 5, 1892.

LETTER III.

SAILING FOR EUROPE.

EMBARKING DESCRIPTION.—A COSMOPOLITAN CROWD.
—CASTE UNKNOWN ON SEA.—ENGLISH THEATRICAL COMPANIES GIVE AN ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD.

THIS is Sunday, but here it is just the same as any other day. The crew of a ship work just as hard on this day as they do any other. There are no indications to remind me that this is a day of rest, so we may say there is no Sunday on the sea.

We sailed from New York last Wednesday morning. We came on board the night before and rose early, that we might view from the deck of this fine ocean liner a scene which only occurs at the sailing time of these large steamships. On that beautiful morning in June, as the sun was slowly rising on the other side of the city we saw throngs of people on their way to the American dock where the steamship *Paris* lay and about ready to sail on a three thousand mile journey across the sea. Many like ourselves had tickets for Europe, and many were the friends who came to see them sail. Coach after coach came on the immense dock, each in turn stopping at the foot of the gangway to unload their human freight. Fifteen hundred

people had taken passage and with bag and baggage were hurrying to get aboard, seeking their quarters, inspecting their cabins, and preparing the little temporary abode for comfort and "sea sickness" perhaps.

Many friends of the passengers had come aboard. The large dining saloon, the ladies' drawing room, the men's smoking room and all of the spacious promenade deck of the first class quarters of the ship were filled with anxious people. It was a cosmopolitan assemblage speaking a various tongue. Many were full of glee and joy, some were quiet and sad; some, like ourselves, were going on a trip for pleasure, buoyed by the hope of ere long returning to our friends and native land. Others with sad faces were perhaps taking their final leave of near and dear ones whom they did not expect to ever see again. Some who love to be on the waters and glide across the billows of what they consider the ever-charming sea, were on board and full of cheer and very happy. Others who dread the rolling billows and fear the dreadful storms were quietly standing about with sad and anxious looking faces. Seven o'clock was sailing time. At six-thirty the shrill whistle belched forth the warning to those not sailing to go ashore. In an instant all was commotion and hurrying to and fro. Good wishes, kind words and leave takings, ruled the hour. Down the gang way went the surging crowd to the dock. Trunks and baggage of every kind were hurried aboard and great excitement seemed to prevail everywhere in and about the ship. Then two shrill notes from the throat of the great steam whistle

warned the people fifteen minutes more and the boat would start. The many friends of the passengers and crew stood on the dock waiting for the ship to sail. The captain stood at his post on the upper deck to see that all the visitors got ashore, carefully watching that no passenger was left and that his orders, and the rules of the ship, were being properly carried out. All was quiet now except the last clear sound of the signal whistle.

The post wagons dashed on the dock. "All hands to the mail," cries the captain, and in a few minutes the large pile of mail sacks was on the ship. The captain looked at his watch, then motioned the pilot. The pilot signalled the engineer and the steam was turned on, the engine started, the propeller churned the waters into foam, a throb of life was felt on the boat and the huge monster moved from her resting place.

"A first cabin passenger left," came a loud cry from the dock. All eyes were turned to the embarking place, and there we saw our Massillon friend, Hon. Anthony Howells, our U. S. Consul to Cardiff, anxiously waiting to get on board. There he stood, a U. S. officer with a fine bunch of flowers in hand, when the captain spied him. At once the propeller stopped; the suspended gangway lowered sufficiently for him to mount. Up that swinging pathway hanging between sky and water came our flushed and embarrassed friend in triumph and with bouquet still in hand.

This little scene took place just as hundreds of people from the dock with white handkerchiefs were fluttering their final farewell to their friends

on board. An hour later and how changed; everything in sight was wonderfully changed. The many ships lying at anchor from the various parts of the civilized world, and the beautiful green shores of Long Island were soon out of sight. The last glimpse of the main land on the Jersey side made us realize that our journey had begun, and the swell of the deep water plainly told us that we were now on the high sea, in full speed with compass set and steering away to the English shore. Nearly every person now repaired to their cabin to prepare for the first meal or lie down quietly to avoid the sickness of the sea, or the "Mal de Mer" as the French say.

The sea was calm and only a few were not able to enjoy the first dinner of the trip. There are always some who are not good sailors and quite a number who are not able to leave their cabins during the entire trip.

This is our second venture on the high sea. So far we have not been sick. We were less fortunate on the former trip, sailing over rough waters to the Bermuda Islands in winter. Our journey has been fine with the exception of last Thursday, when the rain storm made the waters wild and many of the passengers ill.

There are people from many countries on board and many and varied are the languages they speak. A young prince, with his valet, from Russia, is on board and strange as it seems, he is much admired by the young American ladies. He is a fine looking young man, but has nothing to recommend him except that he was born in one of the despotic governments of Europe and is privileged to enjoy large

government emoluments and hold office for life. He is spared the necessity and expense of a canvass for re-election every few years to hold his office, as we Americans must do or retire.

A general from one of the South American republics is on board. I will not give his name as I can't spell it in Spanish. I will only say that he is the best chess player I ever saw and had no trouble in beating the "Boston Man" who vanquished every other player on board, myself included.

There are two English theatrical troupes on board, and tomorrow evening they will give us an entertainment in the large and magnificent dining saloon of this ship. Wilson Barrett, who stands high in England in his profession, will take a leading part in the entertainment. The entertainment is free but they sell the printed programme and the proceeds will be equally divided between the orphan asylums of New York and Southampton. We are expecting a very rich treat and everybody is pleased at our good luck in having the privilege of hearing Barrett and Willard, both "big stars" in England.

We expect to arrive at Southampton, England, on next Wednesday. Our ship is running about twenty miles an hour, and it takes about one week to cross from New York to Southampton, which is over three thousand miles. This ship is the same size and build as the New York, which is her mate in the Trans-Atlantic service. They are very large, finely built and run as fast as any ships in the world. These ships have each two magnificent dining saloons, a large and well arranged library

well filled with choice books, a grand parlor and reception room for the ladies and a large and cheerful smoking room for the gentlemen, all gorgeously furnished in the latest and most approved style. The deck for the cabin passengers is covered, and it affords a delightful place to spend the day this time of the year. Just inside the railing and around the deck is the promenade, one-eighth of a mile around. You can sit on your steamer chair and see on this promenade representatives from almost every civilized country in the world, speaking their respective languages and exhibiting their respective peculiarities. Severe formalities as a rule are banished aboard ships when out at sea. Nearly everybody is familiar, pleasant and agreeable. Puritanical ideas and notions do not travel on the sea. We have no caste here in this cosmopolitan crowd, and with the exception of a little sprinkling of royal blood on board (who remain secreted), everybody is pleasant, happy and are enjoying themselves. Modern improvements in ocean travel have made it not only pleasant and comfortable, but safer than any kind of travel. It is properly estimated that a less per cent of lives are lost on ocean than on land travel.

The size of the ship is 560 feet long, 63 feet wide and 42 feet high, with a capacity of 18,800 tons. It takes 300 tons of coal a day to keep up steam in 16 boilers. The men who fire these boilers are four hours on duty and eight hours off. The furnaces, boilers and machinery are twenty feet below the water line, and the temperature in which these men work is about 112 degrees. This

is death-spreading work and certainly merits good pay.

All the passengers are sociable and one can spend a week on board a ship like this in a very pleasant way. We meet few ships—have sighted only two in four days. Away out from land on this wild and restless ocean, nothing to behold but the “watery waste”; nothing to look at under the sky but the “white caps” as they ride upon the crest of the bounding billows, each wave seemingly keeping time and tune with the winds that blow over the water. If I were not a “land animal,” and could breathe the water instead of the air, I would like to take a trip for a month or two on the land that lies at the bottom of the sea. There certainly are undiscovered animals on that part of the earth’s surface who live and breathe the water as we breathe the air, animals that can not come to the top of the water any more than we can go to the top of the atmosphere in which we live and breathe. But under the circumstances we certainly do not want to see, or feel that unexplored region just now. I much prefer that this “good old ship” in which we so faithfully place our trust will land us safely on the other shore.

Mid-ocean, Alantic Sea, June 10, 1894.

LETTER IV.

“MERRIE ENGLAND.”

LANDING AT SOUTHAMPTON.—A TRIP TO NEW FOREST.—VISIT TO THE ANCIENT ENGLISH CAPITAL, WINCHESTER.—A LITTLE SOJOURN ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

LAST Wednesday morning our good ship landed Mrs. Sherrick and myself safely on the shores of “Merrie Old England” at Southampton. After a little custom house experience, amidst great confusion, by the aid of a “trap” and an innumerable lot of porters, we were safely quartered in the Southwestern Hotel.

An American has little to answer for in an English custom house. Tobacco, spirits and perfumery over a limited amount is all we were required to declare. The officials were polite and considerate, and very kindly assisted to make our progress through the Custom House as easily as possible. In that particular some of our revenue inspectors at New York could learn a valuable lesson. Although our country is the natural offspring of Great Britain; although we speak her language and have many things in common, yet our first step on English soil did not make one feel like a boy making his first visit to the home of his grandfather.

The same sun shines upon us here and the de-

lightful breezes are not unlike the gentle zephyrs that waft over the fertile fields of midsummer in Northern Ohio. There are many things to remind me of our kinship, the many courtesies extended to us; the brotherly kindness of the people make us feel grateful; yet to me there is a feeling of strangeness that only time, I presume, can erase.

In this country one does not step up to a hotel office and register name and residence, as in America, but in a corner by a desk sits a girl who asks your name, which she writes in a book. She does not ask where you live or where you are from, only says: "Here on this card (which she will hand you) is the number of your room, which will cost you five shillings and six pence (which in our money is equal to \$1.32) per day." You will think this cheap, no doubt, but you will soon learn there are many other charges which an American hotel never makes. After you are in your room you want your trunk, and you order the porter to bring it up. For this service you make your own price in the shape of a "tip" of three or four pence. The chambermaid must be paid eighteen pence a day to take care of your room. If you want a light in your room that will be charged up to you. Although you need but little light, as it does not get dark until after 9 o'clock. In the coffee (dining) room every thing you order is charged to you, and by the time you pay all the necessary "tips" and your bill for the various charges, your expenses for staying at large hotels in the cities will be high. But in the rural districts and at the country inns it is different and very reasonable in price.

Here the landlord presides at the meal, and large quantities of excellent food is brought on the table neatly and admirably prepared. The landlord carves and serves in a quaint old way and to us Americans it seems homelike. One thing is certain about all the hotels of this country, whether large or small, the attendance is excellent and everything is exquisitely neat and clean. Speaking in a general way in this qualification they are far ahead of our American hotels. The manners of the people are very good. They are kind, agreeable and respectful. They are slow to speak first to a stranger, but when spoken to are very obliging and communicative.

On Wednesday morning we boarded a tramway (horse street car) in Southampton and rode the entire length of the city through the principal streets. We took seats on the roof of the car (on deck, as they call it here), from which we had a very good view of the city. Every house is in most excellent repair, neat and surrounded with fine green shrubbery. All the buildings are brick or stone—mostly stone. We have not seen a wooden building since we landed.

In Southampton, which is a large city, drinking saloons are very numerous and occupy the prominent places on every street. Women, as well as men, go in and out of these places, and they are frequented by many people. The liquors are not sold generally by men, but well dressed barmaids deal out their porter and their gin. You can frequently see on the main streets, places where drinks and edibles are sold and entirely in charge of a

couple of well-to-do women—places where men and women seem to have much enjoyment.

I presume there are other places on the back streets and byways where this business is conducted in a less respectable way, and also presume that outside of the large cities, the English people are not addicted to so much tippling.

Thursday we chartered a trap (at home we would call it a coach) and were driven to New Forest, a relic of ancient Briton, containing about ninety-two thousand acres of natural forest, twenty-eight thousand acres are now private lands and the balance belongs to the government. The land is fertile and would afford sustenance for many English families if it could be cleared and tilled.

We drove to and through this forest on the most perfect roads. First, amid the garden fields, rich in the productions which are useful to man, then beneath the trees of the natural forest, dark and lonely, where the brush and the bramble shut from view the hare, the deer, and other game. All the animals and birds are protected by law, and are only preyed upon occasionally by royal and noble sports who come down from London to hunt and feast upon the product of this vast domain. Although it is Nature's gift to man, it is a royal heritage. Just at the edge of this forest we stopped at a little typical English country inn where the respectful and genuine politeness that was shown our little party of four, consisting of Judge and Mrs. Strawn, of Omaha, Neb., and Mrs. Sherrick and myself, made us all feel like distinguished travelers in a very friendly land. Near this inn

stands a little church, made famous by the fresco painting of Sir Frederick Leighton's altar piece of "Christ and the Virgins."

Friday we went by rail to Winchester, which is about fifteen miles from Southampton, where is located the largest, most noted and ancient cathedral in Southern England. It was built about a thousand years ago. Additions were built in the thirteenth century, which plainly marks the difference in architecture from the Roman to the Ancient Briton. We saw the old well in the basement over which this noted edifice is built—the same old well which the Romans built in the second century and used while they remained on the British Isle.

We visited the tomb of William the Conqueror, whose remains lie interred in that cathedral, which is also the resting place of Richard, "The Lion Heart," who was crowned King of England in 1189, with great pomp at Westminster to succeed his father, Henry the Second, against whom he had been a rebel from his boyhood. He put his father's treasurer in chains and kept him in a dungeon until he relinquished not only the Crown treasures but his own money. So Richard got the lion's share of the wealth of the wretched treasurer.

Many very good roads lead out from Winchester, built in the days of the Romans. Parts of the great wall are yet standing, which at one time surrounded the ancient capital of Britain, being very wide and twenty feet high made it a grand barrier to the enemies of the dynasty who ruled the country, but kept themselves generally within these

walls as a place of safety. In those days, it seems, many of the kings were unable to name their successors. Unlike now, there was no well defined constitutional law governing the successions to power, so the will of the late ruler was seldom heeded by the different ones who claimed to be in line for the throne; and frequently it took a war to determine the question and many a poor subject lost his life ere these matters were settled.

The old Farish Hall in which the first parliament of Great Britain met stands there yet. Within its walls constitutional and representative government for the English people began; but since then it takes many pages of written history to record the trials and triumphs of the Britons. From this crude beginning there has been evolved a great and powerful nation. Since then these people have passed through the most dismal periods of internal strife, yet today can be seen their civilization marked in almost every quarter of the world. Even in our free America many things that are good in civilization and law we have properly and justly inherited from our ancestral kin, the English people.

After a delightful day in Winchester we crossed over to the Isle of Wight and drove on the Island to the quaint old town of Ventnor, where we have home-like quarters at an old temperance inn.

We were pleased this morning to meet a young American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, from Chicago, who are seeing the sights and taking notes, which will no doubt appear in print ere long.

Mr. and Mrs. Strawn are still with us and

their company adds much to our pleasure. Only six persons, all Americans, are the guests at this quaint little country inn and together we have spent a delightful Sabbath. This home-like resting place is nestled amongst the trees on the shores of the restless sea and from our window and from the dining room we look out upon the rolling waves and hear the huge breakers dash against the rocks below.

We took a drive yesterday afternoon from here to a place called "Blackgang," a point on the island where the sea is dangerous and where many ships were wrecked. This point in former days was inhabited by robbers of shipwrecks, hence the significant name "Blackgang." This drive is over the most perfect picturesque road I have yet seen. Both sides are lined with stone walls, covered with ivy, shrubs and flowers in profusion, beautifully entangled on both sides of the drive-way for miles and miles along the sea. In the near background on one side are towering cliffs upon whose summit sheep and cattle feed. At their base three hundred feet below are nestled among the trees and vines and beneath the overhanging cliffs many old English homes. On the other side you can see over and through a dark green foliage enlivened with the hues of the various flowers that grow in such profusion, to the wide and restless sea, whose waves dash against the rocks two hundred feet below.

The Queen spends a few months on this island every year, living in Osborne Castle, which is not crown property, but her own. We saw at Win-

chester the largest church or cathedral in England, and today while on our drive we visited the smallest church in England, just a few miles from here. It is a perfect built little stone church, Gothic in style, thirteen feet high and about fifteen feet long. It is surrounded by a quaint little graveyard half way up toward the cliffs amid very charming scenery. We noticed one inscription on a tombstone that seemed queer: "Here lies the body of Wm. Jones, who met an untimely death at the age of 91 years and five months." Ninety-one years we would consider, instead of untimely, a good old age. This, the Isle of Wight, is about 14x22 miles, and lies just off the south coast of England. It is a valued and beautiful island. Although there are many high hills and cliffs, the land is rich and the fields like gardens. By the people who live here these hills are called "Downs." I asked a resident why they did not call them "Ups" and he replied wittily: "We generally stand on the hills and look down to the sea, hence 'Downs.'" This island is a great watering place for the English, and they tell us that during July and August three to four hundred private yachts lie anchored here. Many who visit Europe from America do not visit this beautiful island, and they miss old England's fairest spot. We expect to be in London next Monday.

Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England, June 16, 1894.

LETTER V.

LONDON.

QUEEN'S CASTLE.—ASCOT RACES.—ENGLISH NOBILITY.
—DRESS PARADE.

WE left the Isle of Wight last Monday morning and arrived here Monday evening. We drove across the island over excellent roads, and amid the most magnificent scenery. Every person who comes to this country to see that which is beautiful should not miss seeing this isle. We drove five or six miles along the road leading by the Queen's "Osborne farm" which is an immense estate owned by her as an individual. The shrubbery, the green meadows, the fine driveways leading from the outer gates under the trees, and along the growing fields to the castle in the distance, is a very fine sight. At the main entrance is a huge gate, and by the gate is a stone house called the "lodge house," in which lives the Queen's gate keeper, who sees that none enter these grounds without the proper order.

The maintaining of royalty appears fine, and the people seem to enjoy its splendor, and look with much favor and affection on their peaceful Queen. She who has reigned for over fifty years, has been very successful in government by allowing others, and the people, to manage public affairs. She will

retire in time, beloved by all the people, but history will never record one impress that she has left on the legislation of her country.

Yesterday we visited her castle and main residence at Windsor. The Queen was absent at her temporary Balmoral residence in Scotland, so we were permitted to go through the larger part of Windsor Castle, where we saw perhaps the finest paintings in the world, belonging to the royal families; trophies of war from foreign lands, and many gifts to Queen Victoria from the crowned heads of other countries. The dining room of state (called St. George's dining hall) is so grand and gorgeous that I will not attempt description. All the rooms in the castle (they are many and large) are furnished with rare and costly pictures. Some of the walls are marble and onyx, lined with gold. The windows with their fine stained glass, colored so as to mellow down the light and make it harmonize with the beauty within. We were admitted to the Queen's Memorial Chapel wherein is the tomb of her husband, Prince Albert, her youngest son, and her grandson, who recently died. This little chapel in the Windsor Cathedral is, I think, the finest and most modern in this country and is visited by many people from all the civilized countries of the world.

After luncheon we were driven to Ascot, which is the Royal Race Track, and about six miles from Windsor. The race track is over a thick green sward two miles long. All their races are running races and they run two miles in each heat. The average Englishman does not know what a trotting

or pacing race is. They never "jockey" when starting a race here. They have not yet learned that from the Americans. Each horse "toes the scratch," starts "on the word" and the best horse will win. Horse racing is a valued sport in England and free to every one. At this course on fine days may be seen many men and women, most of them belonging to the higher classes of England. They come with their private coaches which are exceedingly fine. But no coach or carriage of any kind may drive in the grounds except those who support footmen and driver with four-in-hand. On this day, which was very pleasant there were great numbers of fine turnouts—must have been over three hundred of them. Our driver with hundreds of others whose coach and horses were not up to the requirements, was not allowed to drive in. So we went on foot through these grounds, which is the best way to see what to us are very unusual sights. Here were gathered, and most of them walking and mixing with the large crowd, (as there were about fifty thousand people there) the elite of London, the aristocracy of England, the gentry, the nobility and many of the royalists of the nation, all dressed in their most gorgeous styles. These fine coaches which have also seats on top are, side by side, drawn up to within about fifty feet of the ring and the horses taken away. The space between this line of coaches (which is nearly a mile in length) and the ring is filled with promenaders, and open air shows of various kinds, aiming to entertain the crowd between the races, and especially those rich and

avored people who occupy the coaches, and from whom these singers and show people expect their pay when they pass around the hat in the shape of good "tips." We noticed well dressed, good looking girls, dancing and singing upon the green sod, Englishmen dressed in old plantation style, with their faces blackened, poorly endeavoring to imitate our American minstrel shows; trained dogs performing their antics "before High Heaven" and the lords below; men on stilts with legs twenty feet long were dancing with unusual grace, of course, and the clowns with their white faces and pointed hats were using their best efforts to make these gentry laugh (lauf). It reminded one of the sayings of Shakespeare, of "Kings and their fools." In front of the grand stand, which is about one thousand feet long, and immediately in front of the Prince of Wales' apartments (which are in the center of the grand stand) is a large reserved space, enclosed with a fine railing, for the exclusive use of "Old England's Nobility." The fence surrounding this enclosure is guarded by many policemen, (called constables here) who will see that you keep about six feet away from the railing while standing, so that others may promenade along and close by the fence and view the nobility within.

This being a fine day that yard was full of the high born and the preferred. A little elevated, on a platform, was the Princess of Wales, dressed in deep mourning for her recently deceased son, and close by were her two daughters, dressed in yellow, for royal distinction. By these sat their

aunt Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, and daughter of Queen Victoria. Near by, standing was the Prince of Wales, (soon to be the king of England) smoking his cigar, and seemingly more democratic in his manner than they who surrounded him.

The Ascot royal race ground is the place to see the ladies of England in their finest gowns. The day being very fine, the opportunity for display was perfect. The scene was grand, the sun shone brightly on the green turf through a hazy atmosphere, which mildly mellowed down its rays. Music filled the air. The green meadows, the garden fields, and the trees with their summer dresses and leaves trembling in the breezes of a June day, surrounded this place of gaiety, and lined the back ground with such beauty as to lend enchantment to the scene.

When the last race for the day is run, these fine and numerous coaches with four-in-hand, and with aristocracy and beauty on deck, form in line and proceed over perfect roads, through and along the royal grounds for six miles to the town of Windsor, the home of the Queen, and most of them from thence to London.

London is a great overgrown city, the largest in the world, with five million people living in it. We are quartered on Torrington square and it seems we can find no end to the city unless we take steam cars. We may walk in any direction for many miles, or mount the deck of an omnibus for hours and still it is city, with wagons and cabs and coaches everywhere, and so crowded that one

has much difficulty in crossing a street. There are twenty thousand coaches, two and four wheeled, flying in every direction, and many thousand busses plying between regular points like street cars, on which one can ride for about a penny a mile. To ride on top of an omnibus is the best way to see the city.

Yesterday, in Hyde Park, we saw about two thousand people, men and women mounted on fine riding horses, trotting and galloping over a well prepared track of soft ground, which is a very gay scene. I have not yet seen one pacing horse in England; but their coach horses are fine, and their draft horses are better and stronger than ours in Ohio.

There are many places of interest here because the country is old. England made history a thousand years before our country was known to man. They refer here to the Roman conquest, which occurred about two thousand years ago, and speak of it as we would of occurrences in our country in the days of George Washington.

The original Britons are now the Welshmen, who were driven back to the hills of Wales by the Romans. England was settled afterward by the Romans, the Gauls, the Danes, and the Saxons, out of which mixture grew the English language that is destined to be spoken over the larger part of the world.

London, June 24th, 1894

LETTER VI.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND LORDS WHILE
IN LONDON.—JOURNEY NORTHWARD.—LAND
OF BURNS.—SCOTLAND'S LAKES.

LAST Monday, in London, we visited the English Parliament and were treated with great respect. Through the kindness of Mr. Bryce, who is a member of the Queen's cabinet, we were admitted during session to the floor of the House of Commons, to the committee rooms, and to the floor of the House of Lords. In the House of Commons and Lords we had the pleasure of hearing speeches from the leaders of the three parties: Harcourt, Salisbury, Chamberlain, and the Irishman, McCarthy. To an American their proceedings are novel, yet very interesting. There are no desks for members in either House. They sit on long leather cushioned sofas with their hats on. While addressing the House the member stands with bare head and hat in hand. If his sayings are approved the other members in the House of Commons applaud by crying out, "Hear," "hear," and if not approved they will let it be known by a deep, peculiar groan. In the House of Lords they are more dignified and grave, especially at this time, as they were about

to consider the question of requesting the Queen to send a message of sympathy and condolence to the people and government of the Republic of France for their misfortune in having their President assassinated. Lord Rosebery in addressing the House of Lords took special pains to refer to the fact that of the four assassinations of recent years of heads of nations, only one was of a monarchy, while three were the head of a government where the people elected them. The one was the Czar of Russia, the other three were Lincoln, Garfield, and President Carnot of the French Republic.

The new bridge, just below London bridge, across the Thames, is a wonderful piece of architecture and a new departure in modern engineering. The Prince of Wales officially opened the bridge for traffic last week. The opening is considered an event in London's history. In the middle of this bridge is a span of about five hundred feet, with immense stone towers about two hundred feet high at each end of the span, built of solid rock. The wide driveway is broken just in the center of the span, and by the most powerful machinery is raised vertically, each wing standing perpendicularly with the stone tower while the largest boats on the Thames pass up or down the river. By this system the bridge is built near the water instead of way up in the air like the Brooklyn bridge, with approaches extending for a quarter of a mile on each end into the streets of the city. However, the Brooklyn bridge has the advantage of not stopping the highway traffic while a boat is passing.

On Wednesday morning we took the train to

Ayr, "The Land of Burns," over the Midland railroad, which runs through a most delightful and interesting county amid the green fields of England. All the landscape is most beautiful. All along the way the daisies, poppies and buttercups were growing wild; the poppies among the wheat and clover, the daisies by the road sides, and the little buttercups lending a golden hue to the many green pasture fields. The fine roads leading and winding along the clear streams of water amid the meadows and brambles, lined on either side with green and growing hedge fences or walls of stone, add interest to the views. It is just haying time in England. We saw very few machines cutting grass but many of the yeomanry with scythe, hand rake and fork, mowing, tossing and raking the hay, just as we did thirty and forty years ago in America. We in America adopt improvements quicker than the English, but they are much more substantial in improvements when they make them.

We arrived in Ayr about 8:20 p. m. about four hundred miles from London. It took ten hours to make the trip. We found a delightful stopping place at Ayr at the Station Hotel, and especially recommend it. Next morning we drove south about two miles to the birthplace of Scotland's great poet, whose poems are very familiar to all the reading people of the world who speak our language. The cottage in which he was born about one hundred years ago is kept well preserved. The "Little Kirk" and the "Brig O'Doon," made famous in Tam O'Shanter, are close by. This bridge, made of rock

over the river Doon, built seven hundred years ago, is yet a strong and durable bridge.

As we stood upon the old bridge that spans this river, we heard a Scotchman recite Tam O'Shanter, and we thought of Mr. McGregor who is so fond of that poem from the pen of Robert Burns. Last year twenty-seven thousand people from every section of the civilized world visited and registered their names in this most humble cottage.

In the evening we went to Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland. It has a population of 800,000. It has a renowned university, picturesque parks and fine residence streets. The city is built of stone, and like Pittsburg, black and dingy, owing to the many manufacturing establishments. Ship building is carried on in Glasgow more extensively than in any other place in the world.

We spent a few days among the Scottish lakes and were delighted with our sojourn there. These lakes are nestled in between the mountains of the Highlands of Scotland. The water is clear and bright and when we saw it, it was as smooth as polished steel. As our little steamer glided along near shore, the scenery of the green mountain sides was reflected from the water, inverted, and could be seen as plainly as it shows forth in the bright sunshine of the mountain tops. The well-known mountain, "Ben Lomond," surrounded by a blue hazy atmosphere and seemingly backed against the sky, stood boldly forth on our right. Now and then a mountain stream came dashing and foaming down the rocky side with its limpid water to join the clear, blue lake. It was on these mountain crags and

by these bright, little lakes that Rob Roy, Scotland's most famous robber, dwelt and terrorized the people for miles around. His name seems familiar to every Scotchman, and they speak of him as we would speak of Alexander the Great, or Napoleon, who were perhaps robbers, only on a larger scale. At the head of Loch Katrine, where the lake is narrow and deep, and near the Trossachs, (the disturbed mountain rock) is a little lonely, green island, known as Ellen's Isle, which has been made famous by Scott's beautiful "Lady of the Lake."

On and among the mountains that skirt these noted lakes are wild game, just as wild as they were in the days of Rob Roy, and sportsmen come from the cities to hunt and fish, and enjoy the pure, cool mountain air.

Going from one lake to another we had the extreme pleasure of enjoying rides on the top of stage coaches drawn by four large, strong horses, over well made roads and through fine, mountain scenery. It seems very dangerous at times on these narrow mountain roads, as the stages go along ledges, overhanging precipices a thousand feet deep. They wind around and travel about three miles to make one mile in the right direction. This seems to be enjoyed by the tourist very much, for on a fine day these stages have fifteen to twenty passengers and they can be seen winding their way up the mountain sides en route for some boat on another lake. Along this route are very fine little Scottish inns where the entertainment to us is very novel and delightful. I do not wonder that hard working people from the dingy and dusty cities

seek a month or two recreation in such beautiful places as these lakes and mountains afford. We came here Saturday evening. Next Monday we expect to be in Norway.

Edinburg, Scotland, July 2nd, 1894.

LETTER VII.

EDINBURGH TO NORWAY.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.—HOLYROOD PALACE.—WALTER
SCOTT'S HOME.—YORK, ENGLAND.—GLORI-
OUS SUNSET ON NORTH SEA.

WE spent four days in Edinburg, that classical old town of Scotland, and I may say one of the literary centers of all the English Kingdom. Had our time permitted we should have been pleased to have remained longer. The city and country have many places of interest, for it is old and has a history. It has a history that the gifted pen of its own honored son, Sir Walter Scott, could not record on a thousand pages.

The first structure of this town of any note was the old castle built on a rocky steep four hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country. It was the beginning and the foundation of this ancient city of fortune, and is now the crown of its modern beauty. We stood upon this eminent peak on a warm summer evening, and looked down four hundred feet to Princess Garden, (Park), which was literally covered with people of the city. Close by was the new town, with its wider streets, and fine, modern houses, spread out like

a map, and just beyond could be seen the green garden fields which made this view one of the fairest scenes in Scotland. Down the steps, through High and Canongate streets, you are led to a grey old romance in stone, the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood. The walls and some of the huge pillars still stand but the roof of the Abbey has been gone over a century. In the corners, fairly preserved are the royal vaults, where repose the ashes of many of the Scottish kings. The palace with its massive walls of solid rock, four to six feet thick, has stood the test of time for over three hundred years. The rooms and some of the furniture used by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, are still intact. Her bed, with its old silk and fine tapestry, the handiwork of the most skilled in that day and generation, after standing made up and as she left it three hundred years ago, is now slowly fading and mouldering away. These walls seem to silently express something of the strange, tragic and melancholy history of Scotland's beautiful Queen Mary. Within one of these rooms and while at supper with the Queen, was Rizzio, the Italian, (who was her chief advisor), murdered by three Scotchmen in the presence of the Queen and Lady Argyle. Religion was the incentive to this murder. Protestant Scotland could not abide a Catholic queen with an Italian advisor, in consequence she lost her throne and head. Her history is very interesting, and a visit to this place carries one back to the time when religion was more fanatical than it is now; and when intolerance clothed with power among men, was not mellowed

down with the kindlier feelings that now exist for those who may differ with you.

These walls reflect back an age when religion and knightly rivalry caused much bloodshed. They were built by kings as a place of safety and filled with monks to give it an air of piety, but not being embellished with the beauty of tolerance they are crumbling down like the doctrines of those who built them.

It gives me far more pleasure to visit the home of Sir Walter Scott, who earned his fame by the power of his genius and who had not honors thrust upon him by birth. His large and stately house built by himself, and with the money earned by his pen, is standing on the banks of the bright flowing Tweed, among the hills and green fields of Scotland and is one of the most handsome places I ever saw. His home is named "Abbottsford," and is three miles from Melrose Abbey and forty miles south of Edinburg. The room which he occupied as his study, library, picture gallery and two other rooms, are kept just as he left them in 1832, when he died. The chair in which he sat, and the table on which he wrote so many of his great productions are standing there just as he left them. The paper selected by him on the walls of the great library is well preserved and apparently but little faded. This room contains twenty thousand volumes which he accumulated and placed there. In these rooms are many quaint, rare and costly presents, given him by kings and others who admired his great writings. His wonted place to sit and write was near a bay window looking

out over a beautiful meadow to the river. Scott and Burns are certainly much admired by the Scottish people, as we see their pictures, their statues and monuments all through that country. It speaks well for the people and shows a refinement in this age as characterized by music and literature. We have spent some time driving through the rural parts of England and Scotland, and stopping at country inns. We were trying to acquaint ourselves with the manners and customs of the people. We found them very pleasant, kind and agreeable, and I need not say that we enjoyed ourselves greatly. There are many striking differences between their customs and ours. I have not seen a rocking chair in England or Scotland, although the parlors are very finely furnished. The usual time for breakfast is nine o'clock, which is about six hours after daylight this time of the year. Their cooking is excellent and they serve it with good taste. They eat more fat pork than we do and their mutton, which is superior to ours, is a very frequent dish. They mow the grass usually with a scythe, toss the hay about by hand for about a week, as it takes as long as that to dry in fair weather. We see in these hay fields four or five men and usually more women working together. We see oats and wheat growing, but not one corn field in all this country. These people do not work as hard as our people do and they do not accumulate as much. They seem satisfied with their station and to be enjoying themselves. They do not hustle as we do to get a fortune and I think live longer. They are slow to adopt a new inven-

tion, but when they do they build very substantially. Their railroads are better built than ours, but their cars and system of travel is not so good.

They are ahead of us in all their devices and arrangements to save human life. The highways generally cross under or over the railroad and few railways cross each other except in the same way.

They take great pride in not tearing down old land marks. We saw in York a few days ago an old wall two and one-half miles around the old part of the town built seven hundred years ago, about thirty feet high and six feet thick, with a fine promenade on top, well preserved and capable of standing a thousand years longer.

York is the oldest town in England. We passed through one short street so narrow that the occupants of the houses could shake hands across the street from the upper windows, yet the houses were far enough apart below to permit a carriage or wagon to pass. These houses are very quaint and old, said to have been built by the Romans and no one knows how long ago. In the new world (the United States) the like of such houses in our enterprising cities would have disappeared and in their place would be fine, modern structures. York is a large and lively city situated in the midst of the finest lands in all England. Nearly every square foot of land in Yorkshire is utilized. Even by the side of the railroad track on every available foot of ground there was growing some vegetation that is useful to man.

This was the first Fourth of July we ever passed in a foreign country. As we were on English soil

and among the people that George the Third once ruled, and with whom that other George (Washington) had so much trouble, I was very pleased to see the Stars and Stripes so gracefully floating over quite a number of house tops, wherein no doubt a patriotic countryman of our own resided. Also to realize that the ill feeling of our great Revolutionary war had apparently, and in so short a time, all passed away. I cannot help but admire the forgiving spirit of an Englishman and drop a kind word for the charity and tolerance of those people who once looked upon us as their wayward sons, but now treat us as full brothers of the old household. And as for Scotland, although I may never see it again, I shall never forget the journey we have just made though that old historic land, but ever remember the green fields, the historic mountains, the clear, flowing streams, and the limpid waters of her most beautiful lakes.

We can look back through centuries on the classical halls and crowning castles and see the early Scot in his famous land, where his patriotism knew no bounds and his love of country was dearer than his life, when Lowland Warriors met the Highland Chiefs in battle array, to settle many disputes that courts may settle now.

In accordance with the spirit of the age in those early days, the glowing ardor of the enthusiastic Scotchman, armed with the patriotism of home and the love he bore for his clan, called him forth to murder and violence, which in this day he so much abhors. I am sure the careful student of history looking back to those shadowy ages, when

the sun of civilization was just commencing to shine, will throw a mantle of charity over many of the doings of the early Scots and give them justly earned credit for their many excellent accomplishments in more modern times, for they now rank high among the most civilized people of the world. Yes, let us honor their great bards and give them the much deserved credit for their contribution to our English literature. Many of them are in America and there they are our brothers, and I dare say we are better for their coming.

We left York and went by rail to Hull, a noted seaport on the eastern coast and embarked on a staunch little English ship and sailed over the North Sea to this place, which is a quaint old Norwegian shipping port with an interesting history, closely allied with the ancient Norsmen and their early exploits with their crude boats on the high seas. It was they whom history tell us sailed along the Massachusetts coast and landed on the shores of North America long ere Columbus ran up against the continent on his cruise for the East Indies.

Last Saturday night, while sailing on the North Sea and in sight of land, we witnessed a most curious sunset. Away to the northward where the water's edge seemed to mingle with the amber colored sky, at eleven o'clock at night, was the sun, like a large pillar of fire. In shape, first like a mushroom, then in a few minutes like an acorn; then it took the shape of a huge post with a flat cap dissolving into a golden crown; then it seemed like a large burning stump standing on the

water's edge, and as glowing as a fiery furnace, and finally after about five minutes it slowly dropped out of sight below the northern horizon. But darkness did not follow the setting of the sun. At midnight it was as light as a cloudy day, and Sunday morning at one o'clock the sun rose again. A little further north the sun shines all night, but as winter approaches the days grow shorter and it will not be many months when the sun will not rise and the people will not see its shining face before the coming of another spring.

Trondhjem, Norway, July 9th, 1894.

LETTER VIII

IN NORWAY.

JOURNEY NORTHWARD THROUGH THE INTERIOR.—
FROM POST TO POST WITH HORSE AND CART.—
STOPPING AT FARM HOUSES.—TERRIBLE
LANDSLIDE.—SEEING THE RURAL
PEOPLE FAR NORTH OF
ANY RAILROAD.

WE left Trondhjem on the 10th and commenced our journey through the interior northward, sailing first on the Trondhjem fiord to Levanger. A fiord is a narrow inlet from the sea from fifty to two hundred miles long. There are many in Norway and large boats sail into the interior from many points along the west shore. At this time of the year the weather is very favorable for the growth of vegetation and the country looks very picturesque. As the boat glides over these smooth waters you can see on either side of these fiords many fertile fields of growing barley, fine timothy and clover and many acres of potatoes on very rich soil. The clean looking houses and barns that you see amid these fields, which slope towards the mountains, make a grand picture, and a very pleasing view. Of course much of Norway is mountainous and sterile, but along the streams and in the valleys it is very fertile. These

valleys are filled with a hardy race of people, the ever polite and kind Norwegian.

The mountains are full of wild reindeer and there are wildcats and black bears. There are many birds for the sportsman, and the streams abound with salmon and trout. Many Englishmen come here in summer to hunt and fish.

At Levanger we took a "Stolkjarre" and drove through the country over a queer road to the place where that terrible avalanche on the 19th of May, 1893, destroyed a beautiful valley and killed about one hundred and fifteen people.

This once beautiful and fertile valley is about one mile wide with a little river, and mountains on either side. It was the month of May, the planting season had begun and the fields were clothed in their springtime green. At two o'clock at night, a very rainy night, when all the people were asleep, without warning, and as quick as a flash, four or five miles of the mountain side, composed of soapy, blue clay, slid down, and, like a torrent of melted lead, rushed down over the valley. It filled the space between the hills, for ten miles, from forty to fifty feet. Many houses and barns were entirely submerged. Every living thing met an unwarned and instant death. In the short space of a few minutes this fine and fertile valley was transformed into a barren waste and a horrible sepulchre. The government spent much money in searching for the dead bodies, and yet sixty of the friends and neighbors of those whose homes are on higher grounds, lie entombed among the rubbish of this ugly waste.

As we stood upon a high spot of ground where the recovered bodies are buried and monuments erected at the expense of their more fortunate neighbors, and looking down the valley as far as the eye could see, I was reminded of Pompeii, and our own Johnstown horror.

Martin Hallem, a very kind young man who spent seven years in the United States, and who was visiting his parents at Levanger, his birth-place, went with us and gave us the history of this terrible disaster. We met, while standing by the tombs, an American, by adoption, who came from Minneapolis, Minn., to visit the graves of his relatives who had perished there.

As we drove along the unfenced highway we saw the people making hay—men, women and children were all at work. They mow generally with the scythe, but we saw a few American mowing machines at work. They take up the green grass and hang it on poles where it is left until dry when it is removed to the barn. This is a slow process, but as milk and its products is one of their chief industries, they must carefully prepare and provide good feed for the cows during the long winter. It is said that a failure of the hay crop compels these people to kill their cattle, and consequently they experience a hard winter and become very poor.

On the 11th we went by boat to Stenkjer, a beautiful little town at the head of Trondhjem Fiord, where we started at once to drive about one hundred miles through the interior. We rode on a two wheeled cart, called "Stolkjarre," or in English "Stoolcarts," which are crude affairs and not com-

fortable to ride in, but it is about the only conveyance one can get here. However, we made up in novelty what we lacked in comfort. We ordered our first cart at Stenkjer at five o'clock in the evening to drive to Mr. Langhammer's farm house, about ten miles away. Our outfit consisted of a weather-beaten cart, an old black horse and a bright boy for a footman. We could not talk with the boy at all and a little pantomime once in a while made up our communication. The roads are all excellent, and that is very fortunate for the rider, considering the vehicle in which he rides.

As we started out of town and up a mountain road, our little footman soon took to his feet. With whip and line in hand he urged the old black horse up the hill, but in spite of the jerk and jerk, gip and gip, swish and crack of the whip, till the boy's red face was covered with sweat, the old black horse was as deliberate as the United States Senate. After about fifteen minutes of this kind of speeding, I looked back and there was the town we were trying to leave, apparently about twelve hundred feet away. I said, "Boy, you must turn back and get another horse," but he jabbered away and pointed towards the top of the hill, but neither of us understood what the other was saying, but the way the boy looked it was evident that he was aware our talk was about the speed of his old black horse. I finally saw that this cunning old critter cared little for the boy's urging, so I took the rope lines and his little whip and the boy seemed glad as he mounted his foot board to be relieved. I gave the horse one good lash, and at once the old stager

commenced a lively gait and we were at Langhammer's in time for supper. Our little boy was so pleased that the old horse was doing so well for his strange driver that he gave us a national air on the jewsharp. We saw on this drive some high cliffs, rugged mountains partly covered with snow, but between these mountains by the roadside were men and women making hay. At the Langhammer farm house we found a large family of grown boys and girls, but we could not talk with them. We learned a few necessary words in their language and said "aftensmad" (supper). Away they flew and we soon had supper. The boiled eggs were put on the table in a round basket that looked just like a hen's nest and on this basket was a lid of china the exact size and form of a chicken. As it stood on the table it looked just like a hen on her nest. The milk and cream were good and plentiful. The only grain they grow is barley and while in the country we ate barley bread. Pork was brought on the table fat and raw, the bread was hard and not fresh, so while we were on this drive we lived on milk, cream, eggs and barley bread. They had nothing else that we could eat, except at one farm house, they gave us a dish of mountain strawberries which are small but very fine, especially with the excellent cream. But in the towns and at the first class hotels the living is very good for travelers. While in the rural part of the country we stopped at a dozen or more farm houses and had as many different conveyances. Their houses are large and very clean—no carpets—and the floors are all well painted. The rooms are

large and have five and six large windows without blinds or shades. The sides and ceilings are of wood and all painted white, so you can imagine how difficult to sleep for one unaccustomed to daylight all the time. Yet these people are so cleanly, so very pleasant and kind and so extremely anxious to please that we had much enjoyment. I am sure we shall always remember our drive of over one hundred miles among the peasantry of the rural part of northern Norway as a very novel and pleasant experience. Their many little novelties, their kindness to children, their peaceful way of living and their extreme honesty, are matters worthy of note. There are many things we observe that no doubt would be of interest to Americans, but it would take a book to record them all. Tomorrow we take ship again and go northward along the coast of Tromso.

Namsos, Norway, July 14, 1894.

LETTER IX.

NORTH CAPE.

SAILING NORTH ALONG THE COAST.—EXPOSITION.—
LAPLAND.

WE spent the last week on board the staunch little steamship Kong (King) Carl, built and manned entirely by Norwegian people, cruising along the northwest shore of northern Norway. This coast is penetrated by hundreds of inlets from the sea called fiords, leading into the interior of Norway in every imaginable direction. We steamed through many of these fiords. At times we were sailing on calm and quiet waters, with rocky and snow capped mountains rearing their lofty peaks on both sides of these water ways. Green foothills, some level fields with a fisherman's village here and there are seen along the shore as far north as Hammerfest, which is seventy degrees of north latitude. Before arriving at Tromsø we passed close by an immense glacier that extends down to the water's edge. It hung from the mountain side and extended back thirty-five miles, filling the valleys to the mountain tops. This solid, green looking ice, partly covered with snow and averaging more than one thousand feet thick, has never been entirely melted in the recollection of man. It covers a superficial area of about one

thousand square miles. We felt the air getting chilly as we approached this mammoth field of ice. The cold winds that blew down on our little ship reminded us for the first time that we were sailing in the frigid zone. Thousands and thousands of rocky, sterile islands dot the coast of this country. Viewed from the craft on which we sail, one would think that no human being could subsist there, yet from among the rugged mountains come a blue-eyed people.

On the 18th of July we landed at Tromso. The weather in the town was warm and pleasant, although the snow capped mountains closely surround the place, in which six thousand people are said to live.

There are some beautiful residences on the slope of the mountain side overlooking the town which is mainly built along the water's edge. We visited their national exposition which is in progress. The display of their industries is very good and very interesting to strangers. Their largest industry is fishing (herring and cod), which is the chief export. Russia had a display of goods in a separate building, but the most novel and curious display was that made by the Lapps, who are very peculiar and inferior looking people. Lapland is not far from here, and we notice quite a number of these people on the streets of Tromso, where they come to do a little trading. They have a cast of countenance not much unlike our American Indian, and it would be fair to presume, that at sometime in the ages past, long perhaps before Columbus discovered America, some of the tribes of

this section of the world crossed over on Bering Strait to North America, and their descendants are now the wild red men of the west. These people live in huts and are only semi-civilized. The reindeer is their chief dependence. They kill them, eat them and drink their milk. They harness and drive them, and they are always their most faithful servants. These reindeer live on the scant vegetation that the cold rocks produce, and the Lapps live on them. During the long dark winters they hitch them to a trough-like sled and rapidly glide over the snow. All their clothing, including their shoes and caps, are made from their skins. These most faithful animals serve a various purpose for these crude and primitive people.

Leaving Tromso we sailed northward on the Arctic Ocean to the North Cape, the most northern point of Europe, in north latitude, seventy-one degrees. We were thirty degrees north of Canton, and if we could have gone nineteen degrees farther north we would have been at the North Pole. The cape, which is a rock one thousand feet high, extending northward in the open sea, is visited and ascended by some of the tourists who are journeying in the "Land of the Midnight Sun." While we were there the sea was high and the mists were thick. Our ship could not approach within a mile of the shore, and it was with great difficulty that we could land in the small row boats. But our good Norwegian sailors rowed the little boat over the billows and safely landed us at the foot of this rocky steep, where the misty cloud shut out from view our ship that lay rolling in the sea. On the top of

this high rocky cape the sun was shining brightly. At its base and nearly to the top, a dense cloud of fog or mist made it like night. I noticed a hut on the shore some distance from the landing place. I walked along the beach in that direction and found it the home of a solitary fisherman. A little sail boat was rocking on the water; half a dozen goats were feeding on the tender grass that grew from the crevices in the rocks; the brow of the mountain hung over the lonely dwelling place. I had wandered there while the others of our party were climbing the mountain to see the midnight sun. I can not describe my feeling as I stood alone, enveloped in a cloud, at the extreme northern point of Europe and on the shore of the Arctic ocean. By the lonely hut the goats were quietly feeding, and I heard not a sound except the dash of the wave as it beat on the rocky beach. I thought of the hermit within, of his many lonely hours and wondered how sages found charms to picture such a life. A half hour later he came forth from his lonely cabin to greet the early morn. As I was still lingering near I approached him and said good morning, but he shook his head and said, "No." I said, "Do you live here?" but he shook his head again and said "No." He was fairly dressed, had a red beard, looked solemn and as if he never smiled. I soon found that he could not understand me and I retraced my steps to the landing. It was three o'clock in the morning when we returned to the ship; twelve hours later ere we could start back on account of the fog. Lying in the Arctic ocean, enveloped in a cloud of mist, damp and cold, is lonely and very unpleasant. However, by the even-

ing of the 21st we returned to Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. It lies at the head of a quiet little beach at the foot of a large mountain. It is a fisherman's town, as you will ascertain by the odor before you land. It is there that many little fishing boats dot the coast for miles, and in the packing warehouses that line the shore the herring and the codfish are salted, dried and cured for the markets of the world.

There are many along this coast who earn their living by fishing and lead a very lonely life. The fishing season is best in winter, and during that time the sun does not rise and of course it is dark for three or four months. We returned to this place Saturday evening. Sunday afternoon we embark on another ship for Trondhjem where we take inland conveyance for Sweden. We took a walk this evening of about five miles from here to visit a camp of Lapps. Our path led along and between high and uninhabited mountains, over stony and marshy ground, where little mountain streams were dashing down from the fields of snow that were melting above. We saw the way these people live; we saw their huts, dogs and reindeer. We were in their smoky huts and saw them cooking, eating and sleeping. There were about three hundred reindeer standing in a herd, and on many poles you could see their skins drying, preparatory for winter clothing. They have pipes and spoons for sale, made of the bones of the reindeer. The inclosure was opened while we were there and it was a novel sight to see this large herd of reindeer start up the mountain side to feed. Their large

horns, as you looked at them, made it seem like a moving forest of small dead trees. The dogs help to gather in the herds from the mountains where they feed, and it is wonderful how they obey the dogs and how well these queer people manage their faithful animals.

These primitive people move from one place to another, and like the pastoral tribes in the olden days of Abraham, they still wander from place to place in search of greener pastures to feed their herds upon. It is strange indeed that in these days, when the bright light of civilization is spreading its refulgent rays in every nook and corner of the world, that it fails to shine in the valleys of Lapland and enlighten the minds of the people there.

Tromso, Norway, July 21, 1894.

LETTER X.

SOUTHWARD THROUGH NORWAY.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN NORWAY.—THE RAILROADS.—
FINE FARMS.—IN CHRISTIANIA.—KING'S PALACE.
—A VIKING SHIP ONE THOUSAND YEARS
OLD.

ON the 25th of July we left Trondhjem by rail and traveled south to this place through the interior. The railroads in Norway are owned and managed by the government. The trains do not run as fast as they do in England or the United States, but they are very well equipped and properly and carefully managed. They were very considerate of us as strangers who could not speak their language, and kindly gave us the exclusive use of a good apartment in their best car for two days. North of Trondhjem there are no railroads and people travel along the coast and fiord by steam ships and through the island by post roads with stalkjarre, a two-wheeled cart. The railroad (which is a narrow gauge) for the first one hundred miles south of Trondhjem ascends the Nid, a beautiful, dashing mountain river. The grade is so steep that it takes two engines, one to push and one to pull a half dozen cars to the summit. The way they puff to make ten miles an hour makes one think that they may fail in their work,

but by giving them time they gain the mountain top after winding in every imaginable direction.

The scenery along this route is not only beautiful but it is grand. The narrow valleys through which the rivers flow are generally fertile, and on their slopes are small fields of barley just shooting forth its bearded heads. Small potato patches dot the scene with their vines of the deepest green, and the balance of these comparatively few fertile acres are covered with a green native grass, mixed with the well known red clover that seems to grow almost everywhere. The peasantry, women, men and children, were at work slowly making hay, for it is very slow business there where it takes about three weeks to dry.

As the train ascended higher and higher, the valleys seemed to widen. The red barns and the many clean, white houses that stand amid the green fields and meadows in the sloping valleys made a pleasing view. The beautiful river with its clear, dashing water, madly rushing onward down the valley as if in haste to mix with the salted waters of the sea, added grandeur to the scene, as viewed from our car windows more than two thousand feet above.

But the scene changed as we left the valley of the Nid and crossed the mountains between snow capped peaks to strike the headwaters of the river Glommen. The chilly air reminded one of mid winter in Ohio. The evergreen pine that grows in such profusion all over Norway at this latitude, was displaced by small sage bushes. We were close to the top of lofty mountains and above the timber

line. These rocky steeps were surrounded by a hazy blue atmosphere, and the beautiful deep green of the valleys had disappeared far below. Fields of bog were being spaded and the black substance was piled up drying in the sun, preparatory for fuel to be used, no doubt, during the long cold winter that will soon be here.

We passed the copper mines where many tons of copper are produced, the only mineral industry that we are aware of, except a few poorly producing silver mines, in all this country. Our train stopped at a small town called Tonset, where it lay, till morning. All the passengers repaired to the hotel, where we had a good rest. Early in the morning we proceeded down grade along the Glommen river, that was now quite a large stream, flowing in the direction of Christiania. We soon got into a warmer atmosphere and fertile and broader valleys.

Long before we reached Christiania—Norway's capital—the country puts on quite an agricultural air. The chief products are barley, grass and potatoes, with a few fields of rye. No wheat or corn are seen here. A few garden vegetables are in market in the city. Raspberries, cherries and a few pears are all the fruit we noticed.

This city is well built with good looking houses and fine, clean streets. It has many good hotels and is a place where a stranger can enjoy a sojourn. The park that surrounds the king's palace is exceedingly fine. It lies at the head of one of the main avenues on an elevation of ground from which you can view the city. We were admitted to the palace and to every room in

the building. King Oscar, who is king of both Norway and Sweden, is at Stockholm now, so the palace is open to visitors each day from two to four p. m. Like all the palaces of royalty no money is spared to make these places as grand as the people of a proud nation can possibly afford, and this one is no exception to the rule. This building is large and built of the best stone. Many of the walls inside are veneered with polished marble. Many pictures of the finest paintings are hung in every room. The furniture is gorgeous, arranged with care and taste, and seems as fine as that which adorns the mansions of proud old England's queen. We saw in this city one of the old viking ships. In the university grounds the government has built a special house in which to preserve this old boat. It is a relic of the ninth century and represents the kind of craft that were used by the Norwegian sailors to navigate the seas a thousand years ago. It is a great curiosity. It reminds one of ages long past, and you think of the courage it must have taken to venture on the high, tempestuous seas in as frail a bark as this seems now to be.

The Norwegians are yet a great sea-going people. It is said that there are now as many at sea as at home, and that there are more in America than in their native land.

We leave for Sweden this evening, and we feel as if we have been well repaid for the three or four weeks spent in Norway. We have seen much in this short time, far more than we are able to record. We have been to many places and have seen many things of interest that will not allow of mention in

letters of this kind. We shall always cherish a kind feeling for the people of Norway for their efforts in trying to please and make us comfortable while among them; for their extreme anxiety to entertain us properly and in a hospitable way; for the unassuming manner in which they hold themselves; and above all for the honesty they displayed on every occasion. I noticed how willing they were to volunteer any information for our benefit, even at the expense of gain or pay. In the rural districts they are poor, but they are educated and cleanly, and in the cities they seem to be well off, dress well, and are a fine looking people. If you extend to them any favor they take off their hats and shake your hand, as that is the way they thank you by acknowledging their gratitude.

Christiania, Norway, July 28, 1894.

LETTER XI.

NORWAY TO SWEDEN.

IN SWEDEN.—KING'S PALACE.—CITY OF STOCKHOLM.—
QUEER CUSTOM BEFORE MEALS.—MEALS AT
RAILROAD STATIONS.—GOTA CANAL.
—THE SWEDISH PEOPLE.

WE left Norway a week ago and traveled by rail from Christiania to Stockholm in Sweden. At Charlottensberg, a station on the line between Norway and Sweden, we changed cars and had our baggage examined by the custom officer of Sweden. We not only changed cars but changed railroads. Sweden owns and manages its railroads as does Norway and consequently all must change wherever a railroad crosses the line. In the United States where we have states larger and more important than either of these countries, we would not only consider it an annoyance to have our baggage go through a custom house and change cars at every state line, but we would regard it as a hardship. Although these two countries have the same king and use the same money they are not the same people, and are as distinctively different as are Germany and England. It is of comparatively recent date that Norway and Sweden, by mutual agreement, united their kingdoms for the purpose of common defense. The

present king, who no doubt is a good statesman and a very able man, is a Swede by birth and the people of Norway have become very much dissatisfied. It is common for a Norwegian to say "I don't like a Swede." As matters now stand it seems other arrangements will have to be made between these two nations. As far as a stranger can observe it looks as if a divorce had better be granted.

A few days ago while we were being shown through the king's palace in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, I asked the man in charge at what time of the year and how long does the king occupy his palace at Christiania, the capital of Norway. He looked at me very significantly and in broken English replied, "He goes to Christiania in September of each year, and as agreed between the two nations, he should stay in Norway four months of the year." They get very unquiet there and then the king comes back to Sweden. That large and beautiful palace in Christiania, which is so magnificently and handsomely furnished, stands unoccupied nearly all the year.

The Swedes, as we see them here in all the cities and towns, are a very fine looking people. They are well educated, polished and very mannerly. They dress well and seem to get many pleasures and comforts out of life. Like the Germans they are fond of music and beer. Their cities are full of parks—the most beautiful parks—embellished with plants, trees and flowers and cultivated with the most exquisite taste. In Stockholm, where we spent a few days, there are many

pleasure resorts and on summer evenings the parks are filled with well-dressed people. Men, women and children sit in social chat drinking their chocolate and beer. The walks that lead among the shrubbery and flowers are filled with the gayest promenaders. The bands with their good music add to the attraction and enliven the scene of sociability and beauty. I can't quite understand why these people who drink so much beer have so little drunkenness. Here everybody drinks it, at meals and between meals, and yet we see no one intoxicated. It is as respectable to drink beer here as it is to drink coffee in America, and it is attended perhaps with less bad effects. In a dining room if you see a glass of water by a plate you can judge that an American is eating there, and if the water has a large piece of ice in it you need have no doubt of that judgment.

The city of Stockholm, the one great city of old Sweden, in which most of the wealth, beauty and refinement of that little nation of five million people center, sits upon the eastern shore as queen of the Baltic Sea. Like Venice, she has her many canals and water ways over which many little boats silently glide, dodging under the many beautiful bridges, carrying people from one point to another. Canals, rivers, and inlets from the sea seem to mingle with the streets and divide the city into different sections, lying on as many islands. The streets are well paved and kept very clean. In the new part they are very modern. In the rural districts the peasantry, I think, are very poor and live in humble little red cottages. All the

good farms are owned by the rich, who take life easy, while the poor have quite a hard time to make both ends meet. They have some customs that seem strange to us. When a meal is ready all repair to a sideboard in the dining room where they help themselves to what they call "Smorgasbord." This little preparatory meal is called an "appetizer," and consists of something tart or sour, with some cold, little fish, cold meats, a bite of cheese and a taste of spirits of some kind not much unlike American whisky. After which all sit down to the table and are served to a regular meal which is generally very good. At railroad stations the food which is plentiful and cheap, is all in large dishes and placed on a center table, steaming hot as the train comes in with its hungry passengers. Each person takes a plate and steps to the center table and helps himself to soup, fish, roast beef, roast veal, vegetables, etc. For desert we generally found a large dish of wild strawberries and a large pitcher of rich cream to which we helped ourselves liberally, as they were fresh and very good. This is a good way for railroad dining rooms to serve meals, as a person need not wait for a waiter who perhaps is so slow that the short time allowed for meals by the American railroads prevent you from getting a fair meal. Here each person was very mannerly and considerate for another while the meal was being served, and really it was a very satisfactory way to have a full meal while the train was waiting.

On Tuesday last we left Stockholm to go by way of the famous Gota canal to this place, which

is on the southwest coast of Sweden. We were on board of a fine and beautiful little ocean steamer built on purpose to sail this route and named the Ceres. We first sailed through an inlet by many green and well wooded islands on which were many fine summer homes, to a short canal which let us out in the Baltic Sea. The first day we sailed southward on this sea to the mouth of the canal which connects the Baltic and the North Sea, one of the greatest peices of successful engineering in the world.

This route is not one canal, but consists of several canals which connect half a dozen fine Swedish lakes in its course. The entire length of the water course, from the Baltic to the North Sea, is about two hundred and fifty miles, of which a large part goes through the navigable lakes that lie in the route, while fifty-six miles have been artificially constructed with seventy-four locks.

The project was conceived many years ago but the undertaking was not commenced till 1808 and was completed about 1818 at an immense cost to the people of Sweden. It takes nearly three days for the steamer to make a trip, but to the lovers of nature and admirers of the accomplishments of man, this trip will doubly pay. It is so varied in its beauty and its grandeur, so different from that which one sees among many other attractions of the world, that I hesitate to attempt a description. Imagine a large steamer (as you stand on shore a little ways off) ascending a hill through locks, apparently like a mammoth turtle fresh from the sea, slowly crawling up the hill on dry land, and you

have one of the remarkable scenes along this route. Then again imagine yourself on the top deck of the great boat smoothly gliding along the walled canal which is just wide enough to allow your ship to pass, hiding the water from view, and it seems as if you were sailing on dry land, through a most beautiful and romantic country. At times the trees of the natural forest are so close to this narrow waterway that their branches scraped the sides of the boat and at other times we glide slowly along between slopes and terraces covered with a bright green lawn and beautiful trees, silver maple, elm and locust, that were planted along the sides of the canal by the canal owners—designed to grow up and strengthen the banks—seventy years ago. We saw many cherry trees loaded with their ruddy fruit and just now ripe and delicious, standing so close that we could almost pick the cherries from the steamer's deck. Gooseberries grow in great profusion, sweet and large, all over this country. At nearly every lock beves of light haired, cleanly dressed girls had plates full of different fruits tempting the passengers to invest a few ores and not only enjoy the fruit but the spirited competition of the pretty little venders. It is certainly a novel ride and a rare privilege to go through the country on a good, large boat, provided with all the luxuries and accommodations of a first class hotel; to sail at times for a few hours on a clear, flowing river, then over the bright waters of a lake, then over the narrow artificial way, and while the ship is climbing up the shore of the lake, through the locks, step out on land and ramble a mile or two ahead of the boat, under the

trees and by the bushes on which the berries grow. The very green trees with their branches waving in the soft, pure air of Sweden, the fields of rye just now in shock, the meadows of red clover in their fullest bloom and the pasture fields in their deepest green, add variety and beauty to this charming route.

But this is not all. When we passed the lake on the summit and the one that supplies the water for the canals and commenced our descent to the river Gota, which carried our ship in safety to the North Sea, we were again treated to a new scene, the grand Trollhattan Falls, which roar like Niagara, foam and dash in every direction down the rocks for a half mile. It takes the ship two hours to descend through sixteen locks and again reach the river two miles below where the falls begin. During this time we went ashore and had a grand time along the pathways, while the boat was descending amid the most beautiful park-like scenery on one side, and the foaming and dashing cataracts and rapids on the other. We walked two miles by the roaring cataracts before we went aboard. This occasion is one that a person will never forget. I will say that any Americans traveling in Europe, who will visit the Scandinavian countries and take a trip over this route will be exceedingly well paid. I shall never forget the scenery, the grandeur and the ever changing beauty of this little three days' journey.

This city of Gothenburg is the Liverpool of Sweden, as the shipping interests of the country largely center here. It has ninety thousand people

and puts on quite a pleasing aspect. It was founded and settled two hundred years ago by the Dutch and is more and more becoming an important city for the Scandinavian peninsula.

We go today to Copenhagen, the principal city of Denmark. We did not spend as much time in Sweden as we did in Norway, but our stay among these people has been a pleasant one and ever to be remembered. We have many of the natives of this country in the United States. It is said that there are nearly as many Swedes in the United States as there are left in this little country at home. But, really, you cannot properly judge a people by those you see in America. They soon take on the ways of their adopted country, and but a few years pass until they lose interest in this, not so favored land, and become good citizens of the United States. Those who are well off here and are favored with plenty of this world's goods, get as much enjoyment out of life as any other people in Europe. They are well informed in their legends and history. Many of the best educated speak very good English, and are pleased to talk with Americans. They are well versed in American history, and are familiar with our country. All classes speak well of America. Many of them have more than an ordinary interest in that "El Dorado" across the sea, for their sons and daughters are there. In the shops (stores) much of the vending and business is done by the women. We frequently see signs above the doors with the full name of a woman. The salesmen or saleswomen must be selected with ex-

ceedingly good judgment for they seem to do their business so well. They have a manner about them that makes you feel at ease. They tastefully show their wares or goods and never insist on your buying. In a very kind manner they use the most artful ways to please you. They never come down in price, and are just as pleasant to you if they fail as if they succeed in making the sale. They are strictly honest in every respect, and under no circumstance will they misrepresent the quality of their goods. They will not deceive you, but volunteer the proper information, even if they know it will lose them the sale. They have learned, as all intelligent shopkeepers must know, that "honesty is the best policy." It does seem a little strange to me, however, to see, both here and in Norway, the men all take off their hats in stores, postoffices and other public places.

Gothenburg, Sweden, August 4th, 1894.

LETTER XII.

THROUGH DENMARK TO PRUSSIA.

DANISH FARMING.—COPENHAGEN AND ITS TIVOLI.—ON
THE ROAD TO GERMANY ON A SABBATH DAY.—
IN HAMBURG.—IN BERLIN.

WE spent the larger part of last week in Denmark and among the Danes. While that little Kingdom is a part of the Scandinavian peninsula and at one time was joined in government with Norway and Sweden, yet they are distinctively a different people speaking a different language. As soon as we crossed the line from Sweden we could notice that we were in another country and among other people. The barren rocks, the pine forests and the many acres of waste and mountainous lands of Norway and Sweden disappeared and instead were fertile fields, green meadows and fine growing crops. It was harvest time and the shocks of rye and wheat were thick upon the fields. The ground is level and we noticed no waste land. Some of the fields were being plowed for the purpose of sowing grass seed for a crop of hay next year. They grow no corn, and I did not see a hog in either Norway or Denmark. Neither did I see a mule. The railroads of Denmark are very good. They, however, unlike England, cross highways on grade, but they have

a gate across the drive which is always closed in every country road when a train passes by. A little dwelling house is built close by every gate and the operator is a woman. As the train goes flying by she stands at her gate with never ceasing care for human life and sees that no one enters into danger. I am sorry to know that in my country there is little care of this kind and much less value placed upon human life.

I noticed in Denmark, as we rode by rail last Sunday that the people were generally at work on the farm as on other days. They seemed to be very busy plowing and harrowing the ground, cutting grain, mowing grass, hauling rye to stack, and in fact working just as we noticed them at work on any week day. We did not learn if this is the custom all the year or if it is only practiced during the harvest season, but I have noticed that in Europe generally, outside of England and Scotland, the Sabbath is not observed in as strict a way as by the people of Ohio. Foreign people do not live as fast as we do. They go much slower, seem to enjoy their leisure, and are very fond of company and sociability, and as you mingle with them you can't but think that they pluck many flowers of enjoyment along the pathway of life. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is the largest city of Scandinavia. We spent a few days there and were much pleased with the city and its people. It is not as beautiful as Stockholm of Sweden, but much larger. Its chief attraction for all classes for sociability and entertainment centers in their most beautiful Tivoli grounds, which are said to be

the largest and finest in the world. Although an entrance fee is charged, many thousands of people gather there every warm evening of the year. They seem to enjoy the cool breezes that ripple the leaves of acres of the most beautiful green trees, to promenade by the many tastefully arranged flower beds, by the artificial canals and crystal little lakes, and listen to bands of the very finest music is really charming. Tables are scattered everywhere beneath the trees, under canvas, and by the water's edge, with good seats, where one can sit, rest and be refreshed with food, drink and the dainties of the season; or you may sit on comfortable benches beneath the spreading trees, and see the well dressed and the elegantly attired promenade the winding paths that lead amid the beauties of nature, embellished by the art of man. Not only music everywhere, but other novel and entertaining amusements greet the visitor on all sides. Friends meet friends, and the hat is lifted whenever an acquaintance passes you by. Social enjoyment is unalloyed, good feeling is master of the hour, and happiness seems to reign supreme among all the people that gather there. Glistening from among the many trees, showering down from festoon hangings, illuminating the roofs and fronts of picturesque stands and booths, lining up the water's edge, and filling up every nook and corner of those vast grounds, are a countless number of Chinese lanterns and a hundred thousand incandescent lights of varied and beautiful hues, casting a mellow light of gold and purple upon the scene. This is the way the people of that city take

their outdoor enjoyment. Men, women and children of every class and station of life mingle here, to eat, drink and be merry. This is the first place they direct a stranger to and they are very proud to tell you that there is no other place in all Europe as large, fine and grand as their Tivoli.

On last Sunday we bade goodby to this patriotic little kingdom of the Danes, to the people of the Scandinavian Peninsula (Norway, Sweden and Denmark) and crossed over the Baltic Sea, (where the waves were running wild and high) to the "Fotter Land" of our many German friends in America. To the land of Prussia that Frederick the Great made possible, and Kaiser Wilhelm and the "Grand Old Man," Bismark, made one of the strongest and greatest nations of the world. Their union with the old German States, and the capturing of Lorraine and Alsace from the French in 1876, secured for the German people, a powerful empire.

On the road from the Baltic Sea along the northeast coast of Germany to Hamburg, last Sunday afternoon, we saw quite a number of farmers hauling in their wheat, but all other common labor seemed to be suspended. At all stations along this road the people seemed to have a holiday. Men and women gathered where the train stopped and were passing their Sunday evening in a very social way. At every station where our train stopped, vendors of foaming beer came to the doors of the cars to offer it for sale. The voices that sang out "Beer, Beer," were heard above the din of every other commotion. We were thirsty for

water, for pure, cool water to quench our thirst, but drinking water was not in reach. We were compelled to wait until we arrived at our hotel in Hamburg, and then with much difficulty and patient waiting we secured some water that was about as cool as the surrounding atmosphere. Every room in the hotels has a bottle of water standing on the "sofa table" intended for drinking, but it is warm and not fresh. However, I now think that one had better drink it warm than undertake the task of getting it cool in this country. One thing is certain that drinking it warm is attended with less harm to health than the miserable ice water we get at American hotels.

Hamburg is a large German city of five hundred thousand people, located on the Alster river, some distance from the sea. It is a fine port, but the largest steam ships can not come up the river. The Alster basin is a beautiful sheet of water, backing in from the river to the very heart of the city. Around this basin for several miles the city is built with large and beautiful houses. Around it on the shores several rows of fine shade trees are standing, between which are wide and well paved promenades. This basin has the shores walled and an iron railing affords protection at the dangerous places. Beneath the trees and along the walks close by the water's edge many seats are provided for the tired promener, who may sit at will and view this quiet water. How beautiful at night it reflects the many electric lights from the opposite shore. There are quite a number of small steam boats that glide around conveying their

passengers to and fro, and in the early evening the waters are literally covered with swan and small pleasure boats, rowing and sailing, on the smooth waters. On warm evenings the people gather there. The music on the water and on the shores add a charm to the scene and the whole picture is one of German city life. It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1892, cholera came to Hamburg and in a short month eighteen thousand of her people were hastened to an untimely grave. But owing to government discipline and strict sanitary precaution the dreadful disease was confined within the limits of that ill-fated city and the rest of the world spared from a terrible epidemic. Since then Hamburg has made better water supply and other sanitary improvements, and is now one of the most healthful cities in Europe.

On the road from Hamburg to Berlin the country is level and fenceless. The rural people generally live in small villages composed of a dozen or two small houses with tile roofs. It seems these people have divided up the land into very small pieces. An ordinary family will live in the village and perhaps own only two or three acres of land that may be several miles from their home. The soil is good and they cultivate it carefully. A whole family frequently leave the village in the morning, walk to their little patch of land and work there all day. Upon these small pieces they do much work and carefully manage to make a modest living.

We are now in the city of Berlin, where resides

the Emperor of all the Germans, the capital of Prussia and the seat of government for the German Empire. It is a large city with a population of more than one million five hundred thousand. Twenty thousand soldiers are stationed here, which is but a small part of the large standing army this country maintains.

The city lies in the midst of a large, level plain on the river Spree (which is not navigable for large boats) and is an important railroad center. It is perhaps the greatest manufacturing city in Continental Europe and is the most important money center outside of London, in the world. Berlin has many handsome buildings, fine, long, clean streets and large, beautiful parks. The many asphalt paved streets are smooth and tough, and are not so hard as we have them in America. The best streets are constantly swept by hand, and they are so particular on Frederick street, a long retail street, that they scrub it, the dry broom not making it clean enough. I do not see the poverty here that I expected to see in this large city. The people appear to be in a flourishing condition. Of course I have not been in every section of the city, and could not be as there are twenty-five square miles of the city and my time will not permit, but where I have been I saw little poverty.

The agricultural business of Europe seems to be much depressed. Farmers are complaining of the low prices of the products of their farms. In England and Scotland the farmers are organizing and petitioning parliament for a tariff for protection against the cheap foods that come into England

from other countries. There are many sheep in Scotland and England and the owners want a tariff on wool, so we see the selfishness of private interests are not confined to the United States, but it's human nature all over the world. The people of Europe who have no land (and they are many) would like to have cheap bread, but the owners of the soil ask their government to bar out American wheat in order to make theirs higher in price. However, such are the ways of the world, and the "golden rule" is not observed.

Berlin, Germany, August 9th, 1894.

LETTER XIII.

SOUTHWARD THROUGH GERMANY.

DRESDEN.—MUNICH.—DIFFICULT HARVESTING.—
HOUSES AND BARNS UNDER SAME ROOF.—
SWITZERLAND.—CURIOUS OLD CLOCK.

FROM Berlin, Germany, we went to Dresden, the capital of the old German State of Saxony, known yet as the Kingdom of Saxony, but in fact, a principality or province of the great German Empire now. Most of the country between Berlin and Dresden is a level, sandy plain, not very fertile and uninteresting. Dresden, however, is situated in a very fertile country on the river Elbe. The city is clean and very well built, the houses of stone and brick are substantial and seem as if they would stand for many years. This city was a place of importance in the early German history, about seven hundred years ago. Some of the houses in the part of the town called "Aldstadt" (old town) are more than five hundred years old. The population is about two hundred and fifty thousand. The suburbs and surroundings of Dresden are very beautiful and picturesque. We saw many fine paintings in Germany. They are displayed for the benefit of the public in all the cities, and for a small admittance fee one may see the finest picture galleries in the world. Munich, the capital of the Kingdom of Bavaria, also a state in the German Empire, is

especially celebrated for its advancement in the art of painting. Last Sunday we visited the picture gallery of Munich containing the most noted collection of paintings of the German nation and were well repaid for the few hours we spent there. In the manufacture of jewelry, of delicate and beautiful ware, the German artisan is far advanced and the product of his skill is profusely displayed in the many beautiful store windows one sees in the German cities. The temptation to the passerby to enter and spend a few marks is great.

The farmers were making hay and cutting grain and were doing it all by hand—women, men and children were at work. Not a reaping machine did I see at work in Germany. Many did not even use the old grain cradle that the American farmers abandoned for the reaping machine twenty-five years ago, but were using a common grass scythe to cut their wheat or oats. I should judge the reason the farmers do all this by hand is because their farms are too small to justify the expense of a mowing or reaping machine. It is far more difficult in Europe than in America to harvest and make hay. The grain must be on the ground unbound for a week or ten days before it can be taken in, and the grass must be scattered and turned and piled on heaps; then scattered again and shaken and turned for weeks before it is sufficiently cured to admit of stacking or storing away. Many of the farmers have small racks about four feet high in the shape of a pyramid which they set up in the field.

On these they place the grass, shaped to turn the water like the top of a stack, and let it remain until it becomes air dried, when they take it to the barn. The sun or atmosphere seems to have very little effect in the way of drying. The sun is warm but will not do the work for the harvester, as in America. One man, with a boy and the usual machinery that we have in Ohio, will make and put away more hay in a week than ten European workmen will in a month. If it were half as difficult to make the hay or to harvest the grain in the United States as it is in this older world, I am sure that those products of the soil would be much higher in price. I believe that if the American farmer was compelled to put as much labor in making hay as they do here, that he would not make hay, but would find some way to keep his stock on other feed.

I notice here that it generally takes two persons to run one plow—one to hold the plow and the other to drive. They use cows, oxen or horses to pull the plow or wagon. We frequently see a man do the driving and a woman holding the plow. On the farms women do much of the hardest work. I should judge the lives of the tillers of the soil in the old world are full of toil and care, and that they have very little of the luxuries and pleasures which the people of the European cities enjoy. The people in the rural districts and on the farms seem so much less progressive than their countrymen in the cities. It is not uncommon to see one horse hitched to a wagon without shafts but with a pole on one side attached to the animal's collar to guide

the wagon. An American teamster can readily understand how extremely awkward this arrangement must be.

Much attention is paid here to the standing and position one has in life. According to their station the people are graded and public arrangements are made everywhere to avoid the mingling of the classes. At railroad stations the restaurants and dining rooms are marked first, second and third class and the passengers are expected to enter the place most fitting, or in accordance with the class of the department of the car in which they ride. Their second class cars are very good and in all respects will average with the day coaches on the railroads in the United States, and their first class will average with the Pullman coaches. Their third class, however, are not nearly as good as the poorest cars used in America.

We noticed in Bavaria, (one of the German States) and in Switzerland, that the farm houses and barns were generally built under one roof. The buildings look like one plain house, one end, and perhaps the larger part of the building is used for stable and barn and the other end for residence. The door for this residence is close beside the stable door, and generally a pile of manure can be seen in front of the door opening into the house in which the people live. In fact the people live in their barns with only a partition to separate them from the stock.

This way of living may be all right to one who can enjoy the odor and filth of the barnyard and stables, but to one accustomed to living in a sepa-

rate house with clean surroundings such sights no doubt would be disgusting. In the cities and towns it is entirely different. The houses and their surroundings are neat and clean. The people are well dressed and are generally educated. They keep the streets well paved and clean and the highways in the country are boulevards compared with the mud roads of Stark county. In many localities along the public roads in southern Germany are miles of fruit trees planted to shade and beautify the highways. Cherry, apple and pear can be seen all along and just now the apple and pear trees are laden with their fruit. Little Switzerland has many large orchards all through her fertile valleys. This year the limbs of the fruit trees have to be propped to prevent them from breaking down. Little old Switzerland, the land and the home of the traditional William Tell, is yet, I believe, the finest and best governed country in the world. It is not favored by nature like our own great Republic (where almost every product of the earth that enriches man, can be produced or found somewhere in our many States) but with what Providence has supplied her she has done so well that we do not only envy her but are amazed. She has no powerful army, and never had, yet she has maintained an independent government and a republic for these many years. She is and has been surrounded on every side by tyranny and powerful countries; nations that have been stirred from center to circumference by internal dissensions, anarchy and border wars. She has looked across her little border and beheld her powerful neighbors

troubled and weakened by the dissatisfaction of their own people. During all this surrounding strife Switzerland's people have been as peaceful and tranquil as the placid waters of her many beautiful lakes and she has maintained a government as pure as the Alpien mountain air that her people breathe. Let us hope that for all time to come none of the strong nations of the world will be mean and cowardly enough to interfere with this peaceful little nation.

People from all the civilized nations in summer time love to visit here, to sail upon these crystal lakes and breathe the mountain air. The railroads are good and the officials are clever and accommodating. The hotels are fine and moderate in prices, and above all there is no custom house officer to smell through your luggage or baggage when you enter into this free little country. She is not only free in name but in fact and in every respect. A stranger can feel at home as soon as he sets foot on her unfettered soil. Switzerland elects a president every year and frequently re-elects the same man. The man who is their president now was, when a young man, a private soldier in our civil war. Mr. Frey served in the Union army, if I remember correctly, for three years; was captured by the Confederate army and imprisoned in Libby prison for a short time. He was soon exchanged. After the war was over he went back to Switzerland where he took an active part in governmental affairs.

Some years ago he represented his country as Minister to Washington. This was a fitting position

for him; to be a minister to a country whose government, when a young man he helped to maintain. Now he is the honored president of his native country and respected by all his people.

The first city we visited in this little republic was Zurich, and I was much surprised to find it so large and beautiful, with a population of over one hundred thousand. Through the center of the city flows the wild and rapid running Limmat river which furnishes power for its many factories. The roar of the water as it dashes, splashes and turns the wheels for a thousand silk looms and humming spindles, make such a music of industry as one seldom hears. Bauhof strasse, a new business street of about a mile in length, is certainly one of the finest I ever saw. The beautiful green shade trees that line the sidewalks all along this beautiful avenue make it a most delightful place. The next large place we visited was Berne, the capital of the Republic, and a quaint old city of about fifty thousand people, situated on the high and picturesque banks of the river Aar. This city is over seven hundred years old and curiously built. In the business part of the city the houses are all built to the outer edge of the sidewalk. The lower stories are arched over the sidewalk and the front of the store rooms are back about fifteen feet, which forms one grand arcade in front of the business places. This gives the street a very queer appearance and makes the city look remarkably strange. There is a beautiful park on the bank of the river which is at least two hundred feet high. One may sit in this cool place

near by the towering bank of this fast running river with its clear, green water, as it flows so far below, and enjoy a rare picture. He may look in the distance beyond this beautiful river, and instead of the green trees and luxuriant flowers that surround him, he will see the Alpien mountain tops plainly in view, covered with perpetual snow. They are farther away than they seem; they are far above the clouds and where cold winds always blow. Not far from this park, at the place that was once the east gate of the town but now a central point, is a remarkable clock, over two hundred years old, in a large tower. Two minutes before each hour a cock from the tower crows once. The next minute a procession of bears (the emblem of Berne) march round a central figure in a very comical way. In a moment they stop, and the figure of a full sized man at the top dressed in national Schwitter costume, can be seen with an iron sledge striking the proper number of the hour on a large bell. Every hour during the day people stand to see this novel show, which performance has been going on for more than two hundred years in that same old tower. One would suppose that this machinery would wear out, but it seems not. Six generations of men have seen it work, and we know not how many more will see it still performing its duty.

From Berne we left the valley of the river Aar and ascended along a steep, dashing mountain stream, through tunnels, by the side of precipices and over abysses, to the industrious valley of St. Imier. This narrow valley, with its towering

mountains on both sides, is thickly settled with watch makers. It is said to be the most industrious valley in Switzerland, and three-fourths of its population are engaged in making watches. This, the town of St. Imier, has a population of seven thousand, and is entirely off the beaten track of foreign travel. The people here seldom see a person from another country, especially from America, and the hotels are not run in the interest of the foreign traveler that one meets so numerous in so many other places in this country.

We were delightfully entertained here by the Moser family in the unalloyed and charming Swiss style, which was strange and novel to us. The family, all watch makers, were particularly glad to see us on account of their son, with whom we are intimately acquainted in Canton, who is a finished watch maker and now does business in the Schaefer opera block.

St. Imier, Switzerland, August 18, 1894.

LETTER XIV.

SWITZERLAND, AND ON TO ITALY.

IN LUCERNE.—MT. RIGI.—THE LAND OF TELL.—ST.
GOTHARD TUNNEL.—LAKE COMO.—THE
CITY OF MILAN.

WE spent several days at Lucerne last week, which is the most popular place in Switzerland for foreign travelers to visit and tarry a while. It is the best place for side excursions, as it is situated in the heart of Switzerland and within easy reach of the grandest views of the Alpien mountains, and on the lake of Lucerne, which is said to be the finest lake in Switzerland, and one of the most beautiful in the world, rivaled only perhaps by Italy's far famed Lake Como, or its larger sister, Lake Geneva, lying near the boundary of the French Republic. Lucerne has only about twenty-two thousand population, but she entertains every year about two hundred thousand strangers, who flock there in summer time to enjoy the grandeur of nature that surrounds this beautiful little city on all sides. One would imagine that they would not be able to care for so many people, (who come in about four months of the year) but they are well provided with all the accommodations necessary. The

new part of the city is substantially all hotels and curiosity shops. Along a wide street and on the shore of the beautiful lake, are long rows of chestnut trees, where the people gather, sit and promenade, and enjoy the cool mountain air. People speaking various languages are here from many nations. By their dress one can not always know which country they are from, as many of the people of Europe dress alike, and not unlike their cousins (as they call us) in America. When they speak of an American they always mean a person from the United States; otherwise they will say a Canadian, a Mexican, or a South American. But America means the "big U. S." It is easy to know the French by their flip, rapid speech, which only comes from the lips, but accompanied with quick gestures and full of animation. The German has a bass voice, and his words flow slower, as they seem to come up from the bottom of his chest. He also has gesture and animation, and a beautiful language, when well spoken. The Schweitzers have no language of their own. They attempt to speak all the languages of the nations that surround them, and like the "Pennsylvania Dutch," they have it very much mixed in some localities. We saw many of our English friends there who travel much in Switzerland. Their nationality cannot always be detected until we hear them speak. Some of them wear their trousers only to their knees, and are accused of being of Scotch descent. We meet people here from Russia, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and last, but not least, we see quite a number from the United States. But they say here that there are less

Americans this year and last traveling in Europe than formerly for many years. They claim as the cause, that there are very "hard times" in America. The people here think we are having a panic and that it is a very poor time to emigrate to the "New World." Lucerne has much that I could speak of that is interesting but cannot be included in a letter like this. Last Saturday we took a lake boat to Vitznau and from there we rode up to the summit of Mount Rigi on a cog-wheel railroad, which is about five miles long. The ascent is made in one and one-half hours and the ride is simply grand. At the foot of the mountain on the shore of the little lake is where the car starts to climb around and up the rugged and rocky steep. We made the start in the beautiful little village of Vitznau, which is nestled amid the green shrubbery, the flowers and teeming fruit trees on the bank of the lake. The weather was warm and pleasant. The train consists of one car about as large as the open cars used in Canton, and one mountain engine. The engine makes about eight strokes to one revolution of the cog-wheel. The track ascends one foot in four. The puffing of the engine would indicate that the work of ascending was not easy work for it to do. The first half hour we saw green trees, some with fruit, some small wheat fields, and between the rocky bluffs, vegetation seemed to flourish. The scene or view as it appears from the ascending car is one not soon to be forgotten. As the car climbs around the mountain rapidly upward, the ever changing views are growing less in the distance, the houses

seem to be growing smaller, and the trees look more like bushes. The water in the lake that was so vividly spread out like a steel colored sheet far below, seemed to be growing less and less, as the car ascended. We round a sharp bend and stop. It is a station and we are half way up. Our conductor calls out the name of the station, but as usual, few understand him. A few minutes to let the engine rest and we proceed on and upward. We again look out upon the mountain side but we do not see the trees or green shrubbery we saw farther down. We see a short, brown grass, upon which the cows and goats are feeding. The warm breezes that rippled the green leaves just one hour ago are now changed to the chilling blasts of a December wind. A few moments more and a dense cloud came sweeping over from some neighboring mountain peak and we were engulfed in so dense a mist that we could not see ten feet about us. But on and up our little engine continued, enveloped in the misty cloud, steaming, puffing and slowly making its way to the very summit, where we all alighted and groped our way to a fine stone hotel that the enterprising Schweitzers have built on the highest point of this mountain.

A few hours after our arrival at the hotel we were delighted, for all of a sudden a very kind wind came and blew this ugly cloud away. It was just before sunset and the light of day was again on the mountain top and we could see straight down many thousand feet and see the green, fertile valleys, dotted with villas and villages that looked like toy houses spread out on a

map below us. Within the range of our view we could see eleven lakes that appeared much smaller on account of their distance. We could see large steamboats gliding along the smooth water, appearing like row boats as we saw them from the mountain top. We could see miles of Alpine mountain peaks, covered with snow, across the valleys and some a hundred miles away. As we stood we saw the darkness of night coming over the valleys and at the same time the sun was shining on the snow capped mountains, whose lofty peaks are higher than the ground on which we stood. These ice clad mountains reflect the rays of the setting sun into the mists that hang about their peaks, painting the clouds with beautiful colors and striping their borders with a golden hue. The dark valley far below, the gilded clouds hanging apparently close around, and the silvery rays of the setting sun shining on the fields of ice that seem not far away, make not only a grand picture but an impression that one must see to be able to realize its grandeur. We remained there until the next morning, which was cold and clear. The ride down was more pleasant, and we were glad to get where the weather was warmer as we could not make ourselves comfortable while at the top of the mountain.

Next day we visited the historic grounds of Wm. Tell, the patriot liberator of Switzerland, with whose history every school boy is familiar. We were in the village which was the home of Tell and near the place where tradition tells us that the tyrant Gessler was laid low by his unerring

arrow. After a few days more of sojourn among the mountains of Switzerland we took the wonderful St. Gothard railway for Italy. This road costs perhaps more per mile to build than any railroad in Europe. It has a succession of tunnels, in all fifty-six in number, and aggregating twenty-five and one-half miles. It is the road which passes under the Alpine mountain range that lies between Switzerland and Italy, and is now the pass for the greater part of the travel and traffic between these two countries. The main tunnel is nine and one-fourth miles long and cost over eleven million dollars. It is the longest tunnel in the world, twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet broad, with two tracks through it.

We entered the main tunnel at Goschenen in Switzerland on a cool, rainy morning, and in twenty minutes we emerged on the other side where the clear, blue sky and the warm, bright sun assured us that sunny Italy was not far away. At once we enter the valley Airolo with its towering mountains on both sides and proceed downward along the Ticino river, through grand scenery and magnificent defiles to Como, an Italian city at the head of a beautiful lake of the same name. Our baggage was examined by the Italian custom house officer when we crossed the line from Switzerland. We were surprised as we entered through the gates of Como to be subjected to another baggage examination, and the same again as we passed the gates at Milan. This is the custom in Italy but I presume the law is only kept in vogue to make place for government employes.

All you have to do is to assure them that you have nothing subject to duty and they will take your word and let you pass, as if the trouble to examine was too much work on a hot day, as the days are here now.

After a night at Como, which is a typical Italian city, we took an excursion on a fine, little steamboat on Lake Como, to the other end of the lake (which is thirty-eight miles long and about an average of one mile wide) and back. The day was fine and the ride charming beyond comparison. The clear, blue waters of this lake fill the bottom of a narrow valley between lofty mountains, whose rocky sides slope down to the water's edge. Half way up the slopes of these towering mountains, all along the terraced sides luxuriant vegetation, vineyards and fruit trees cover the ground. Cultivated flowers of every hue are mixed amid the green. By the many villas along the water's edge are fine, substantial walls with marble steps leading down to the silvery waters. On the banks and in the foreground of many ancient and modern castles that peep through the silvan wood which partly hide them, are roses and beautiful flowers of many kinds. Some stand in long rows along the wall, while others twine their way down to the water's edge. Every few miles is a village near the shore. Between and up the mountain sides are hundreds of villas and castles that dot the landscape. The driveways through the village leading to these beautiful summer homes and along the water's edge, are walled and lined with trees and flowers, and are made as perfect as

a French boulevard. Farther up hang the dark uncultivated part of the mountains, casting a dark shadow down on the many and varied beauties that lie so far below and frowning as if it were not pleased with that which man looks upon as being one of the finest, grandest and most beautiful places on the surface of the earth. This improving and beautifying is not the work of one century. A thousand years before Columbus discovered our part of the world, the Romans were building their stone mansions on the banks of this fairy lake. The rich, who have leisure and means, are still building marble palaces and beautifying the mountain sides of their summer homes. Many of them live and do business in Milan.

We came to this city a few days ago and we find the heat of the glowing Italian sun as it beams from the blue sky, far different from the sun that shines amid the valleys and mountains of Switzerland. We find a different people with whom we cannot converse; who are not so kind or pleasant, nor as clean as those we met farther to the north. This city is large, about four hundred thousand—all Italians. Few foreigners emigrate this way and the city is unadulterated Italian. They have some very fine business blocks with long, large and handsome arcades in front. Some streets are covered with glass roofs and paved with tile. No driving is allowed on those. Many stores are there and the way is generally full of people. They seem to do their business unlike the business men we see farther north. Other places in Europe the shopkeepers would ask for his ware a proper price,

and never drop lower to make the sale; but here they say a person is foolish to pay the asking price as you can get the article much less if you hesitate or start to go away. They do not expect to get the amount they ask for an article. This is a poor and disagreeable way to deal.

In this city of Milan and in the center of the town stands a large and costly cathedral. It, of course, being in Italy belongs to the old Roman Catholic church. The present edifice was commenced in the year 1386, but it took many years to complete it. It covers an area of ground of one hundred and eight thousand square feet with one end octagon. The length is four hundred and eighty-five feet, the breadth one hundred and ninety-one feet and the height one hundred and eighty-eight feet. The immense marble columns that have stood for years supporting this grand structure impress one that in the long ago, more wonderful buildings were erected than we attempt to build in this age. The hundreds of statues and images that were carved out of the marble walls inside and outside of the building, stand there as representatives of an age gone by and of a people who were far advanced in the beautiful art of architecture. Its forest of spires, pointing upward toward the heavens, cover the entire roof. Its appearance is truly grand as it stands there, where it has stood for ages, the monument of human energy and skill.

We start for Venice this afternoon.

Milan, Italy, August 25th, 1894.

LETTER XV.

ITALY.

FROM MILAN TO VENICE.—ST. MARK'S SQUARE.—CONCERT ON THE GRAND CANAL.—VENICE AND HER PEOPLE, WITH GLANCES AT THEIR HISTORY.

THE country in northern Italy lying between Milan and this place, a distance of about two hundred miles is a level, fertile plain. For the first time this year we saw fields of corn. The tops were being cut off and the leaves below the ear are being stripped to make feed. The ear on the naked stalk is left to ripen in the August sun. These corn fields are all we see in this part of the world to remind us of an Ohio farm. Not a tree of the native forests has been spared from the woodman's ax, and the numerous trees that now stand upon the plains are only those that yield fruit for the benefit of man and the mulberry tree upon which the silk worm lives and spins his fibrous cocoon. Miles of these mulberry trees stand in long rows all over this part of the country, and we frequently noticed the grape vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree, laden with the well known Italian grape. Pears, apples, prunes, peaches, figs and other fruit grow in great abundance. Vegetation thrives and the products of the gardens afford food for the many people who are

crowded into this part of the old world. The railroad train from Milan to this place on which we rode, ran with great speed and was the first fast traveling we have done on the continent, and I may say in that respect we were reminded of some of the "through flyers" we have at home. The railroad officials are not as accommodating as in other parts of Europe. Their railroad rules and regulations are not made for the comfort of the traveling public, and, consequently, it is very unpleasant and difficult to travel in Italy. If their own agent should make an error in stamping on the ticket the name of the station at which you intend to leave the train, you could not get through the gate or away from the station until you paid your fare again. You may keep your ticket, but the next day it is not good to travel on. All tickets are only good for one train. If you should fail to get the train your ticket would not be good on the next. Such rules would not be tolerated in the United States. But here I judge the owners of the railroads have more power than the government. It is no use to complain but better to follow the old adage and "While you are in Rome do as the Romans do." We are abundantly compensated for these little inconveniences, however, in this old historic land where we are able to see and enjoy the many wonderful things that represent ages past. Ancient Venice, far famed old Venice, built of rock and sitting on one hundred and seventeen sandy islands in the sea, between and around which one hundred and forty-six canals make the waterways for all her internal com-

merce and traffic. These islands are in the Adriatic sea and at the mouth of six rivers that flow down from the Alpine and Tyrol mountains, mixing their clear, fresh water with the saline waters of the sea.

The city seems as if it had risen out of the water. Nearly all of the buildings front upon a canal and stone steps lead from every hall and doorway to the water's edge. If you want to take a ride about the city you cannot call a coach, for there are none. You summon a gondolier and in a minute there are half a dozen at hand with Venetian enterprise, striving each one for a job. Not a horse or cart of any kind have I seen in the city; not a street upon which to drive them or a bridge for them to cross. Although there are four hundred bridges in the city connecting narrow avenues that run straight, and in curves, and leading in every direction, are intended only for the pedestrian. Not an animal larger than a cat or dog have I seen on the streets—not streets, only narrow alleys, some not four feet wide—not even a hand cart have I noticed here. There are some squares or courts of fair size where a little breeze and sunshine are able to find their way, a few of which are the pride of the city and the wonted place for the people to gather. The noted and most historic place in Venice is a large square, two hundred and eight feet broad by five hundred and sixty feet long, called Piazza St. Mark. It is the largest open space in Venice. It is said to be not only one of the most historical spots in the world, but it is the most interesting square in Europe. It is paved with stone, surrounded on three sides with large

buildings, fronted by colonnades forming a continuous arcade of many arches in which are the finest stores perhaps in this country. At one end of this far famed square stands the great St. Mark's Cathedral. Near the church stands the famous Campanile (bell tower) 300 feet high. Many people ascend to have a view of the city. Napoleon I, during his victorious days, ascended this large tower on horseback. To the right of the tower and in front of the church, the open space leads to the Grand Lagoon, the widest part of the grand canal, that every Venetian is proud of, and well he may be. As one stands thoughtfully on these old historic grounds, and sees on every side living monuments of the long past that represent so perfectly the beauty of the architecture of another age or ages, their skill in workmanship, as we see it chiseled in marble, manufactured in bronze and moulded into images and forms with plaster, make me think that there was a time when Venice and the Venetians were truly great. But how sad it is to know, that even in the time of their glory, in the time of their enterprises and successes, when they were the people who had farthest advanced in arts and science, and at the time when the light of astronomy first shone through the windows of Galileo's brain, (who lived here) their Republic in name was a most cruel despotism. Here stands the old prison, and the Chamber of the Council of Ten, and between them spanning the peaceful canal is that same old "Bridge of Sighs." Why it is allowed to stand seems strange to me and I wonder why it has not

long ago, like the French Bastile, (whose horrid sight a Frenchman could not endure) been torn so completely away that not a vestige would remain to remind a Venetian of the horrible crimes that were committed there. The Doge selected as a king, with a council elected by the people for life, ruled the country absolutely, and for a long time in the history of the so-called Republic, their actions could not be criticised with safety by any citizen. Any one could accuse another for the crime of plotting against, or disfavoring those in power, by pushing through a small aperture in the wall of the castle a written accusation, which dropped in an iron box for the purpose. His case would be considered by the council. He was not informed of the nature of his crime when arrested, or permitted to be present or defended at the so-called trial, or told by whom the charges were made. The prisoner, who in many cases was innocent, could know nothing of his fate until the guard marched him over the "Bridge of Sighs," and then he well knew that never again would he see the light of day. Innocent or guilty, there was no trial or appeal. The block upon which so many heads were severed, the three holes in the stone floor through which it is said human blood flowed into the canal are still there, apparently preserved to inform after generations and posterity yet unborn of the cruelty of their ancestors. Their political affairs in those days were certainly crude and unjust, and their religious affairs were none the less so. They won many great victories at sea, and became master of the Adriatic more than

a thousand years ago. Their many sails floated on other waters. They entered the harbors of the Oriental lands and their commerce and trade made them rich. They became powerful and built themselves a church, a wonderful temple, not so large as King Solomon built, but, I presume, much finer. They adorned it on the outside with Venetian beauty and on the inside they decorated with the finest Mosaic work which has stood the test of time for five hundred years. One huge front door made of bronze and inlaid with pure silver, was taken from the Mosque at Constantinople after their victory over those people and placed to close a passage way into the aisles of a Christian temple. They have columns of onyx and fine marble which they brought from King Solomon's temple, the work of people more than a thousand years before the Christian era. They claim that among the many trophies their ancestors secured by robbing their Oriental neighbors, are several columns from the Temple of Jerusalem; but this is certainly doubtful. This wonderful place, however, is full of old historic curiosities, rare and very valuable. For more than thirteen centuries Christians have worshiped here. On their knees before stolen altars every hour of the day they worship still. They even invaded the sacred tomb of St. Mark, the writer of one of the books in the Christian Testament, and took the body from its resting place in the temple founded by himself at Alexandria, and bore it away to their cathedral, where they say it now rests under the altar since the year 829. Of course every person does not believe this.

There are many things in print so ancient that for centuries they traveled down the roads of tradition, and by many are not credited as facts. Our professional guide has told this so often, however, that there is no doubt but he has entire faith in the correctness of his sayings.

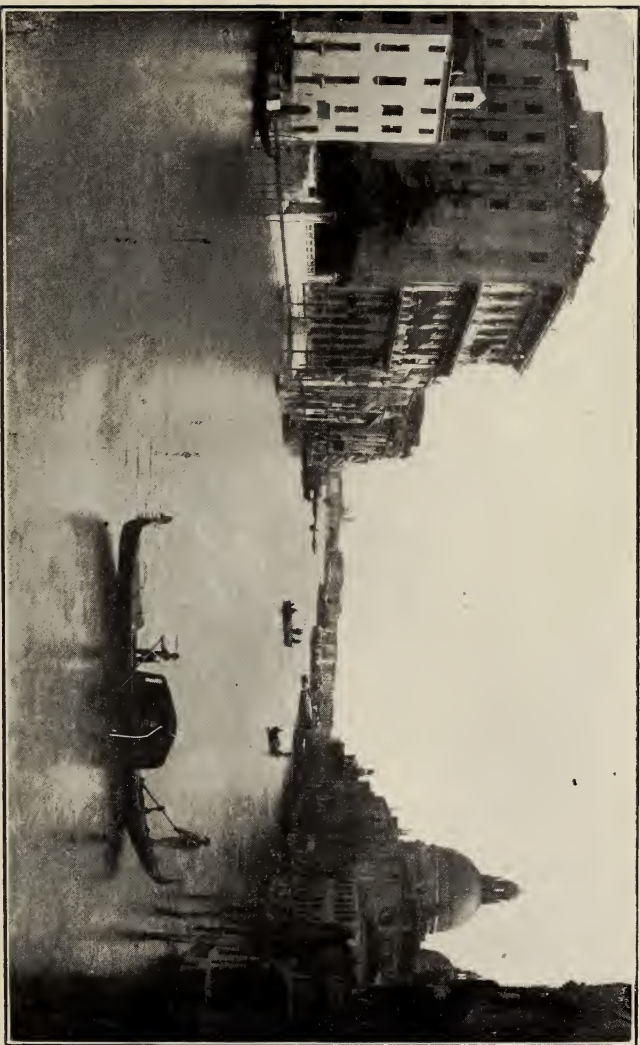
Venice of today still stands on the many islands as a quaint and curious city. Her power and glory as queen of the Adriatic have gone. Time has wrinkled her brow and dimmed her luster, but many traces of her beauty still linger in her marble palaces and stately old halls. The charm and beauty of a thousand gondolas, gliding in every direction over the smooth waters, have not grown old, and Venice is Venice still, "Queen of the Adriatic" and without a rival in the world. Every night there is music on the water. Many people from the narrow alleys, this warm weather, gather on the water where music and sociability seem to be the enjoyment of the hour. Musical concerts are held upon the water at night. Many gondolas gather about the band and singers. The music is charming there. Perhaps a hundred gondolas filled with people stop and gently float with the concert boat and enjoy the good music. On the shore near by is the grand Piazza of St. Mark, where fashion and beauty gather every night. The sight from the water is grand and the whole scene is novel to a stranger.

We met quite a number of English speaking people at the hotels. The people living here speak very little except their own language, and we are glad to meet those with whom we can talk. We

met a very bright and pleasant young man from South Australia by the name of Fred C. Smith, who informed us that he could speak the languages of four nations. We asked what nations, when he laughingly replied: English, Canadian, American and Australian, all of which we could fortunately speak, and I could "go one better," as I get along quite well in speaking the German.

We see people here from Egypt, Constantinople, Greece, and from many other countries, but we have seen only one negro since we left New York. Hotels in Europe will not employ colored waiters and very seldom have we seen a girl employed in a dining room. All the waiters in the good hotels in Europe are distinguished looking men in full dress of fine black broad cloth and white cravat. If you should meet them in a drawing room you would think they were going to a reception given at the court of some of the royal family. When waiting on table at full meals they only serve you with a dish at a time. That is the custom in Europe, and they will not eat mixed food. If chicken is served they will have little else till they are through with the chicken and the plate removed and replaced with a clean one. We often sit more than an hour before all are served. For breakfast the custom is to have nothing but bread, butter and coffee. However, the butter and the bread are always very good. I am sorry to say much better than we have generally at home.

Venice, Italy, September 1st, 1894.



GRAND CANAL—VENICE

LETTER XVI.

FLORENCE AND ROME.

FLORENCE.—ROME.—THE FORUM.—COLOSSEUM.—ST.
PETER'S CATHEDRAL.—AQUEDUCTS.—
FOUNTAINS.

BEFORE coming here we spent a few days at Florence. Some writer says it is the fairest city in the world, but it did not make that impression on us. The buildings are beautiful, and built like most of the Italian cities of a light colored stone, which, in the glaring sunshine, give the city a dazzling appearance, and very trying to the eyes. The sidewalks are very narrow and people are compelled to walk in the driveways of the streets. The sidewalks are only wide enough to enable the pedestrians to go in single file. The streets are paved as well as the sidewalks are in an American city and are kept just as clean and the only inconvenience of walking in the streets is the danger of being run over by vehicles.

The Florence cathedral, called the Duomo, is simply wonderful, large, grand and magnificent. It stands upon immense columns of polished granite that tower high upward to support the grand and beautiful arches. The front of polished, colored marble, in which statues are carved at great cost,

gives it a rich appearance. The square bell tower, standing adjoining but not connected, was begun in 1334, is three hundred and seventy-six feet high and was designed to be the largest of the kind in the world and perhaps it is. The church is five hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and twenty-nine feet wide, and three hundred and fifty-two feet high at the highest point. The dome is said to be the highest in the world. On this spot the Christians have worshiped since the reign of Nero, who introduced Christianity into Florence, in the year A. D. 56. The present mammoth temple is six hundred years old and is the pride of the Florentines. Within its walls, beneath the marble floor, lie the remains of the great astronomer, Galileo, who published his work claiming that the world moved. But such a work in those dark days was considered so dreadful that it was publicly burned and the author compelled to recant under an awful penalty. This he did by swearing, "With a sincere heart I detest the said errors," etc., namely: that the earth moves round the sun; "I swear that I will never in the future utter or publish anything that will give rise to a similar suspicion against me;" but as he rose from his knees, he turned to a friend and whispered the immortal words, "It moves for all that."

On arriving here I was surprised. We expected to find Rome an old antiquated place with narrow streets, very ancient looking houses and very much dilapidated, but instead we find the larger part of it with wide and well paved streets, fine, large marble blocks, most beautiful architecture, and as bright

and clean as if they were all entirely new. Even the old streets with their houses, more than a thousand years old, do not look as bad as one may imagine. But in all, Rome today is a beautiful city, but it is not the Rome of the days of Julius Caesar, or Constantine, when its great history was made and it was in its power and glory. Traces of its former splendor are written on their wonderful structures, as we see and judge them by the ruins in and about this "Eternal City." Without the aid of recorded history we can read on these prodigious ruins much of the grandeur and power of Rome as it existed in the days of twenty centuries past. A few pillars giving evidence of former beauty yet stand to mark the place where Roman eloquence sounded through the majestic halls of that far-famed Forum. Only a few of the large arches yet stand as living monuments, representing the beauty and magnitude of that colossal structure. The foundation walls that yet stand will give one some idea of the acres of ground that were covered by this historic edifice. As one stands amid these ruins he is reminded of the many changes that time has and will make, among the nations of the earth; of power that once existed and was exercised on this spot, and within these walls now toppling down; of the grand achievements of its great occupants; of the great orators, and the great honor it was to be a Roman Senator; of the many crimes that afterwards found their way to these high places; and of the decline and final downfall of the great Roman Empire.

A citizen of the United States standing amid

these ruins and reflecting on the once Roman greatness, the evidence of which he traces all about him, it would not be strange if he should wonder if ever such a fate could be in store for the great American Republic. It is not unfair to judge the possibilities of the future by the certainties of the past. A little ripple of discontent may be magnified into a wave that reason cannot control. The imaginary evils fanned by the unpatriotic, the unscrupulous and the intolerant, may result in far more harm to a government than the wrongs that do exist. Above and beyond all else depends the preservation of self-government, on the proper education of the young, and the honesty of the people. If the Romans had continued to be honorable and honest; if they had properly educated each rising generation; if the people had guarded the avenues to power, and not permitted the spoils of office to be the moving incentive to places of trust; if they had not tolerated the jealousies and petty strifes that grew up among the Roman politicians; if they had not permitted any but the honest and the just to be entrusted with power; if they had exercised their right as citizens (for the power was with them) and not grown indifferent and indolent as regarded their governmental affairs, they might to-day be the strongest and best government on earth. As their sad experience is reflected back to us through history and their mistakes read on every page, what a lesson for people now to profit by. The lessons of experience, always dear to some, are, nevertheless, of great value to others whom it costs nothing. The fool is he who will not profit by the

light of reason and the truth of experience. The people of Europe now are watching with interest and curiosity every little wave that sweeps over the (as they call it) Great American Republic. Our great strikes cause them to think that our institutions are very frail. The enmity between members of Congress on the money question, and the strife in high places like the United States Senate over the tariff bill, lead many people in Europe to think that our affairs of government are trembling in the balance.

We Americans make light of those ideas and tell them "there are no dangers that we fear;" "that our fundamental institutions are so thoroughly engrafted in the hearts of the native Americans that no cause existing or power on earth could destroy our country;" that "these strikes in which no regard is paid to law and require the armed forces of the government to quiet and disperse, are not, as a rule, engaged in by native Americans, who own generally their homes and are always opposed to rioting; but that a class of discontented mechanics and laborers who have in recent years emigrated from Europe, are the ones who engage in riot and bloodshed; that "before we allow them to endanger our institutions, we will send them back to their native country." The people here, as a rule, have the opinion that the United States is the greatest money making and enterprising country in the world. They think that it is not possible that a people can continue to go on in this way without stumbling and meeting reverses. They have as many opinions of us as we have of

them that are not correct. But it is true that the people of Europe as a whole get more ease, comfort and enjoyment out of life than we do in America. We are young and they are old, as nations, and may be the time is not far off when our people will not work as hard as they do now.

But I must not forget to say something of Rome, of present Rome, for its past history is familiar to every reader and it is only the present, I assume that could in the least interest the readers of the News-Democrat. Every school boy has read much about the Colosseum at Rome, of its magnitude, of its capacity to hold within its walls nearly one hundred thousand people, and how they assembled to witness the daring feats of the arena, at the time Nero was in his glory and Rome was in great power. It is said that the first one hundred days after the time of its opening, eight thousand animals and many human lives were sacrificed in deadly combat in this arena, for the entertainment of Nero and his friends and all the people who gathered there. The building is oval in shape, eighteen thousand feet in circumference and about one hundred feet high. About half of the wall stands, but the ornamental marble columns are all broken down and carried away. The fine stone have all been taken to build churches, and all that now stands are the huge pillars and walls of brick and mortar. The size of these brick is about one and one-half inches thick, eight inches broad and twelve inches long. The cement mortar in which they lay now and have lain for two thousand years, seems as hard as granite.

The mortar between each brick is as thick as the brick, and unlike the mortar we use in Canton, is the strongest part of the wall. The palaces of the Caesars are in better repair and stand near by on the side of Capatoline hill. Julius Caesar could stand at the door of his castle and view, a few feet down to his right, the great Colosseum and about the same distance down on his left he could see the colossal forum. If his spirit were standing there now it might look straight down and see a pile of brick and mortar covered with ground, which is the tomb in which his body rests. The Arch of Constantine yet stands as it stood for ages—a monument in memory of his great victory over his rivals.

The remains of the beautiful Temple of Venus show the pilgrim where it stood, but no traces of its former beauty are there, only a few piles of brick mark the place. Ruins of the great Roman aqueducts are seen in the distance from the Appian way. Acres of ground by the side of this historic road are honeycombed with underground cells, chapels and avenues of the Catacombs, where the Christian dead were buried from the time of the Christian era down to the third century. Along this ancient highway, which was one of the principal avenues leading to a gate of Rome, the Apostle St. Peter trod. The church adjoining the vatican, which is the palace and residence of the Pope, is named St. Peter's, and was substantially completed three hundred years ago. This cathedral stands upon the famous site where the Apostle

St. Peter is buried and on which ground, no doubt, the Apostle Paul trod during his visit to the Romans. This towering, grand and magnificent edifice covers more than two hundred and twelve thousand square feet, and is the largest Christian temple in the world. Every part of it is composed of the rarest and finest material, polished and finished in the highest state. Out of its white and glistening walls the sculptor, with the most expert skill, has chiseled the fairest forms and finest images that one can see in Italy, where his art has attained such great perfection. Wonderful carving in wood and stone decorate the chapels and altars, trimmed with silver and gold. Around the faces of the beautiful paintings, that decorates the back ground above the altars, are sets of brilliant diamonds. The ponderous and gilded arches that hang way above you, artistically traced in golden lines and rare and significant paintings, form a canopy of unearthly splendor. The light of day shining on the costly windows, mellowed into a soft twilight by the radiant colors of the ruby and golden glass, through which the rays of sunshine find their way, adds a luster to this grand enclosure, that I cannot describe. The cost must be so enormous that no one can estimate the expense that has been put on this structure. Expert artists and the most skilled mechanics for centuries have worked upon its walls and are now adding and improving as they can. It stands here and with the Pope it forms the head and center of the old Roman Catholic church. The Pope is old and feeble, few of the members are admitted to his

presence, and none it seems can be, without an order from their bishop. He keeps within the great enclosure of the Vatican. A fine garden within the walls is his only outdoor refreshing place. There are many guards to the place and they watch strictly that no evil doer shall harm the head of their church. Swiss guards watch carefully the entrance to the Vatican. The Pope, it seems, has more confidence in a Schweitzer than in an Italian soldier.

It takes a long time for one to tire of Rome. "New Rome" is so very artistic and beautiful that you dislike to quit her; and "Old Rome" so interesting, so full of history and so quaint and antique, that one will unconsciously linger by her roadsides. When pressing time admonishes that you can not tarry longer, you say to yourself, if possible, "I will again return and arrange to stay longer." Rome has so many fountains, all through the city where the clear, pure, cold water comes bursting forth. Almost on every prominent street or square the incessant music of the fountain is heard. At every street crossing there is some entertaining object bobbing up to meet you, and turning your eyes in any direction there is some beautiful view to gaze upon. Do you wonder that one is loath to leave such a city as this?

Rome, Italy, September 8, 1894.

LETTER XVII.

NAPLES.

SCENES IN NAPLES.—VESUVIUS.—LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.—THE UNCOVERED CITY.—THE NEAPOLITANS.
—THE GARDENS OF FRUIT

NAPLES, like Rome, is a very old city, having been founded about twenty-six hundred years ago. It has made its greatest progress under its present reign. Since the uniting of all Italy under King Victor Emanuel, this city has grown to be a great seaport and commercial city, with a population of over five hundred and fifty thousand. The new part of the city is modern and beautiful, and the old is queer and quaint, in style somewhat like the uncovered city of Pompeii, with customs like those of the former ages, but largely peculiar to Naples (Napoli) only. Unlike the cities of America, all cities in Europe have certain peculiarities of their own. No two cities are alike and wherever one goes in this older world something new or some novel feature can be observed. People here in the old part carry on their business or manufacturing, more on the streets than any other place we have seen. Blacksmith shops have their anvils and bellows in the street, and the old vehicles waiting for repairs fill the ways to such an extent that driving or walking there is very difficult. The sidewalks, which are

all very narrow in the old Roman territory, are filled with shoe shops, dressmaking establishments, basket weaving, carpenter shops and a variety of other industries, "too numerous to mention." On the sidewalks we noticed in this extremely hot weather, cook stoves with their glaring flames and greasy cooks busy preparing meals for a dirty and hungry humanity. These streets are literally filled with men, women, children and beggars, swarming and buzzing like bees in hot weather; unwashed, uncombed, half clad and as filthy as the odorous street on which they live, and do their work. Each family, large or small, occupies one, or two perhaps, windowless little rooms in the large stone houses that line the ways. The only light and air they have in their miserable quarters is the little that finds its way through the open doors or over a little opening above. No wonder they live and do their work upon the streets, especially in the very hot weather. These old narrow streets these warm evenings are so full of dirt and filthy people that we would not attempt to pass through on foot. But there is another part to this city and it covers the larger part, which is inviting, for it is very clean and very beautiful. The streets, walks and arcades are also densely filled with people, but they are fine looking and well dressed. If it were not for the narrow sidewalks in some of these busiest streets, which are only about three feet wide, the small shop (store) rooms that line the way, and if people were not walking in the driveways of the streets, one might think it is not so much unlike

a well built and thriving, modern city. But, as I said, there is always something peculiar unto the city itself and there is perhaps but one Naples in the world. I am sure I noticed one peculiar custom here that was the first of the kind I ever saw and to me is very novel. The milk men or women deliver their milk by leading their cows or driving their goats, as it may be, to the doors of their customers where the purchasers can do their own milking or have it done and be sure it is fresh. In the evenings and mornings we see cows and goats being driven (even in the business part of the city) from door to door and milked on the street or pavement, perhaps. The pedestrian must take to the middle of the street to pass around the animals. Imagine a flock of goats or a herd of cows on the pavement in front of the First National Bank in Canton, being milked by the occupants of the Eagle Block, filling the sidewalk and compelling the people to walk in the street to get by; and then imagine the mayor of Canton and his well equipped police force looking on, and our good friend Cassidy not saying a word, and you will have a picture of one of the novel scenes you can see in this quaint old city of Naples.

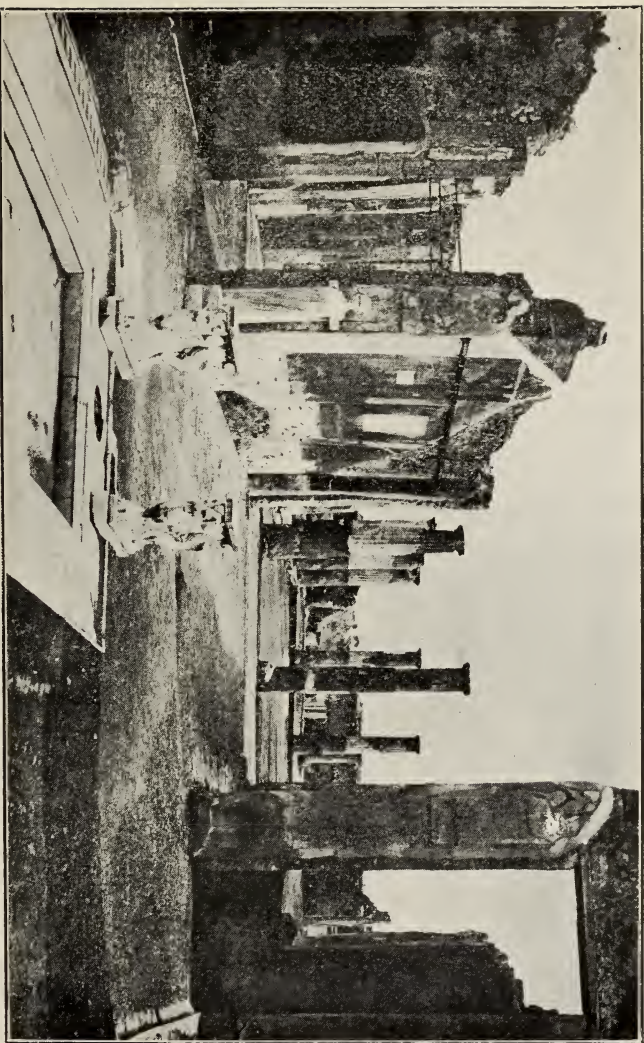
There are many other customs here that are queer to us, and I am sure would seem strange to the western people. The harness on a horse is literally covered with a bright metal or clad with polished or brass plated iron, which makes them heavy. They do not rein up the heads of the animals or put a bit in their mouths. They use in place a metal band around the nose with a lever

attachment, to which the line is fastened, so adjusted that by pulling hard on the line it closes the horse's nostrils and shuts off his breath. In this way the horse, if unruly, is easily managed. The horses we see in use here are very poor and the drivers very cruel. Through the crowded streets they drive, (if their horses are able to run) at breakneck speed, and the crack of the cruel whips keep up a clatter not unlike a Fourth of July racket in the United States. It seems marvelous that there are not more accidents, for the streets are generally full of people all the day, and in fact this warm weather the larger part of the night. For beasts of burden the little donkey is largely used. Freights are conveyed through the streets on two-wheeled drays or carts, with wheels about six feet high and strong enough, apparently, to carry what a Canton teamster would expect four horses to draw. One is surprised to see these large drays with immense loads being drawn through this city by one and sometimes two of these little donkeys. These small animals are only about three feet high and seem to be but a little larger than a good sized goat. The load rests partly on their backs, which puts more weight on their feet than their own and enables them to draw more. The load they are required to draw seems to one unaccustomed to such sights, not only astonishing but cruel.

While I sit here writing I can plainly see from my window, in the close distance, the steam and smoke as it issues from the top of that frowning and terrible old mountain, Vesuvius. Previous

to about eighteen hundred years ago it was a quiet, peaceful mountain, only about half as high as now, and covered with trees and fertile fields. Cicero and other wealthy dignitaries of the Roman Empire built their summer homes and castles on this mountain's side and dreamed not of the danger that was below them. Truly, it can be said "they danced on a smouldering volcano and knew it not." But as we all know (as the world is very familiar with the capers of this now ugly old volcano) the time came late in the first century of the Christian era, when this peaceful mountain began to tremble and shake the earth for many miles around. Not far from its base laid Pompeii, with its forty thousand people. Herculaneum, with its six thousand inhabitants, laid on the other side and near Naples, and five other large towns were lying nearby and some of them only a little closer than Naples, which is fourteen miles away. These were all destroyed and it seems almost a miracle that Naples escaped. Herculaneum was destroyed with the lava that like liquid mud ran down the mountain side and covered the city forever. A few only of the inhabitants escaped. Those who fled to Naples were saved but those who fled to Pompeii and other places were all destroyed. The lava soon hardened and to this day the city lies undisturbed beneath the hardened lava rock.

Pompeii, which was then the largest and most important city of Italy, south of Rome, with forty thousand people, and lying on the beautiful Bay of Naples, met the same terrible fate. It was not covered with lava like Herculaneum, but was



SCENE IN UNCOVERED POMPEII.

smothered with smoke and covered with ashes, cinders, pebbles and earth, that was thrown out when the huge volcano burst forth, to the depth of twenty feet. Herculaneum was destroyed during the day time and as it lies at the foot of the mountain on the west side the people of Pompeii were not so much alarmed, as that city lies on the east side of the mountain, not so close to its base and about twelve miles from Herculaneum. But soon after the melted lava had finished the work of destruction on the west side and during the night of the same day the mountain again burst forth with renewed terror, and increased fury. Over the top hung a cloud so dense that it blotted out all traces of light and shadowed the surrounding country in such complete darkness that no one could find the way of escape. Its shadow extended to Rome, nearly two hundred miles north. The shaking of the earth made the city tremble and rock. The people became frightened and believed the last day of the world was at hand. It was not the last day for the people of the world or the people of Rome, but it was the last day for the people of the city of Pompeii. It was midnight, the clouds began to settle over the city, the darkness could not be more dense, and the rain of mineral came down in torrents. Before the bright Italian sun again shone on the shores of the Mediterranean, the mistress of the bay, the rich and beautiful city of Pompeii was quiet, dead, and blotted from the face of the earth as were the other villages and villas that were lying around and about it. For about eighteen hundred years the city laid

undisturbed beneath the ground and ashes, that the great volcano spit upon it. In recent years it has nearly all been removed and now one can walk the streets, visit the houses, enter the public places, view the ancient theatre, read the signs and gaze upon the paintings on the walls. Marble columns and arches stand to represent the architectural skill of that age. The old fountains, built of stone, where the cool water once gushed forth are standing dry as they have stood for more than eighteen hundred years. As one walks these streets and looks about him in every direction and see the evidences of wealth and business as it once existed twenty centuries ago, it is hard to realize that these streets have been silent so long. The quiet that reigns about these old walls and the deathlike stillness that pervades this resurrected city, reminds one of the uncertainty of human affairs, as they lay far out in the unaccountable and misty future. Time erases so much from the minds of people that they seem to have no fear from this ever smoking mountain now. Eighteen hundred years of no serious damage has supplied enough faith in its behavior to induce these people to build many homes, and to erect villages at the very base of this old volcano, and on the very lava rock that now covers the unfortunate city of Herculaneum.

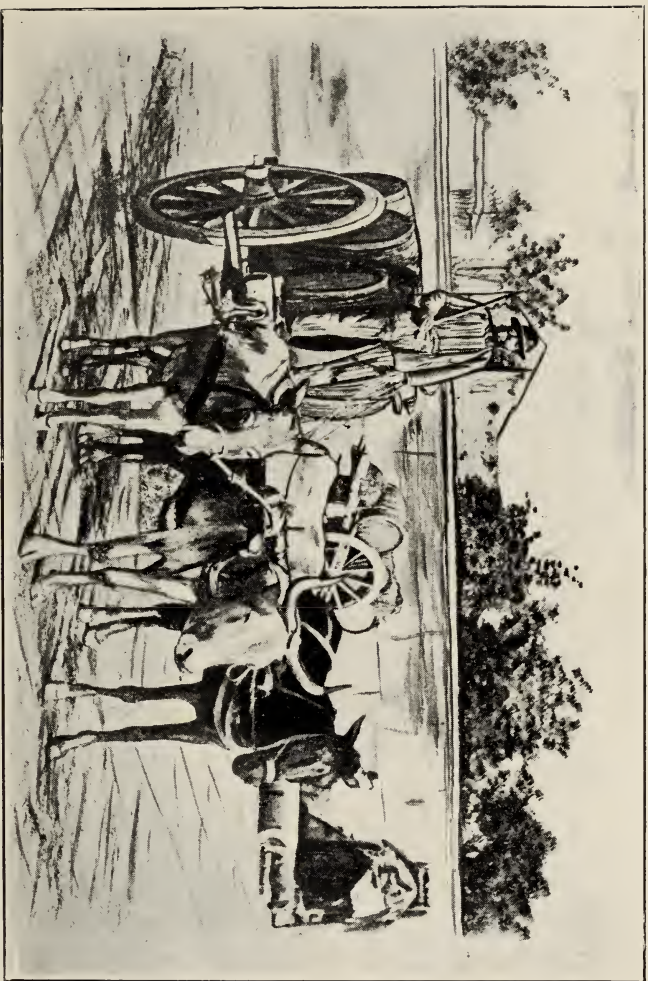
There are many things of interest in Italy, but its ancient history is the greatest. At present it has little to distinguish it among the nations of the earth. These people now are not what they ought to be or might have been.

They have been at a standstill or retrograding for many years. Recently they have been making some improvements in the way of education and public schools. The boys are bright and much more clever and agreeable than the elder people. Among the older people only the few are educated and have had the many advantages that only the "well off" have been able to enjoy for so long a time. There are fine people here, mannerly, well dressed, pleasant and agreeable, but they are few, while the many—the masses are not far up in the scale that makes a people happy or agreeable. They have little sense of shame; they are full of little petty short comings, and have no regard for their word or even for a contract or agreement they make. They are loud talkers, constantly scolding and quarreling, always trying to take advantage of each other, and grabbing for all that is in sight at every possible chance. They are not kind to the children and are very cruel to animals. The working women as we see them in the fields remind us of slaves, sun burnt, half clad and doing the very hardest work to earn a miserable existence. But in spite of all this, as a nation, they excel in the art of decoration, painting and statuary. Every where, in hotels, in public and private houses, we see the most beautiful frescoing, the most artistic and elaborate decorations. Their first class buildings are large, built of marble and iron and are fire proof. The rooms are large, the ceilings are high and the decorations are the finest in the world. Beautiful statuary carved out of white marble with wonderful skill, can be seen in

all first class houses. In this regard Italy has advanced farther than any other nation in the world; why she has been declining in other respects is difficult to understand. It is to be hoped now, since all Italy is so peacefully united into one nation, and a system of education and general improvement inaugurated, that she will again rise to a deserving place among nations and be equal in all respects to any other country.

We visited many other cities in Italy and rode through the country for many miles. We have seen her barren mountain peaks, with their green and fertile slopes, her teeming valleys and her blooming garden fields, where the figs and olives grow; we have seen countless miles of vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree, laden with clusters of the green and dark blue grape; we have seen the peach, the plum, the pear and the apple, ripening in the September sun, as they hung on trees that thickly stood amid the rustling corn. Fruits of many other kinds in abundance every where. It is not strange that nearly every Italian in America is a fruit dealer. Born and reared among these gardens of fruit it becomes his nature to be a vender thereof. He is qualified for nothing else as a rule, so he stands upon the street corners and cries the sale of his fruit. Those who are mechanics and architects do not immigrate as they do well here, the rich of course stay in their native country to enjoy their means, and as a rule the fruit dealers and the common laborers seek new fields for their avocations.

Naples, September 15, 1894.



MIXED TEAM HAULING WINE—NAPLES.

LETTER XVIII.

AGAIN IN SWITZERLAND.

GENOA, THE HOME OF COLUMBUS.—THE CAMPO SANTO.
—CITY OF TURIN.—THROUGH AND OVER THE
ALPS TO SWITZERLAND.—IN GENEVA.—
HOTEL SERVICE.

WE were sorry to leave Italy and especially to part with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Crane and their son Robert, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who traveled with us through that interesting country. We spent a few days in Genoa, a city well known to Americans, on account of it being the birthplace of the man who discovered their country. If it is distinguished for nothing else, it will ever be remembered as being the home and native place of the man who ventured upon the unknown sea in search of a "new world." Believing that the earth was round, and that upon the other side were land and people, he sought with perseverance and determination to open up the way. His success is yet the pride of all who live there. They have days of feasting and rejoicing, anniversaries of the achievement of "Christopher Columbo," and his memory is green as it ever will be in the hearts of all his countrymen. While we were there, one of these anniversaries occurred, and the city was thronged with people. Business

was suspended, everybody was on the streets, and gaiety was among all the inhabitants thereof. A large monument of white marble is standing in one of the principal streets, the statue of Columbus at the top represents the discoverer. It rests on an anchor, and a figure representing America kneeling at its feet. It is surrounded by sitting figures representing religion, wisdom, force and geography. Subjects taken from the history of Columbus are beautifully carved thereon, and in all it is a grand monument, representing a great event in the history of the world. The art of carving fine statuary out of their beautiful white marble, seems to have attained perfection in that city. The Campo Santo (cemetery) is the finest, the most beautiful and attractive we ever saw, and I presume there is nothing like it anywhere in the world. The vaults where the dead are laid to rest are made with cement, air tight, faced with white polished marble, one above the other, to the height of sixteen to twenty feet, forming a white marble wall. By the tomb in these marble walls, stand the very finest statuary made, one would think, by more than human hands. They are life size, and the likeness of the dead that lie there. Close by are carved "gates ajar," to represent the open "Celestial way," and broken columns stand about to show the untimely deaths, and that the young are there entombed. These walls are all above the ground and covered with arches made of rock, forming grand arcades, through which the living walk when they visit this beautiful, quiet palace of the

dead. These long arcades surround a large hollow square in which many are buried in the ground in the usual way. One may walk for hours beneath these arches and over the marble pavements, through the long corridors that these arcades form; arcades by the side of each other, and arcades above each other, connected by wide white marble stairs and see artistic beauty and faithful reverence displayed on both sides of all these ways.

This cemetery is located in the suburbs of the city, not far from a river and by a mountain side, up which some of these beautiful arcades are terraced for many feet. Nothing has been spared to make this white city of the dead a most attractive place for the living. The white winged angels, clothed in "marble robes," that stand guard along the way and by the tombs, add a hallowed luster to the surrounding scene and gives it an air of Celestial beauty. No place in the world, of the kind, has art done so much for the living, for here the sting of death is softened and the grave robbed of much of its terror. To the dead, of course, it is all the same, but the living are comforted.

There is another city in Italy that is deserving of mention: Turin, which lies at the foot of the Alps, in the province of Piedmont, has a population of two hundred and eighty thousand and is one of the most flourishing Italian cities. The city is exceedingly well laid out, with long, wide, fine streets, running at right angles. And in this respect it is more like an American city than any other place we saw in Europe. It is not far from the French border. Its shops are full of French goods and it

has a very Frenchy air. If you can't speak Italian here they say at once "Froncee." But that is also Greek to me. A few "sprechen a besil ditch," but it is so badly mixed that an expert Dutchman could, with great difficulty, understand. Their stores are filled with fine and rare goods. The show windows are large and their contents tastefully displayed. The long, straight avenues, lined on both sides with large, fine modern buildings, give the city a handsome appearance. Quite a large part of what one sees at a world's fair can be seen in the windows on the streets of Turin, and the art and taste displayed there is indeed very entertaining.

After the union of the Italian provinces under Victor Emanuel some thirty-four years ago, Turin was the capital for several years. It was afterwards moved to Florence and now the seat of government and king are in Rome. The present King Humbert, son of Victor Emanuel, spends a few months in Turin each year with his court, in the old palace which is finer finished inside than any other kingly abode in Europe. The people of Turin are proud of it, and they take pleasure in having sojourners while in their city gaze upon its splendor.

In early days there were no roads from Turin to this place. The Alpine mountains, with their rugged sides and lofty peaks, formed a barrier between these cities. Not until the present century has the engineering skill of man been able to penetrate the valleys or tunnel the ridges that lie in the way. But now not only the pack mule but the

"iron horse" glides through the canons, climbs along the mountain sides, crosses over the fearful abysses, rattles along by dangerous precipices thousands of feet above the roaring mountain streams that are foaming and dashing below; now and then dodging into a tunnel, and speeding in darkness beneath the ridges and peaks that crown the mountain tops. Far down are the many green trees of the valley just teeming with ripening fruit, and on the fertile slopes of the mountain sides, thousands of chestnut trees stand as if waiting for the frost to ripen a harvest of nuts. All of a day our train was among the mountains going from Turin in Italy to Geneva in Switzerland, and four hours of the journey was over the domains of France, through which this road winds ere it reaches the land of Wm. Tell. This is the beautiful city of Geneva, situated on a blue lake of the same name, a place the civilized world is wont to come and tarry a while. They love to sail upon the clear, smooth waters of this far famed lake, to bask in the mellow sunshine, look through the purple haze, and drink in the Alpine mountain air.

No soot or dust here permeates the atmosphere, and through the air on a cloudless day the eye can see Mount Blanc that towers above any other mountain in Europe, fifty-eight miles away, and view many other peaks with their glittering crowns of ice and snow. It is warm here but the snow fields that lie among the clouds on the mountain tops look chilly and desolate in the distance.

Geneva with a small amount of territory is one of the cantons of Switzerland. The city has a

population of seventy-five thousand. The whole province or canton (as the political divisions of this country are called) is not larger than three townships in Stark county, and on this live over one hundred thousand people. The town is about two thousand years old, and was once a province of Rome. In the eleventh century it belonged to the German Empire, and afterwards to the French, and was part of Savoy. It is the place where the Huguenots originated and its religious history is full of confusion and discord. Early in the Reformation it embraced the new doctrine. It was here that Calvin lived, (who was a theologian refugee from Paris) and preached his new doctrine. Later he obtained almost sovereign power, and succeeded in establishing a rigid ecclesiastical discipline. He eloquently preached, and fittingly practiced his new idea of a better religion. In accordance with the spirit of the age, however, his sway was tyrannical and intolerant. Castellio, who rejected the doctrine of predestination was banished from the country and Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, who wrote against the doctrine of the Trinity, and who was only a visitor at Geneva, was arrested by Calvin's order and condemned to the stake. This was in the sixteenth century, ere the shadows of the dark ages had passed away. It was a crime then to express a view on religious matters if it differed from the opinion of the powers that were. But more than three hundred years have intervened since then, and now we have tolerance and more good will among all the people.

Calvin founded the Geneva Academy which

soon became the leading Protestant school of theology, so that Geneva in those early days was not only distinguished as a commercial city, but acquired repute as a seat of learning also. Now it is one of the most tolerant and liberal cities in the world. Its people are full of vim and energy and are making great progress in building a beautiful, modern city. In fact there are many cities of old Europe that in recent years are being rebuilt. The old narrow streets must make way for the broad and beautiful avenues that characterize a modern city; only those may be allowed to linger in the lap of future ages, upon which tradition, or recorded history has transmitted some great event in the world's career. The ever changing scenes that time effects are unmistakable evidences of the evolution and progress that is constantly going on. Characteristics of the people of former times, not approved by later generations, must be buried with the age in which they were.. Not only does the world move around the sun, but it revolves in the constantly increasing light of science and knowledge. The shadows that darken, and the mists through which we cannot see, are growing less dense as the increasing light shines through. We may think we live in an age where perfection is almost reached, but it is not unfair to presume that the great unknown is yet an ocean covered with the dense fog.

People everywhere, it seems, (and we Americans cannot be excepted) have a sort of an egotistic idea that they are the favored nation, and are very much inclined to find fault with the manners and

customs of their foreign neighbors. It is common for the characteristics of one nation to be different from another. Being with a new people, in time we learn their customs, and often we become attached to some of their ways. A custom that one may think not only strange, but ridiculous, may, after practicing the same a while, seem agreeable. We have visited eight or nine nations, and I am forcibly impressed with the different manners and customs that characterize each. Many seem very queer and some I admire.

It is certain that when one is traveling in a foreign county he becomes, so to speak, a guest of the people, and it is far better to adjust himself to their ways as much as possible, rather than make any effort to have his way practiced, or in the least find fault with their manner of doing. Politeness is an essential feature that makes friends and wins its way everywhere. It is very agreeable to one's self to see the one who is doing the best he knows how to serve you, feel as if he had pleased you. I am sure, as a rule, the attention paid us is all that we could desire. In some instances the customs have been very disagreeable, but to openly find fault will avail nothing except to make it more disagreeable all around. We meet a few Americans, and some English traveling on the continent who are displeased with almost everything, and are constantly grumbling and finding fault. Such have little for their trouble and expense of traveling here. If they could adjust themselves to the new order of things they would not only reap much pleasure, but a great amount of learning and pro-

fit. Unless one can readily adjust himself to a temporary change of habit and cheerfully put up with unused accommodations, he had better not sojourn among a foreign people. Foreigners traveling in America are much amused at our customs, which seem strange to them. A gentleman a few days ago, who has just taken a short trip in the United States, remarked to me that he didn't like our hotels. He said: "I took my first meal in America in the City of New York at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I was told this was a good hotel, and I thought it ought to be at the rate of five dollars per day. The first attempt of the waiter to serve me, was to fill a glass with ice and pour in a little water. Then he handed me a long printed list of food and asked me what I wanted. I answered I wished to be served with a dinner, thinking that it would be served in the usual order as it is in a first class hotel in Europe. I soon learned, however, that I must select from the list what I wanted and order it. I did not know how often I was expected to order, what I should order or how many dishes I was entitled to in one order. So I said to the waiter, 'I do not know how to order.' He answered saying. 'Order all you want and I will bring it to you.' So I ordered of the different dishes, such as I thought I should like. Imagine my surprise when the waiter appeared with a large tray full of dishes which he placed around my plate. Each dish had enough on it to satisfy a hungry man. I was expected to eat of the numerous dishes on the same plate. I can't eat chicken off a plate from which I ate roast beef,

as I was not used to having brought me more than one kind of food at a time and I could not relish my meals served in that way." "At Washington," said he, "the waiters at the Willard Hotel were colored men, in fact they were real black and wore white aprons. I saw the waiter rub my plate before he placed it on the table with his apron and it disgusted me. I placed my boots," said he, "outside my bedroom door to have the porter clean them as they do in every first class hotel in Europe, but in the morning they stood there untouched." I was amused and I said to him those customs are not strange to me, and we changed the subject.

Geneva, Switzerland, September 22, 1894.

LETTER XIX.

IN PARIS.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—THE GUILLOTINE.—LOUIS
NAPOLEON.—THE LOUVRE.—THE VENUS OF MILO.
NAPOLEON I.—LOUIS XIV.

SO much has been said and written about Paris that what I have to say may be of little consequence to the general reader. I will not attempt to write in detail of the many interesting things one can see in the French capital, but only refer to such as came under my observation and forcibly impressed me. As I said, European cities are very much unlike each other. All the cities we saw have so many features peculiar unto themselves, and so very different from all their rivals that it must be noticeable to every observing mind. Paris, I presume, is about as old as London, but she seems far more youthful and gay. Paris is yet like a bride, attired in unsoiled robes of her wedding day, while London has long since put on the garments of age and mourning. London is larger and richer and is the acknowledged metropolis of the world; but Paris is finer, gayer and grander and is only outrivaled in size among all the cities of the earth, by the one great city that covers so much of the English Isle and spreads its wings on both banks of the river Thames.

We expect to spend the remainder of the time we have (ere the ship sails for our home) in this city and London, the two largest cities in the world and both lying on the western shores of Europe and not far from each other. There is so much to see in this city that we fail to measure time and it speeds us unaccounted by. While taking in the sights, the beautiful scenes and the historic places, we meet many English and Americans who are all in ecstasies over what they have seen. "Have you seen this?" inquires one; "have you seen that?" asks another, and we hear of so much that we haven't yet seen that we fear the half month we expect to spend in Paris will not afford us time to see all that we would like. We have been here over a week, came here from Macon, an old town in southeastern France, where we found no one who could speak the English language. It is a typical French town. The hotels are unaccustomed to having any foreign travelers and we were treated to an entertainment in the rural French style. That city is as large as Canton and it is noted for its excellent wine. At dinner every person was served with a quart, and the natives drank it more freely than we drink water. We were served with a dish of small birds (about as large as our sparrow) which were baked whole and with their heads on. Of course they tasted good, as they were prepared by a French cook. We stopped at this place to see something of French life as it exists in the country. In all European countries there is a difference in the manners and customs of the people who live in the rural districts

from those who reside in the large cities, and France is no exception to the rule. The rail coaches are good, and the roads smooth. We had a pleasant ride through the vineyards, gardens and green meadows of France. The industrious tiller of French soil is this year rewarded with excellent crops. Fruit is abundant in every market and the Frenchman ought to be happy.

It is said, however, by those who have known France a long time, that their prosperity is not what it was before the German war and in the days of Louis Napoleon and the Empire. Paris was largely rebuilt and beautified during the reign of Napoleon III and to him it owes much of its grandeur and magnificence. But in 1870 the ever dissatisfied Frenchman caused the throne to tremble. The Emperor aggravated a war with his German neighbor, expecting victory would cement and strengthen his tottering empire. He risked all, lost all. The French received a humiliating defeat, and Paris a terrible infliction. The throne fell, the Republic was at once declared and it has since governed to the satisfaction of the French people. But France has not recovered its former commercial prosperity. Its trade with the other nations of the world has been much diminished. England has been gaining much of what France has been losing. It is said by many of the business men here, that their high tariff of later years has done much to cripple their commerce and trade with other nations, and they attribute this as being one of the causes of their loss of commerce and former prosperity. To me, a stranger here, Paris seems

to be a very lively city now, but there is evidence on every side that there must have been greater prosperity in this city a generation ago. The improvements of late it is easy to be seen have not kept pace with its former years. But in all, Paris may be very thankful for what she is now. If she has lost much she is yet a great city. It is not intended that this little letter shall tell of the past history of Paris, of the French people, but only incidentally refer to it as it bears on the present condition of things. This city has excellent arrangements for going about. Trams, (as they call street cars,) "busses" and cabs are numerous and cheap in price. There are fifty lines of trams and thirty-four lines of omnibuses plying between stated points which are plainly inscribed on each car or omnibus. A movable inscription is prominently displayed showing the place the car or omnibus is going to. There are thirteen thousand cabs distributed at every point in the city, where a person can always find one ready and anxious to carry you to any part you wish to go. The omnibuses, as in London, have seats on the top and on pleasant days or evenings a stranger can see much of the street life of the city from the top of these conveyances. One soon learns the prominent points or places as they are called. They are conveniently scattered in every section of the city and serve as land marks for a stranger. If he knows the letters of the English alphabet, which are the Roman characters that all European nations use for names and signs, he can read on every passing omnibus the place it is going to, and if desirable

can mount it and know where he will be taken to. None of the cab men, 'bus nor street car conductors nor policemen speak any language but French, so that a stranger who does not understand French must depend much on reading the signs to enable him to go about. The buildings are generally large and fine, built of a light colored stone and not as high as they are in large American cities. When paint is used the color is light. The houses are clean and the whole city looks bright. Streets and sidewalks in the new and larger part of the city are wide and well paved with stone or wood. There are many squares, circles and parks in every section of the city lined with beautiful trees, and monuments, fountains and statuary, significantly and tastefully arranged. Wide boulevards, lined with green trees, carefully looked after and taken care of by the municipal authorities, circle around through the city several times. The wide promenades that skirt these ways are filled with the well dressed, the gay and cheerful looking people of the great French city. Beneath the trees and by the edges of the pavements, as in parks, are many benches conveniently arranged, where the tired pedestrian may sit and rest. At the same time he can see hundreds of carriages darting up, down and across the spacious avenues in every direction; view with interest the cosmopolitan throng that crowds the wide sidewalks and enjoy the various makeups of the people on "dress parade" as they pass him unheeded by. The clatter of the horses' feet, the rolling wheels upon the wood paved streets, the gentler patting of

ten thousand foot steps on the sidewalk, the rustle of the passing and mixing throng, the loud and harsh voice of the newspaper vender, and the sharp crack of the cruel cabman's whip, make a ceaseless roar and noise that entangle the air and tire the ear with its discordant vibrations. No wonder that the well-to-do Parisian is wont to hie himself away to quiet places, to the "Groves that were God's first temples," and beneath the trees in the quiet shade rest awhile from the cares, the din and the never ceasing roar of the noisy city. If it were not for the large, beautiful parks, where the children and the poor can resort for comparative quiet and a little rest I should pity those who are unable to have a vacation, and flee for a while from the noise and commotion of the city. The very poor are always, in this country or in ours, better off in the country than in the cities, for there the acres are broad and the chances to "swim for life" in the open air are good.

The Place de la Concorde, in the heart of the city and on the right bank of the Seine, is the most beautiful open space in Paris and one of the finest in the world. It is about twelve hundred feet long and seven hundred feet wide and smoothly paved. Around this space rise eight large stone statues, representing the chief towns of France. The figure representing Strasburg is still there, but the city is now in the German Empire. The German victory in 1870, compelled the French to cede it back to them, from whom it had been wrested many years before. As a token of grief for the loss of that city, the French have kept that statue draped

in mourning ever since—nearly twenty-five years. I should think that many of the people of France would feel today like draping this whole square in the deepest mourning. As far back as 1830 they resolved that no statue or monument ever to be erected on this bloody spot should bear any reference to political events. In this square, one hundred and seven years ago last January, the guillotine commenced its terrible work by the execution of Louis XVI, their inoffensive king. Soon after, his sister was beheaded here; and during the same year King Louis Phillippe's father and twenty-two other political citizens were killed upon this notorious spot. Robespierre and his adherents met their retribution here and were beheaded by the tools of their own invention. In the years 1793, 1794 and 1795, two thousand and eight hundred people of the best citizens of France perished here by the guillotine. There is no nation in the world so advanced in everything of a civilizing nature, that has had so much trouble among themselves with government, as the French. There seems to be no reason now why they should not be able to govern themselves and maintain a Republic as well as the people of America, whom they so ably and generously assisted to gain their independence. The success of the great Republic in America inspired the French to tear down their imperial dynasty and build upon its ruins a Republic which, after one hundred years of vicissitude, bloodshed and terror, they seem now to have accomplished. Napoleon Bonaparte, the monstrous robber, like the Venetians of old, preyed upon his neighbors,

and a part of his ill gotten gains is still displayed through the city. He may have done much to build this great place on the Seine, but it never can atone for the enormous sacrifice of the best blood of the French people that was spilled in foreign lands. Many rare, ancient and costly articles that are displayed, were brought by the French armies from Italy, the Netherlands, Germany and Egypt. The Louvre collections (which is their National Museum), are very extensive. Some are the most ancient and rare in the world. Frequently we hear it said, "This is very valuable, it was brought by Napoleon from Egypt, Rome," or perhaps some other place where the invading warriors took it from. The finest paintings and sculpture on exhibition here are from the Italian masters. Not all of them have been taken from their owners by the ruthless hands of the conqueror, but have been properly purchased.

In late years new treaties have compelled the French to return to the proper owners some of the articles and treasures of art which were so unjustly taken by Napoleon and his invading armies. But the greatest and most humiliating sacrifice on the part of the French was when they were compelled by the victorious German armies to return the provinces of Lorraine and Alsace to their former owners in 1870.

The French paintings are not considered as fine as the Italian, but to my eye (which of course is unskilled) the German paintings are the best I ever saw. Those on exhibition in Munich seem to me a marvelous advancement in that art. The

most highly valued treasure of this museum, and perhaps the most celebrated of ancient sculpturing is the Venus of Milo. It was found by a peasant on the Island of Milo near the Greek Archipelago and purchased by the French in 1820. It represents a beautiful woman, as a goddess. The form is majestic and has the charm of youth with a noble expression of the head. Its age is unknown, but it is supposed to have been sculptured as far back as the days of Philip of Macedon. It stands as a representative of this art in very ancient times, and is a marvelous production of an age we know little about.

Yesterday we paid a visit to Versailles, the place that Louis XIV selected and where he built his palace, laid out the spacious grounds and embellished them with trees, flowers and shrubbery. Large beds of rare flowers geometrically arranged, delight the eye, and the costly fountains, and artificial lakes that lie among the trees, by the promenades and open spaces, add an unsurpassed grandeur to the place. Numerous statues of noted characters and monuments of historical events are dotted all through these most beautiful gardens and magnificent grounds. The pride of the French still lingers around this place, and in memory of that celebrated king who reigned two hundred years ago so successfully, they continue to preserve the place in all its original beauty. They have added many statues of note that now fill the halls and corridors of the palace, and the walls of the handsome large rooms are lined with famous paintings, representing great battles and

noted events in the wonderful history of the French, mostly relating to the reign of Louis XIV and the many great battles of Napoleon I. We only noticed one painting relating to the last war with Germany, and that was of an undecided engagement early in the commencement of a series of battles. One large painting representing the siege of Yorktown in America, with Washington and the French commander in the act of giving the final order to attack the English army under Lord Cornwallis, is in the main hall very prominently displayed. The many Americans who visit here, and look upon this picture, and for a moment stop and think of the kindness and generosity of the French in assisting our forefathers when struggling for liberty and independence, must surely feel grateful to these people. During the siege of Paris, twenty-four years ago, the German army had their headquarters in this costly old palace. Under the circumstances they are deserving of credit for taking care of the statuary, covering up the many fine paintings and preserving the whole palace as they did.

Success is power and it always increases the good will and attachment of friends and kin. So the German states by unanimous consent at once agreed to the union with Prussia. In the main hall of this renowned French Palace of Versailles, amid the smoke of the artillery that was firing shot and shell into this beautiful city, striking terror in every section to the unfortunate half-starved people, the Germans saluted the "Old Kaiser," the victorious king of Prussia, as "Emperor of all the Germans."

Paris, September 29th, 1894.

LETTER XX.

SECOND LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FAMOUS BASTILE.—ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.—EXPLOSION OF A BOMB IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—FRENCH ENGINEERS.—FRENCH OPERA HOUSE.—FRENCH FINANCES

BEING yet in Paris and seeing new and very interesting things every day, I am prompted to write this, my second letter, from this place. I have written one letter every week since we left home on the first of June last. I don't know but I presume all of them have reached the office of the News-Democrat. I trust they have, and if my friends have been pleased to read them, they may be assured that I am abundantly repaid for the time I spent in penning them.

We visited this week the historic spot on which the well known Bastile (prison) stood for four hundred years. Within its massive walls, (walls that were built of the hardest rock and ten feet thick) were during this time imprisoned the best men and the noblest women in France. The most learned philosophers, patriots and scholars of France, if not in touch with such as chanced to be in power, found here a living tomb for a lodging place. About one hundred years ago,

while the fires of liberty, which were kindled in America, were burning brightly, the people tore down this monument of deposite rule. It had stood four centuries as a menace to the people. It had been very essential for the maintenance of the monarchy, and was one of the instruments in the hands of tyranny to perpetuate its rule. The cannon on its battlement commanded a great part of the city, and it was well guarded at the time of its destruction. Over six hundred disciples of the revolution lost their lives at the assault. The officers of the crown in charge were compelled to surrender and all of them, after a heroic attempt on the part of the leaders of the populace to protect them, were slain. Every vestige of the ugly and hated walls of the Bastille have long since been removed and on the spot now stands the "Colonne de Juillet," a fine, round bronze column, one hundred and fifty-four feet high, on which are emblazoned in letters of gilt, the names of the six hundred and fifteen who fell at the capture of that strong old fortress. It rests on a massive square base, on each side of which are four bronze medallions, representing the constitution, strength, justice and freedom, and the top crowned with a figure representing the Genius of Liberty, standing on a globe. This is a most beautiful column, and it stands upon the spot where it may vividly portray the change in the condition of affairs here. The terrifying old castle and prison, making way for the grand emblematic column of liberty is a great event in the history of France, which not only a Frenchman, but all lovers of justice may

well feel proud of. There are, however, yet quite a number of royalists in France, and they are bold to say they have no confidence in the continuance of this Republic. It is openly said that it is only a question of a short time when they will have another war. The recent death of the Count of Paris, who was the heir to the dormant throne, caused quite an effervescence of a royal nature in the political atmosphere. The count's son, the Duke of Orleans, is now the heir to a throne not in sight. It seems to me as if their royal hopes hang upon a frail and slender thread.

[The recent assassination of the President of the Republic was not by a Frenchman but by a crazy Italian anarchist. The people generally showed their appreciation of the Republic by their manifestation of indignation and sorrow at the calamity which befell its chief officer and head of government. A new President was at once selected from the friends of the Republic. The change was made in peace and little or no interruption was encountered by the terrible blow. The Republican "Ship of State" sails on in smooth and tranquil waters. The royal hopes may "ebb and flow" but the distance in which they see the throne must surely be very dim. Their new President is undoubtedly an able, excellent man. The people generally seem to be not only satisfied but pleased with him. As an American, and grateful friend of the French people, I wish them every success and hope for the endurance of their Republic, and their liberty.

The cowardly throwing of a bomb about one

year ago from the gallery in the Chamber of Deputies is the only serious indication of dissatisfaction in governmental affairs here. But this, as was the murder of President Carnot, is the outgrowth of the agitation of anarchists, which is not confined to France, as the "Hay Market" affair in Chicago will evidence. We were in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday and could see the effect of that terrible explosion from floor to ceiling. The missiles flew in every direction, marring the walls and furniture. The members were in session and it seems miraculous that many were not killed. Of course the guilty wretch was insane or he would not have, under the circumstances committed such a deed, as there was no motive or reasonable provocation to induce the crime.

The French have accomplished much in the way of engineering and making permanent improvements. They have walled up the banks of the river Seine for many miles with cut stone from ten to thirty feet in height. Stone steps lead down to the paved walk along the water's edge, and to the various landing places of the many little steam boats that glide so smoothly and rapidly up and down the gentle river for more than ten miles. Every few minutes one of these boats will pass a landing place, where for a few cents you may ride to any part of the city through which the river runs. As it circles through the central part of the great city, these little boats afford a great convenience for the many people who live, or do business, adjacent to the river. Thirty bridges span this flowing stream of clear water, many of them old arches of

stone, over which an immense traffic has passed for more than a hundred years, and are yet as solid as nature's rock. The more modern bridges are also arches, but built of iron, resting and fastened in huge stone abutments. The money that has been spent in deepening, bridging, walling and improving this river must be an immense sum. As it is navigable to the sea for small ocean going ships, its value to the city must be very great. Rivers are not as valuable now, however, as they were before the days of railroads, as the people of the United States well know. Cities like Cincinnati, which had a very fortunate location then but are in comparison with rival cities less favored now, may testify in the light of experience to the great revolution in traffic and commerce that the railroads have brought about. Even Massillon, Canton's good little sister city in the county of Stark, well knows of the utter annihilation of her once great canal traffic caused by the coming of the "iron horse." Were it not for the new order of things, in the way of transportation, and Paris had no other course to the sea but over the river Seine, what an avenue of egress and ingress it would be for this city and what a burden of traffic would bear upon the waters of this fair river.

On the left bank of the Seine in the exhibition ground stands the Eiffel Tower, about one thousand feet high, built entirely of iron and steel. It stands as a grand and magnificent monument representing the great engineering skill of the man whose name it bears. It is by far the highest known structure in the world and is nearly

twice as high as the stone Washington monument at the capital of the United States. The four piers of masonry on which it stands are eighty-five feet thick, resting on a concrete foundation made with cement and small stone extending forty-six feet in the ground. By steps or by elevator, you can go to the top on a bright, clear day, and see fifty-five miles. From the top the view of Paris is not good, as you are too high for the eye to see it well, everything in and about the city seems so small and distant that the picture spreading out so far beneath you is entirely unsatisfactory. The fine, large buildings used in 1889 for the Paris exhibition (or World's Fair as we called it in Chicago) are all standing in their original beauty waiting for the world's great show at the close of the nineteenth century or in the year 1900. This is the time set by the people of Paris when they expect to out-do Chicago and give the world an exhibition finer, grander and greater than all previous shows. Chicago's temporary buildings made a magnificent show for one short year. "The White City" (which was almost a "white elephant" for Chicago) has passed into history. When the United States has another World's Fair, Chicago will not be a competitor for the prize. But for the present they, "hold the belt" for having the largest and finest show the world ever saw. The grounds for the next Paris exposition are all complete, most of the buildings are permanent structures and well adapted for the purpose. The great tower, which is the wonder of the age, will stand in all its grandeur and serve

a second purpose. The French are fortunate, and with little comparative additional expense, will be prepared for the great "Century Show."

The Paris opera house, a most sumptuous edifice, was begun by the Emperor Louis Napoleon in 1861, but it was not completed until 1874, after the downfall of the Empire. It is now the largest and most costly theatre in the world, covering an area of nearly three acres. It belongs to the government and is managed as public property. During a performance a squad of soldiers take charge of the interior of the house and mounted sentinels all around on the outside stand guarding the place. Many costly ornaments and decorations of imperial designs were, by the order of the Emperor, used to embellish the house, but just previous to its completion the Empire fell. These were removed and in their places now are emblems of the new Republic. As one passes the gilded gates he enters a spacious vestibule, a marble hall from which the white polished grand staircase leads upward. The very finest lobbies, with their variegated marble floors, over which you pass to reach the stalls or boxes in the gorgeous play room, attracts those who promenade between the acts. Pillars and columns stand about in the open spaces supporting the immense structure and are polished like mirrors. In the audience room the ornamentations can only be pictured, not described. The paintings on the ceilings bordered with gold; the frescoed walls and painted columns lined with gilt; the beautifully trimmed, crescent dress circles that front the stage, one above the other, like bal-

conies around a palace court; the parquet, filled with the well dressed men and women, leaders of fashion for the best nations in the world; the huge electric chandelier that hangs from the dome with is thousand incandescent lights, representing the genius and skill of American's renowned inventor; the stage, with its most elaborate and artistic scenery operated by steam power; the finest opera singers and an orchestra of a hundred pieces, make a scene that Napoleon III, aimed to accomplish but did not live to see.

The Parisian ladies deserve the reputation they have for dressing well. As we see them in church, at the opera, in the shops or on the streets, they are neatly attired. The women of Paris know how to make their clothing. They do not need the most rare and costly material to produce an attractive suit, but out of the cheaper and more common fabrics they will make a handsome gown. The taste that the average Parisian displays in the makeup of dress is worthy of imitation. This art is not confined to the wealthy or the lady of leisure, but is characteristic of the people in almost every walk of life. The many shop girls as you see them at work or going to or from their places of employment, are all erect, neat and tastefully dressed. On an average the men here do not dress better than their English neighbors or their American cousins, but the women do. Men's clothing here and woolen goods are much less in price, but merchandise generally is but little cheaper than in America.

Paris is a poor place for Americans to purchase

goods. London is some better. In all with the exception of men's clothing and a few souvenirs, perhaps, Americans had better buy at home. Everywhere in Europe the merchant is free to admit that they cannot compete with the United States on shoes. The wisdom displayed by our Congress several years ago in putting hides on the free list of the tariff law, has enabled the tanners and shoe manufacturers of the United States to lead in the market of the world in that line. If the same encouragement could be given to the manufacturer of woolen goods I can't see why the American consumer ere long would not have the privilege he now enjoys on shoes. The financial condition of France is somewhat alarming. They have paid to the Germans all of the indemnity due them, but have bonded the country to get the means. The enormous debt incurred by reason of that war, twenty-four years ago, has been increasing and to-day I am told the debt is larger than it was then. They have just sold five hundred million francs worth of bonds to get the means to pay interest with. They tell me their national debt is now thirty-six billion francs, which is a little more than seven billions of dollars.

When our war war closed thirty years ago, the debt was about two billion dollars. Since then we have put our money at par and decreased the debt fifty per cent or more perhaps, while France has made a debt of seven billions and is far less able to pay than the United States. Money is loaned in London to individuals at two and one-half per cent, while at the same time the national bonds of

France must pay three per cent. The business men complain much of the financial management of their government and are free to say that it has been miserably managed. The people pay taxes in many ways here, even your hotel bill must have a ten centime stamp on it. Every bank check, promissory notes and bills of merchandise must have the same. A neighboring farmer can't haul a load of potatoes or any other product of the farm or garden to Paris without paying a tariff to the custom officers who guard every gate to the city. I wonder how a country can prosper with such a condition of affairs. What would our people in Canton say if they had to pay ten cents a bushel more for potatoes than other towns where the farmer could enter free. I think they would not permit it, but the people of Paris must. It is very evident that we would all be free traders in Canton then, at least so far as the potatoes are concerned.

Mr. Morton, of Nebraska, a member of President Cleveland's cabinet, the Secretary of Agriculture, with his two sons, are fellow guests at this hotel De La Tamise. I had the pleasure last evening of introducing him to Louis Hendle, the only European survivor of the Greely Arctic expedition and one of the six that were rescued alive out of the ill fated crew of eighty-six men. He says he suffered much and does not remember when taken aboard, as he was unconscious when found.

Strange as it may seem, we have not seen a drunken person in Paris. In France more wine is drank than water, and yet one rarely sees an intoxicated person. In England, Ireland and Scot-

land there is much drunkenness. But on the continent of Europe, where wine and beer are drank by men, women and children, a drunken person is seldom seen. We have not seen a patrol wagon in Europe. They do not delight here in tearing through the main streets with a fine painted and costly spring wagon, behind a pair of matched horses, with a good looking, uniformed driver, as one sees so frequently dashing out of Seventh street in Canton in search of a "common drunk," and if they secured him, return to the station through the most crowded streets at breakneck speed, as if giving the poor unfortunate man a royal ride was the best way to advertise the drunkenness of our town.

Paris, October 6th, 1894.

LETTER XXI.

BACK TO LONDON.

TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.—SMOKY OLD LONDON.
NEAR THE END OF AN ENJOYABLE TRIP.

SEVERAL days ago we crossed over the dreaded English channel from Dieppe in France to New Haven in England. The sea was not so very high, but the motion of the ship on the peculiar waters of this channel is always sure to make many of the passengers very sick. Usually on the high seas women and children are far more likely to be seasick than men, but on this passage I noticed that the men suffered the most. Nearly everybody was sick—more or less. Little was said; everyone was quiet as possible and not a smile could be seen. The time pieces ran too slow. The four hours, the time required to cross on this route, seemed many times longer than usual. Five o'clock was the time to land. It was amusing, and on any other occasion would have been laughable, to see how often many of the passengers would look at their watches and seem disappointed. A dappy little Frenchman was crossing the deck when a sudden lurch of the ship sent him flying into the lap of a large, fleshy woman, who was holding her husband's fine hat. The mashed hat, the

mortified Frenchman and the disgusted look of the women, would have on any other occasion made a deacon laugh, but on this not a smile went 'round. A young Irishman who had just been relating to us the many miles of sailing he had done, the stormy seas that he had crossed and that he was not the kind that ever was or feared seasickness, was seen a few minutes after at the railing on the open deck "feeding the fish" with his recent French dinner. Not knowing that I saw him, he remarked to me soon after that an officer of the ship had told him that "there were always many more sick going over from France than there were crossing over from the English side, and that he thought it was due to the French cooking." So I inferred that his sickness (of which he did not speak) was blamed on the French cook and not on the sea. In the midst of all this distress a dark cloud lowered and the rain came down in torrents. The people fled from the open deck into the crowded enclosure where the sickness and discomforts of the sea are harder to bear. But after all storms there are calms. The shores of "Merry Old England" finally came in sight, the ship entered the quiet harbor, the smiles returned and beamed upon the faces of the now more cheerful voyagers. We debarked and at once entered the custom house, where the officers searched only for perfumery, spirits and tobacco, as England is free trade in everything else. Generally the Americans are only asked if they have any of those goods, and if they say no, they are allowed to pass, and so it is in

most of the countries of Europe. I am surely glad to know that the word of our people stands so well with our friends on this side of the sea. After about one hundred days on the continent, and among many strange people, with whom we could not talk, and whose language, manners and customs changed at every national boundary, we were indeed glad to be on British soil again and among people who could speak our mother tongue. Although we are more than three thousand miles away, and the wide Atlantic sea lies between us and our home, I feel now that we are near our native land. We find London rainy, smoky and gloomy, precisely in accordance with the well known reputation she bears. She keeps up her standard well in this respect, for the sun has not been able to peep through the mist since we arrived. In all probability the canopy of smoke and fog that hangs over the city will keep off the sunshine for several months. The streets in London are not kept as clean as they are in Paris. The clouds of smoke that darken the houses and densify the air in this place make it seem very gloomy in contrast with the very gay and brilliant city of the French. But this metropolis of the world is by no means void of interest. Every part of the old city is full of history and tradition. Centuries ago the English, our rightful ancestors, were cutting the fetters of tyranny, building lighthouses to guide the ships of civilization and advancing the rights of man.

Their scholars, their poets, their lawyers and their statesmen, have made the beautiful wreath of

English literature and are the foundation pillars upon which the ever-spreading English language rests.

Today English speaking people are found in almost every section of the earth. In America is the largest branch of the parent tree, where the English tongue is spreading in pace with the increasing population at a more rapid rate than in any other part of the world. The American authors of note are much admired by the English reading people. Longfellow and Lowell have not only a place in Westminster along side some of the most renowned men of Great Britain, but they are daily remembered, admired and praised by the lovers of literature in their mother country. The death of Oliver Wendell Holmes a few days ago was chronicled in all the leading papers here. The passing away of that distinguished American author seems to be regretted here as much as if he had been a native of their own country. Nations speaking the same tongue have a friendly feeling of kin. Americans all feel proud of England's great scholars and noted men and women. They never forget such as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Macaulay, and a host of other shining lights of their parent country. England in return delights in sharing the honors of her American offspring. And I may say the nation as a people feel a pride in the success of their independent "big boy." Our institutions in the United States are much discussed by the people here, and many of them admired and advocated for adoption in their own country by the members of the Radical party. Just now London has a spirited con-

test for members of the school board, growing out of the question of distributing the educational funds between the board, (public) and the voluntary (Parochial) schools. It seems that children who have been educated in any of the voluntary or church schools up to a required standard fixed by law, and confirmed by a proper examiner appointed by the board of the public schools, will have their education paid for out of the school funds. In this way any church can draw from the school fund, means to pay for educating their children in their own schools, and under the direction of the faithful servants of their own denomination. To this feature of the law the members of the Radical party object. In their discussions they cite the public school system of America in the most complimentary terms. They say "the success of the American schools has long been established, and that the universal system of education as practiced in the United States has blotted out the lines and torn down all such fences as socially divide our classes here, and that in America it is possible for all to live and walk on a higher plane."

On the other side they say "that they will not send their children to the public schools where all the unwashed, poor and neglected children may mingle with their own." There is another class who will not patronize the public schools because they wish to educate their children strictly in accordance with the faith of their church. Hence, the contest that is now waxing warm over the coming election of a new school board, which will settle the question for three years. London is very

lenient in compelling universal attendance at school. There are entirely too many uneducated people here. More attention to universal education and less to the ornamental royal family would do much to reduce the numbers of these unfortunate creatures who have not enough ambition to wash their faces or keep themselves clean and respectable. I say to them, your people must do something for the children of this very unfortunate class. These boys and girls whose parents you designate as "gin drinkers" will do nothing that is good for their children. I did not say, but I thought if the money that was spent for the royal family and their thousand "flunkies" were used for the reclaiming of these unfortunate little ones, what a blessing it would be. And I further think if the millions of dollars that were, and are being spent on the many towering and costly cathedrals, with their lofty spires, their columns of marble and their trimmings of gold, would be used in behalf of bettering the condition of these children, this despised class would grow rapidly better instead of worse. The very practices of the "church of state" tend to make the social lines that divide the people still more marked and form a barrier in the way of bringing the people to a more common level. Its mission should be the elevation of the unfortunate classes; but instead, we find those who ask no favors of the state to pay for their religion, striving to secure the means to better the condition of that class who were born in poverty. It is the independent thinker on spiritual affairs here that makes the efforts to lighten the burdens of his

fellow man. He seems very anxious to light up the path way that leads from the hovel to a better place in this world here below. Possibly the priests and parsons, whose torches are burning on every hill, may do something in casting their feeble light on the pathway that leads to that world of which we know not.

We fortunately have the opportunity of meeting some cultivated English people here and we think their manners and conversation are charming. They are so well informed on all topics of the day and so respectful to us as strangers that we are delighted with their company.

We had the pleasure last Sunday of visiting the "Old Temple" on the south side of Fleet street, near the river Thames, which was formerly a lodge of the Knights Templars, an order founded at Jerusalem, by King Baldwin, in the twentieth century. Pilgrims resorting thither were called Templars from their original designation as soldiers of King Solomon's Temple. This large and historic place, with its fine gardens, afterwards became the property of the crown. But it now (as it has for the last two centuries) belongs to a corporation and is the resort of lawyers and learned men of London. In the courtyard of this temple lies the body of Oliver Goldsmith, and in a room near by he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," which manuscript was taken for sixty pounds sterling to pay his landlord for overdue rent. In a room beneath the one occupied by Goldsmith, is where Blackstone, the famous commentator on English law, lived and wrote his great works. Several times Blackstone

made complaint to the authorities that Goldsmith and his friends who so frequently gathered in the rooms above made so much noise and confusion that he was much disturbed while writing on the law. Goldsmith, like "Bobby Burns," was a poor financier and never learned "the value of a dollar." Usually his creditors were more numerous than his shillings. But the tracings of his pen are still today worth many times more than all the shillings he ever spent. Long after "pig headed" King George III, who reigned in this country sixty years, and during the memorable revolution of the American colonies shall be forgotten, the name of poor Oliver Goldsmith will be green in the memory of the best people of England and America. We also visited the room in Staple Inn Court where Charles Dickens wrote the "Pickwick Papers," which were taken by his printers at twenty guineas a number. In the sale of this work the publishers reaped a profit in a short time of twenty thousand pounds, about ninety-eight thousand dollars. We had the pleasure of seeing the house where Wm. Penn once lived, and adjoining are rooms where "Peter the Great," of Russia, stopped while in London. The house in which Milton lived is close by and in fair repair.

Miss Ward, a cultivated young lady, is with us here. She is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and through her kindness we had the pleasure of spending a delightful evening with the noted authoress and her husband, who is one of the editors of the London Times. Just across the way in her house in Russell square, is where Mrs.

Ward wrote her celebrated novel, Robert Elsmere. The size of London is so immense that one cannot realize its magnitude. Including the suburbs the population is over five and one-half millions. There are a great many thousand streets whose total length is three thousand miles. The city covers one hundred and twenty square miles and has over one hundred thousand paupers. The people who have lived here all their lives do not know where half the streets of London are. There are more Scotchmen here than in Aberdeen and more Irishmen than in Dublin; fifteen thousand Americans live in London, and every country in the world has some of their people living here. Truly this is not only a cosmopolitan, but it is a wonderful city.

..

Our passage is engaged and we expect to sail on the morning of the twenty-third of October on the steamship City of New York, of the American line, from Southampton. We hope for a pleasant voyage and to be able to reach our Ohio home about the first of November.

This is my last letter to the News-Democrat for this trip. I will conclude by saying briefly, that Mrs. Sherrick and I have enjoyed the whole trip far beyond our expectations. The twenty thousand miles or more that we have traveled since we left home early in the summer have not been without some hardships, care and anxiety. Everything is not pleasant that one meets, and must endure, on such a long, fast going trip as we are now making.

In the five months we are from home we have

visited England and Scotland, crossed the North Sea into Norway and sailed up the coast beyond the North Cape in the region of the "Midnight Sun," and had the pleasure of catching codfish in the Arctic Ocean in north latitude seventy-one, which is nineteen degrees south of the North Pole. Went through the German Empire; thence to Switzerland and across the Alpine Mountains into Italy; thence northward through France to Paris and over the English Channel to London. To say that we have not learned many things that tend to broaden one's mind would not be true. I have been more than amply repaid for all the time, trouble and expense incurred. We have profited largely by what we have seen and heard in more ways than one.

I have been convinced beyond any doubt that for an industrious, ambitious person, who labors in any of the ordinary channels of life, who desires to provide a comfortable home for himself and family, and lay by a reasonable sum that will serve him well in his old and declining days, that the United States of America is the place for him.

The opportunities found there cannot, as a rule, be duplicated any other place in the world. I will go home strengthened in my opinion that the American farmer is blessed in comparison with tillers of the soil in other parts of the world; that the laborer and mechanic of the United States hold a high place and have far better opportunities than in any other country in the world. It may be that our very wealthy find a better place over here to spend their money, but for an in-

dustrious and enterprising person, give me the United States of America.

I shall ever remember the many courtesies extended to us by the people in Europe. We encountered a few unpleasant things but they are the exception. These five months' so full of experience, seem a short span to me. I feel glad to get home, yet somewhat reluctant to quit these shores. As there is so much to see that we have not seen, I hope that fate will not be so cruel as to prevent our return sometime in the future to this land so full of interest and history.

London, October 13th, 1894.

[“Johnson Sherrick, a passenger on board S. S. New York, who was reading “The Complete Angler,” by Isaac Walton, was prompted in the library to write the following verses on the subject of fishing, as Walton viewed it, which he kindly contributed to the steamship journal.”]

FISHING.

On a bright and pleasant morning,
When the sky is clear and fair,
And the dewdrops on the flowers
Add fragrance to the air;
When the day is young and beaming
In the sun's first gentle gleam,
I love to cast a baited hook
On a clear and flowing stream.

I love to see the waters kiss
The shore on either side,
And hear the music of the ripple
On the ever flowing tide.
The gentle winding river,
With its banks of moss and fern,
Is the place I love to frequent,
Where is peace, and no concern.

I see the hilltops o'er the river,
And the garden fields between,
The growing grass and waving corn,
And flowers that intervene.
The noisy town with dust and din,
Has no such charms as these,
Where air that's pure and odors sweet,
Pass by on every breeze.

The cares and toils of business,
In the marts of the striving world,
Don't harbor amid these flowers
That nature has unfurled.
I love such place—I tarry there,
It's all my heart can wish,
To me there is no place so dear
As where I sit and fish.

LETTER XXII.

SOUTH TO MEXICO.

MONTEREY.—TAYLOR'S BATTLEFIELD.—MEXICAN MONEY.—QUEER MULE CARS.—A DESOLATE COUNTRY ALONG THE RAILWAY.

[Editor Repository:—As you kindly asked me to write for your paper while making this trip through Mexico, I will make an effort to pen such observations on our way as will, I trust, be of interest to the many readers of the Repository. If the little I shall say will interest my friends at home, be assured I will feel repaid for the time it takes to write.]

WHEN we left Canton a few weeks ago the thermometer registered nearly zero, but here the weather is delightful.

After visiting in Chattanooga, New Orleans, and traveling through the state of Louisiana and Texas, stopping a day at San Antonio, and visiting the famous old Alamo, (within whose walls Davy Crockett and two hundred other Americans all perished while resisting several thousand Mexican soldiers) we crossed the Rio Grande river and were in the land of Old Mexico. That was my first sight of Mexico, or her people, and I must say that the complete change of scene made an impression upon me.

Our first stop was Monterey, which is about two hundred miles south of the river Rio Grande, which divides our country, for a long way, from the now good neighboring Republic of Old Mexico. We arrived there in the morning; the sun was just rising over the peaks of the mountain ranges which entirely surround the place. The balmy air was like a June morning in Ohio. To say that we were surprised at what we saw as we rode through the various streets on our way to their "best hotel," would not half express our astonishment. These streets were filled with the poorest dressed people I ever saw. Ragged and dirty were most of them. So thinly and poorly were their bodies covered that some were scarcely clad at all. We passed the market on our way, which was swarming with its native humanity. Nothing tempting to us could be seen, although the time for a square meal was at hand. I gave a glance at their meat market as we rode by, and I can assure you I carefully refrained from ordering any meat while I was in Monterey. They told us that the "Hidalgo," our hotel, had the office and dining room on the ground floor. On arriving we found this entirely true, for neither the office nor dining room had anything but hard ground floor. The room assigned to us was on the second story, and the floor was made of flat stone with a small rug by the bed.

The city has quite a large foreign population, mostly Americans, who are temporarily there in the vast silver mining industries. There are several large smelting works in Monterey, employing

much native labor, which is very cheap. Although silver coinage is free here, and silver very plentiful, the common laborer in the mines and various smelting establishments only receives on an average fifty cents a day, and that, too, in silver, which has only a purchasing power of fifty-five cents to the dollar of our money, so that really a Mexican receives but about twenty-seven cents a day in the value of our money or in the value of any money measured by a gold basis. The operators here, who are mostly Americans, tell me that one Mexican laborer is worth as much as two or three negro laborers. That is, the Mexican will do much more work in a day than the negro. Everything here seems high to us unless we stop to consider the value on the silver basis, which is little more than half of ours. Our hotel bill was four dollars a day each, at Monterey, in silver. This is very inconvenient and heavy to carry. I had both coat pockets full, that I got for a \$20 bill (at Laredo) of our money, but it melted away like ice the next day under the "silver rays" of a Mexican sun.

Mr. Peters, who is a nephew of Mrs. Frank Shively and Mrs. Charles Campbell, of Canton, is in business here, has been about seven years, and likes the place for business very much. He kindly showed us the places of interest in the city and it was an interesting treat. Through his kindness we saw the old battle ground where General Taylor stormed the old castle and captured the city during the war we had with this country. We also saw their largest smelting



OXEN AND WOODEN PLOW—MEXICO.

works, where the melted silver was running as thick as a man's finger, into the mould. But the most interesting sights are the houses, the quaint old streets and the people of every shade and hue that fill them everywhere. The many old houses are built of stone and plaster, on the outside as well as the inside; built to the street's edge, seldom over one story high and usually without windows. The better class of old resident houses are entered through a door leading to an inner court where, in this tropical climate, they spend a greater part of their time. The fronts of the houses bordering on the streets have their doors where one would think the windows should be. But all are barred with iron grates except the one leading into the court, and at night they are left open for circulation—the bars to keep out intruders. The one door leading to the court is closed and securely locked at night.

That city, which the people there claim has about fifty thousand population, reminds one, it seems to me, of an Oriental town or place. They have street cars with little mules to draw them, but no large trains are seen anywhere. Ox carts are used, some to draw wood and stone, but most other things are conveyed on the backs of small mules and donkeys. The source of wealth is their silver mines. The native must have a miserable existence, generally speaking, for the ground in all this region of Mexico produces no vegetation. The valleys would be fertile, no doubt, but no rain falls to refresh the earth, or at least not enough for the valuable products of the soil to grow. All the

way from San Antonio, Tex., to the City of Mexico, the railroad is through the most desolate looking and God-forsaken country I ever beheld. Everything we see on the surface that moves and lives, either of the animal or vegetable kingdom, is in keeping with the desolation one sees on every side. The dirty little Indians that play around the miserable hovels and parching alkali sands; the uncombed Indian mothers, half clothed, sitting on the ground outside their huts, and the Indian men as they are seen lying around on the ground like dogs, make a picture of the lowest order of human degradation. Even those who have some Spanish blood in their veins, such as are seen hauling wood for the railroad engines, are ragged and abject looking. The oxen are in very poor condition. The yoke is fastened with raw-hide straps to their horns and they draw the load by pushing with their heads.

The various little towns which we see along the railroad for a thousand miles are composed of a few miserable huts and they call it a station. Eating houses at various places are provided by the railroad company, where a fair meal can be had for one dollar, Mexican silver. It must not be understood, however, that Mexico, which is larger than we usually suppose, is so poor and desolate all over the land. So far, we have only been over the plains and the mountains of the mining district, where silver is abundant, but all else that the earth produces to make man happy and thriving is wanting. Eastward of this line of railroad in the gulf coast country, the land is very fertile and

fruitful. The rains come and the fields produce the rare and valuable tropical fruits. The climate there is delightful and the people are prosperous and happy. Mexico can raise her own coffee, sweeten it with her own sugar, and pay for it with a big silver dollar that comes from her apparently barren hills. I have not been in the country long enough to have observed the traits, character and peculiarities of the people. We have just been here a day in this magnificent city which I shall write of in my next. The weather is warm here and very pleasant now. The climate seems to be all that one could wish for. We meet many good people from the United States. The hotels are full. It is evident that this beautiful city with its altitude of seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, with its cool rarified air, with its snow covered mountain peaks in sight, upon which a tropical sun shines, will become a great resort for people who seek a warmer climate and free from the cold winds of the north in winter time.

Mexico City, March 6th, 1896.

LETTER XXIII.

MEXICO.

SCENES IN THE OLD CITY OF MEXICO.—THE AZTEC.—
GUADALUPE, AND THE NATIONAL HOLY SHRINE.—
CHAPULTEPEC, AND A GRAND VIEW.—A CALL
ON PRESIDENT DIAZ.—A BULL FIGHT.

THIS city is to Mexico what Paris is to France, and in general appearance resembles it very much. As you look up and down the well-paved streets, and the tree-lined boulevards, it appears more like Paris than any city I have ever seen. The beautiful carriages and many fine matched horses that one sees flying up and down the avenues, make one feel that surely this is a first class city. The houses are all built of stone, light in color, clean and quite beautiful, gracefully blending much of the old Roman style, with our modern architecture. The streets are clean and well kept, but the sidewalks are too narrow in the center of the city, where throngs of people find it difficult to pass.

The "Plaza Mayor" is the center of the city and is the place from which all their street cars start in every direction and in various ways return to the same place. They follow tracks which are in loops around the city, and often quite a distance out in the

country, but always returning through different streets and end the trip at the Plaza Mayor. This plaza is a park, with fine walks, beautiful trees and flowers, always green and fresh. In the center is a great band stand. After the sun has gone down behind the distant mountain, one may sit on one of the many iron seats provided there and listen to as good music as can be heard anywhere, enjoy the delightful tropical breezes as they gently blow from mountain top to mountain top across the plain and over the great city lying more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here you can see people of all grades and classes, and if you be so inclined, study nature from a living panorama. You can see the style of dress that one may see on the streets of New York, Berlin or Paris. You can see the Spaniard with his dark brow and unsmiling face; the Mexican with his face of various shades, colored according to the mixture of his blood, which he has inherited from the Aztec or Spaniard, who, with his tight trousers and "haystack" hat, appears a familiar figure on the streets of Mexico.

The Aztec is the native race. They were here when the Spanish conqueror, Cortez, came in the days of Montezuma, and they are here yet, apparently many of them, for we see them everywhere in their rags and fantastic dress. They resemble to a great extent the North American Indian, but were much farther advanced towards civilization at the time of the discovery of this country than any of the other native tribes of North America. Many of them have adopted

the ways of the white man, and are living here now in civilized life, but in these there is a mixture of blood. The pure, original Aztec, I should judge by what history tells us, is little, if any, different from his race at the time of the conquest. They are filthy and half clad, living largely out of doors and sleep upon the ground. They generally carry a blanket, that they may be ready to lie down to sleep at any time, day or night. Most of them, however, have huts and a place they call a home. They are not savage as our western Indians are, but willingly live among and mingle with the white people. They are very much mixed with the Spaniards, who conquered, governed and lived with them for three hundred years. It is said that today many Mexicans are entirely unable to tell whether they have descended mainly from the Spaniard or the native Aztec. Their present shrewd and able president is, as I am told, a descendent from Montezuma, who was the ruler of these people when discovered. I presume this city was mainly built and planned by the Spaniards.

Yesterday we paid a visit to Guadalupe (which is pronounced "Wa-da-lu-pa"), a small town four or five miles from this city containing the most "holy shrine" of the nation. Here is also the miraculous spring gushing forth its sulphur waters, that tradition tells these people was first called forth by the Virgin of Guadalupe when she stood upon the spot in the sixteenth century. They consider it now, not only a sacred spring, but the water as an antidote for their infirmities.

The church built on this sacred ground cost fabulous sums of money. The stairway leading to the main altar with its balustrade of solid silver, trimmed in gold, cost at least two million dollars. The picture of their "Virgin Mary" fronts the main altar with significant statuary and other fine carvings. Here the devout come from all over this country to kneel before these representatives of their faith, and have their sins forgiven. This bit of mythology seems queer indeed to us, and as we witness the prostrate bodies of so many before the images, in and on the altar above, makes one think the world moves slowly. We are also reminded that this little town is the place where the treaty of peace was signed by our government at the close of the Mexican war. It was the stroke of the pen, backed up by the sword of our army, that gave us the fruitful fields and golden hills of California.

We paid a visit to Chapultepec, the eminent and historic hill composed of rock, but on which there is enough soil to grow many large trees and shrubbery. It lies two miles east of the city and is the summer residence of the president.

On this hill is their military academy, the "West Point" for Mexico, where they have apparently a good military school. At the foot of the hill are some large and very ancient cypress trees. A grove of these moss-draped trees has stood there since before the conquest, forming a park at the base of the hill and is one of the most impressive sights in Mexico. This hill was taken by storm by the American troops under General Pillow after one day's bom-

bardment. The cadets of the military college took part in the defense and fought with great heroism, but could not withstand the well-equipped American forces.

The finest view in Mexico, it is said, can be had from the top of this hill. It is certainly a magnificent sight, as you stand on the hill in the center of the elevated valley of Mexico, and see the chain of mountain peaks that surround you thirty and forty miles in the distance. Sixty-five miles away, but seemingly only four or five, looms up above the mist and clouds the famous old mountain Popocatepetl, nearly 18,000 feet above the sea and the highest mountain in the western world. To the left and in the state of Vera Cruz, is the next highest mountain, Orizaba, over 17,000 feet high and appearing also in the very near distance. We had the pleasure of this most magnificent sight in the evening, just as the sun was declining beyond the mountain peaks in the west. The shades of twilight had already fallen over the valley beneath us and the city was almost hidden from view by the darkness of approaching night. But over the valley in the distance on the never-melting snow fields, which look like hoods covering the crests of these grand old mountain tops, was the sun still shining. Its silvery rays glistening in the frigid atmosphere carried us back to the cold and icy north. It makes one wonder why it is that these ever frigid winds will hover around these high mountain tops and never come down to mix with the warm and gentle breezes of the valleys below. As we stood there a half hour or more, greatly enjoying this grand scene in na-

ture, from this rare spot on earth, the darkness of the valley climbed up the mountain sides, covered those fleecy fields of snow with the "black paint" of darkness, and the night was everywhere. We were driven back to the city through a broad avenue, lighted on both sides and in the center, by the inventions of man. As I looked upon the many fine coaches drawn by beautiful horses, as they were speeding up and down the broad street, I thought how changed the scene. This is beautiful and gay, the work of man, but the scene from the hilltop was grand and sublime, the work of nature.

Our minister here, Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, kindly invited us, with other Americans, who are sojourning in this city, to go with him to call on President Diaz at his palace. We were all shown to the reception room, which is a large and well arranged apartment in the palace. Presently from a side door the President entered, unattended, and in a very modest and informal manner. Mr. Ransom arose and said: "Mr. President, I have with me today some friends from my own country who are visiting in the city and who wish to pay their respects to you, not only because you are the chief magistrate of a friendly neighboring republic, but because they admire your course and wise administration. They feel as I do, sir, that under your policy, Mexico will soon take the place of a great nation. It shall not be long until Mexico and we, her great sister Republic on the north, will be the two best governments in the world."

The President at once replied through the interpreter: "My friends, I am glad you have done

me the honor to call. I always love to greet the people of the United States and I surely feel pleased to have you express such kindly feeling for me personally. In matters of government we have borrowed much from your great Republic. I have been endeavoring to photograph your ways, and if I have failed in making the picture it is not the fault of the subject, but the skill of the artist is wanting." After shaking hands with all of us in a very friendly manner, Senator Ransom said laughingly. "Mr. President, I am pleased to be able today to have here such good looking ladies to present to you." The President smiled and said: "I always appreciate the beauty of your ladies as well as the worth of your men." We noticed his cabinet waiting in an adjoining room as we took our leave. We felt much pleased with our call. The President is so well liked that the people are again going to elect him without opposition to that high office. He has served already sixteen years, and during the time the whole country has been peaceful and prosperous. The Church is now dissolved from the State, and all creeds are protected and treated alike. Education has been advanced by the present school system. Railroads have been built largely over the country, and in many other ways they have made great progress by the good lessons taken from the United States.

Many of the Indians have been advanced by education and now make fair citizens of the state, but too many are yet in a poor, ignorant and filthy condition. I imagine that it requires more ability and tact to govern a people like this than it does a

nation farther advanced in education and civilization. Taking all into consideration we must conclude that certainly President Diaz is a remarkable man to have accomplished so much with these people in so short a time. Since the day that the Maximilian Empire fell and the Church and State dissolved, (about a quarter of a century ago) these people have made wonderful progress.

There is, however, one thing yet, which they received as a legacy from Spain, that they must abolish if they ever want to become an equal with the advanced nations of the earth, and that is the brutal entertainments that they so frequently furnish, of bull fighting. With other Americans (Mrs. Sherrick not included), I witnessed one of these national entertainments the other day. It was, of course, out of curiosity that we Americans went. Some American ladies were with us, but few of our party remained to see the fight even half through. The brutal sights made most of them so sick that they were compelled to make a hasty retreat for their hotel. I will not attempt an adequate description of the scenes I saw there in that ring. It will take the pen of a more gifted writer to portray the brutality of that heathenish exhibition. Seats, one above the other, like in an American circus, except that they are permanent and more substantial, surround the arena on the ground in the center. A strong fence about six feet high and painted red, is built around this arena, or ring, with three gates, one to let the bulls in, one to let the horses in, and the other to drag out the dead animals. Twenty thousand people, men, women and children,

congregate here in the afternoon of Sundays and holidays to see the fight. We had to pay \$2.50 each to get fair board seats on the shady side, as there is no roof over the enclosure. On this occasion the seats were nearly filled. An expert bull fighter from Spain, with some desperate bulls imported also from there, were special attractions.

As the hour approached a quiver of excitement and half-suppressed anxiety seemed to pervade the air. On one side on a platform was the machinery of a photographer ready to take a flash picture at the most exciting time of the fight. Half past three and the gates opened. An officer on a fine horse led the van; next six Spanish bull fighters in gorgeous uniforms, trimmed in green and gold, then four attendants dressed in red, three white mules gayly bedecked, with drivers, and servants, complete the grand entrance. The leader, on horseback, saluted the grand "mogul" on the platform, who is chief manager of the affair, and retired. The three white mules were led out and the fighters took their places in the ring. A minute more a side gate opened and in dashed a bull, made furious by a sharp steel dart attached to a rose-like ornament, which was stuck into his back as he passed through the gate on entering the ring. Each bull fighter had a red fabric about four feet by six, which they kept in their hands. The sight of these flags, the applauding audience and general surroundings, seemed to infuriate the animal and he at once makes a most terrific plunge for the nearest man, but these men are very active, of course, and like lightning they jump aside and the mad bull

goes dashing by. Then another holds up the flag in front of him and the bull again plunges with renewed speed and murderous intent, but only strikes the flag, misses his object, and increases his anger.

After taunting the bull for about ten minutes, another gate opened and in came two or three, or more perhaps, men riding horses of little value. This seemed to still more enrage the bull and he makes a powerful dash at the horse and rider. The rider has a spear, and as the bull comes at him he is met by the sharp instrument, which is plunged into him if possible. We saw the rider often fail to turn the mad bull away with his spear, and oftener saw the bull strike the horse with such force as to upset him and his rider, and with anger, renewed by apparent victory, plunge his horns the entire length into the bowels of the prostrate animal. Just at this juncture, one of the men with the flag will flirt it before the bull, who will at once leave the horse and dash for the flag. The rider is helped up by some assistant near by, and if not hurt will continue to fight. If the horse is able to rise he will again be mounted by his rider; if not he is at once dispatched, other horses are brought in and the fight goes on. The bull makes a lunge at another horse and it meets a like fate. The men stick spears into the bull's shoulders and the blood begins to run over his body. Another horse is tossed by the bull and gored against the fence, the rider making a miraculous escape with his life. The men flirting the flags, the bull dashing at them; at times they only escape his horns by running faster

than the bull after them, and with the speed of an arrow, jumping over the fence. And so the fight goes on for twenty minutes or more. Then the bugle sounds, by the order of the master of ceremonies, which is understood that one of the fighters must now kill the bull. This must be done by standing in front of the bull and plunging a long, thin sword or spear at a certain place on the top of the animal's shoulder into the vicinity of his heart. This is a difficult feat to perform. The one who is to do it throws his hat to the audience, takes the spear and his red flag and proceeds to face the bull. By this time the applause is vociferous. He holds the flag just in front of the bull, the animal dashes at it, the man jumps aside, and if successful, plunges the spear into the bull up to the hilt and he slowly lies down to die. Another stroke with a knife just back of the horns and the bull is dead. The man bows to the audience and receives the applause for his success. The mules come in and drag out the dead bull and all the horses that the bull succeeds in killing, and one scene is ended. There were six such scenes last Sunday. Five bulls and sixteen horses were killed but no man lost his life on this occasion, as they often do. One bull was taken in after killing six horses and nearly killing two men. He was imported from Spain and was considered too good a fighter to kill, so they ordered him taken out and kept for some other and special occasion. These are horrible sights and I shall never see them again. No American ever goes, it is said, the second time, and I hope that saying is true.

Mexico City, March 11, 1896.



GOING TO MARKET—MEXICO.

LETTER XXIV.

SCENES IN OLD MEXICO.

FLOATING GARDEN.—ASTEC WASHER WOMEN.—THE
NATIONAL DRINK.—DOWN THE MOUNTAINS TO
THE GULF.—BEAUTIFUL JALAPA (HALAPA).—
A FRUITFUL VALLEY.

BEFORE we left the City of Mexico, we paid a visit to the “floating gardens.” These are queer places about seven miles from the city. During the winter, which is their dry season, large flat-bottom boats, filled with fertile earth or soil, are floated on the water of a wide canal. By the seeping of the water through small crevices of the boat the earth is kept moist. In this ground they plant garden vegetables, which produce in abundance. The products find a ready market in the city. The ground for many miles around is very level and now they have many small canals or ditches through this vast fertile and level plain, forming hundreds of small islands. These islands are, on an average, about thirty feet wide. They receive moisture from the little canals that surround them, which makes them wonderfully fertile. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell, of Kansas, we took a flat-bottom boat at the edge of the city on the main canal which leads out to these famous gardens. The sun was shining brightly, as it

shines there every day. A gaudy canvas spread over the bow in a very primitive style afforded shade for us as we proceeded on our way down this strange and interesting canal. Our "captain" propelled his own craft with a pole, which he ran down to the bottom of this wide, but shallow canal, and pushed the boat as he walked the deck. His uncovered feet, bare, black legs, and unassuming, smiling face, made us feel as if we were on some of the islands of the South seas. On the shores we could see various sights, evidently like the scenes of the orient, as we slowly glided on our way. On the shore, sitting in the hottest sun and upon the ground, were many dark and black-haired women, with bare head and arms, washing garments. Young and old, and some with their babies strapped upon their backs, where they were sitting and rubbing their clothes to make them clean. The soap they use grows in the ground as turnips do in the north, and their washboards are dark, flat stones, lying on the ground near the water's edge. Here they sit in the broiling tropical sun, half clad, dipping and rubbing the soiled clothing, and spreading them upon the sand and grass to dry.

On the path along the shore were caravans of donkeys and mules loaded down with bales of straw, green and peculiar looking grasses and other products of the soil, staggering under their great loads in the dusty pathway, on their way to the city. We also passed large flatboats laden to the edge, with curious vegetables from the gardens below, on their way to market. Presently we saw a very low stone bridge ahead of us across the canal. We

wondered if we would have to get off our boat and walk below to another, but our captain soon informed us by peculiar motions, while he jabbered something (which, of course, was more than Greek to us) that we should lie down on the bottom of the boat. We obeyed orders, of course, and he untied some rope and let the canvas top down over us when we passed under the bridge, which was not more than three feet above the water. In an hour we were at the gardens, where we took a smaller boat and two other black-skinned natives pushed us over the small waterways that run in and among the many island gardens. Before we proceeded far we stopped by a little cottage built of sticks and thatched with cane, I presume the home of our boatman, who gathered from the poppies and other flowers that grew in great profusion around this humble abode, two most beautiful bouquets and presented them to the ladies. A little "tip," a smile, and we were off, moving among the many little islands where every product of the tropical gardens was green and growing and the borders of each little island were lined with flowers of every hue. The birds from bush to branch were chirping their favorite songs; the natives were splashing the water from the ditches over the ground, and it seemed to me a fairy land where all was peace and plenty. It was so unlike the mountain and desert lands of this country which we had seen before, and where want and misery seemed to prevail that the contrast surprised me. Leaving the gardens we passed through a village of cottages and the place reminded me of the Java vil-

lages I saw at the Chicago World's Fair. The village school ma'am had around her quite a lot of little native girls and boys, clad in their primitive style and studying their lessons aloud. Half the native people of this country go about everywhere in their bare feet, many of them with bare legs. Some of them wear sandals, while others who are of the first class, dress as we do. Schools are being carried on now all over the country, compulsory education is the law, and improvements among these people are very marked of late. Capital from England, Germany, France and the United States is being largely invested here. The government is considered stable and all the prospects of this country are good. Pulque (Pulka) is the national drink for these people, and is to Mexico what beer is to Germany. It is drawn from the maguey plant (which much resembles the century plant often seen in the United States). Many acres of land are used for the cultivation of this plant and thousands of barrels of the juice are sold to the people in the many drinking places, much like beer and other liquors are sold at home. This drink will intoxicate if too freely imbibed.

We left the City of Mexico a few days ago over the Mexican railroad for a trip to Vera Cruz, which lies down on the great Gulf of Mexico. We did not make this trip to see the city of Vera Cruz so much as we did to see and go over the picturesque scenery through which the road runs; and truly it is a grand and fascinating trip. We left Mexico City at 7 o'clock in the morning. The first three hours we rode through almost endless maguey

fields. Then until 2 p. m., through sand and dusty desert lands, after which the train began the descent of nearly ten thousand feet to the city of Vera Cruz. First in and among the lofty mountain peaks, through tunnels winding around yawning precipices, apparently scaling the mountain side, 'round and 'round the cliffs, the train, with its trusty and faithful engine, descends cautiously and carefully downward, and we see thousands of feet below. Nearly everyone is standing and looking through the car windows. Not a word of mirth is spoken, the scene is too terrible. The shadow of danger pervades the air and a conscious look of fear glances from one countenance to another. Far below we see a line and a tiny toy train of cars apparently moving but almost impreceptible. "What is that?" exclaims one. "That is this railroad, with a freight train ahead of us in the valley we are going to." "It can't be possible," says another. "But it is," said an officer, and in due time we found it so. It seems almost impossible that engineering skill could possibly carve a roadbed from these mountain sides. A descent of a mile straight down is made by running ten miles without getting one mile nearer Vera Cruz. A sigh of relief seemed to come over all of us in the car when the valley was safely reached. We remained over night at Orizaba, a quaint old town of 15,000 people, eighty-two miles west of the gulf and four thousand feet above the sea level, just at the head of the region where the tropical lands begin. All day, before we came down in this fertile valley we could see, as we supposed, near by, from our car windows, the snow that lies

on the top of three or four mountains, yet they were from sixty to one hundred miles away.

At that place we took a conveyance and were driven through byways and over fields to visit the large sugar plantations, banana fields and coffee orchards. They are interesting fields, new and novel to us and a great pleasure to visit. The sugar is made from juice of the cane, which grows here the whole year, and also makes good feed for cattle and mules. Bananas grow on small trees which are cultivated like corn, and planted in rows about eight feet apart. The tree resembles a palm growth and will bear fruit for several years. Coffee grows on bright green bushes in a red pod or berry, which is opened by hand, the kernel (which is the coffee) taken out, dried, and prepared for market. The next morning we left Orizaba and proceeded to Cordoba, which is the center of the coffee district, in the state of Vera Cruz, and about twenty miles from Orizaba. The railroad runs between these two towns through a section of tropical fruit and flower growing lands, which is the most beautiful landscape and fascinating country I ever beheld. Standing on the platform of the rear car I saw the changing beauty of varied scenes which words can never picture. On both sides of the road were the mountains in the close distance, varied and grand. The soft, mild, morning breezes that came down the valley played with the leaves of the shrubbery that fills this magnificent valley, and kissed the yellow cheeks of the ripe oranges that hang in profusion among the green leaves of the trees on which they grow. The green hedge fence that lines the rail-

road for miles was covered and dotted with various colors of most beautiful flowers. The banana trees with their yellow bark, purple blossoms and clustering fruit, mellowed down the acres of green with spots of gold-like hues.

The coffee trees, planted in long rows, sparkled with bright red berries that hung like Indian beads amid the green leaves of its parent tree. Indeed we were sorry to leave these garden lands, but our train sped away and soon we were again on desert plains on our way to the sea, and the beautiful valley we left behind us seemed but the swift flying pleasure of a fairy dream. We did not stay long at Vera Cruz. The weather was hot there and the stench from the sewers on the streets caused us to come up to this place which is a very good place to spend a few days. The weather is cool and damp here. The town has a population of about fourteen thousand, and lies four thousand feet above the sea level. It rains nearly every day, but for some reason in nature the clouds will not rise high enough to cross the mountain and rain on the table land of Mexico, hence it does not rain at all in winter time in the city of Mexico.

All the tropical fruits grow here in abundance and the soil produces much, consequently the people here get along well; they are much better dressed, and beggars, misery and want are not seen like in the dried up districts we see so often in Mexico. In the cemetery on the hill stands a monument upon which is inscribed, "To the memory of the fallen victims of the American invasion." We go from here to Pueblo, thence back to

the City of Mexico, after which we will proceed northward towards California. The Grand hotel here is the finest and best kept that we have found in all Mexico.

Halapa, Mexico, March 18th, 1896.

SUMMER EVENING.

How beautiful is the evening
When the day is nearly done,
When the mellow rays are gleaming
From a golden setting sun.

In the west are cloudlets hanging,
Which the sun is shining through
And painting on their fleecy sides
Red streaks in amber hue.

And just before he hides his face,
At the close of a summer's day,
He'll light the distant hilltops
In a sheen of silvery gray.

A moment more and the golden rays
Are faded from our sight;
Twilight flits across the stage
To introduce the night.

LETTER XXV.

NORTHWARD THROUGH MEXICO.

ON THE SANDY PLAINS.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE
COUNTRY AND ITS DIFFERENT PEOPLE.—POWER
OF THE PRESIDENT.—CRIMINAL LAW EN-
FORCED PROMPTLY.—AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN INVESTMENTS.—HOT
SPRINGS FOR BATHS.

WE have come out of the tropical country where the orange, coffee and banana grow and are again on the dry table lands of Mexico. On these high table lands clouds do not come in winter time and as a consequence the country is dusty, sunny and dry. The farmers feed their stock here now, although the country is warmer than it is in summer time when it rains and all the country will be green. We see large stacks of straw and corn fodder from which the cattle, sheep and donkeys are living. Much of the ground is level and very fertile, but lies from five to eight thousand feet higher than the ocean, far above the clouds that moisten the tropical garden fields, that lie down nearer the sea.

For about eight months in the year the clouds do not rise high enough to reach these elevated lands. Every day during this time the sky is clear and the sun shines down licking up every

particle of moisture. Vegetation dies, the country becomes brown, bare and dusty. The gentle winds as they meet and oppose each other on the plain, make huge geysers of dust, which we can frequently see from windows of the car as we go gliding through and over these parched lands. While our winters in Ohio come because of the frost, sleet, snow, and the cold and piercing winds, in this country they come only on account of the want of rain. It is true that in the larger part of Mexico the temperature is fine and even, and the climate simply grand. Yet I would not exchange the wintry winds that carry the blustering snow flakes through the air in Ohio for all the zephyr breezes that whisper in this shining sun and mingle with this horrid dust. I must not forget to say, however, that there are many sections of this country where the cold winds or the horrid dust never come to disturb the beauty or pleasure of these most favored places.

The people generally correspond to the country in appearance. If the soil is good the habitations are better, and where the country thrives with peace and plenty, there the people are more intelligent looking and better dressed. But I presume this rule will apply to all nations. I noticed one great difference between the Aztec Indians, who are the peasantry of this country, and the Indians of our western territories. Our Indians never could be induced to any considerable extent to adopt the ways of civilization or to live and mingle with the white people as these do. While many of this Aztec race have not changed

their habit of living to a great extent, and still occupy rude huts without any furniture whatever; sit, eat and sleep on the bare ground as they did four hundred years ago. Yet unlike our American Indians, they will work, and all seem anxious to earn a living some way.

The men till the soil, take care of stock, labor in the mines at low wages, and they make fair waiters on tables, do the work of chambermaids and are willing servants at hotels. Some are educated and filling places of trust. But take the people here as a whole, the Spaniard, the Aztec and the mixed of all races, who call themselves Mexicans, and you have a queer people. Some are very rich and live in the large cities in great luxury, while others are very distressed and exceedingly poor. The very poor live cheaply. They need little in the way of clothing, owing to the warm climate. The scant clothing the half-clad wear, are only a few dirty rags hung together. In this condition you can see them in the finest avenues of the city of Mexico mingling and pushing their way through the crowded streets and sidewalks of that great town. I have often noticed in the cities of different countries that there always was some definite way well understood, to pass those you meet on a crowded pavement. The English have a fashion of turning to the left, Americans to the right, and all nations have a manner well understood, as far as I know, of turning out one way or another, save and except the people of Mexico; they assume, and each individual reserves the right to turn either to the right or to the left

on the crowded sidewalks, as they may please. It is the most difficult place I ever saw to make headway, and collisions, of no serious character, of course, are frequent.

This place is the capital of the state of the same name, "Aqua," meaning water, and "Calientes," meaning hot. The hot springs which are here gave the name, no doubt, many years ago, which means "water hot." This city is about four hundred miles north of Mexico City, and has a population of twenty-five thousand. The state house, in which the governor's office, chamber of deputies and other state offices, are located here. The power of the president in this so-called republic is much unlike the power of the president of the United States. The constitution of the United States circumscribes and limits the duties of the chief executive as well as it deos the legislative authorities. It fixes a court of should-be-able lawyers to decide what that fundamental law means and how it shall be exercised. But in Mexico, where they pretend to have a constitutional government, a president, congress of deputies and courts, is such only in name and not in fact.

President Diaz has absolute power to control the army and govern the nation; and he has this, not only by common consent, but by the wishes of the educated classes and those who have vested rights in property. Congress will not pass a measure that he is opposed to; the members will not chance to vote for any bill if the president does not want it. He will signify to the legislative body what they shall do, and they it seems are very

pleased to do it promptly. Not a governor of any of the Mexican states can be elected unless President Diaz is agreed. Some time ago the state of Aqua Calientes held an election for a governor. The priests who in former days governed the state as well as the church, made efforts to elect one of their friends at that election and hustled to get out such a vote as would elect their man. It seems that only a few of the people are entitled to vote, the great masses are not yet educated and care not for that privilege. But the few on this occasion were about to elect a governor from the old church party. This was telegraphed to the great "Liberal Dictator," who it appears is almost worshipped by the best people here, and he ordered the polls closed at once. A committee took the train for the City of Mexico and in a few days returned with authority to proclaim the present governor the executive officer of the state of Aqua Calientes for the constitutional term. It is admitted on all sides that the very best man for the place is the present governor. And the president receives the endorsement of the people, and especially the advanced classes, for this marked ignoring of constitutional authority and bold display of dictatorial power.

The masses of these people are uneducated. They are not able to govern themselves, nor do they care to, consequently President Diaz, who is a good and able man, takes the dictatorial course which has made Mexico a stable and prosperous country. In the sixteen years of his four terms as president, or we might say, his reign, this nation has advanced far beyond the expectations of the

most sanguine. Credit has been established where there was none before, and the bonds of Mexico sell today for gold at six per cent and at par in the money markets of the world. Peace is compelled with the bayonet, and crime is not tolerated or allowed to escape the most severe punishment. If a man were to throw a stone through a car window, break the seal of a freight car and steal merchandise, or place the least obstruction on the railroad track, endangering life or property, he would be tried at once, and, if guilty, shot dead before the sun of the second day went down. Two railroad trains were held up some ten years ago and the passengers robbed. The governor called out the whole military force of the state and every one connected with the crime, directly or indirectly, actively or inactively, was ferreted out and shot down like so many sheep dogs. I must say the strong arm of the present government here is a terror to criminals. Not a railroad train has been held up in all Mexico since, while in our western states, I am sorry to say, this kind of crime is too frequent. An American gentleman told me that he takes twenty thousand dollars in silver on the back of a donkey forty miles from the railroad to the mines for pay-day there. That he goes through valleys and over mountainous, unsettled portions of the country, with only an Indian with him, and that he feels perfectly safe, and has for the last ten years. Capital from Europe and the United States is being largely invested here in the mining enterprises, and coffee culture. For all the advancement, prosperity and great improvements that have

come to the country in the last ten or fifteen years, Diaz gets the credit, and there seems to be a general wish that his beneficent reign may continue. I presume the condition of these people is such that the best way to govern them is the plan adopted by Porfirio Diaz, and that really they are very fortunate in having so able and considerate a leader.

The baths at this place are famous, not only in Mexico, but throughout the adjacent countries, and many visitors come from far and near to bathe in these bubbling springs of hot and warm water. There are a number of these springs around which are built high stone walls. The hot, clear mineral water bubbles up in these enclosures which are open to the sky and afford a most delightful place to while away an hour, enjoying the most pleasing bath in these health giving springs, where many an invalid has received great benefit.

A few days ago we visited the old city, Zacatecas, the capital of the state of the same name, which lies in a valley eight thousand feet above the sea, and has a population of forty thousand. At this place are large silver mines. We met Americans there who have been engaged in silver mining for twelve years or more. Some of them have grown quite wealthy at this business. One gentleman was quite severe on the United States for not making silver the money measure instead of gold. His argument was that it could be mined cheaper on a silver basis and would be worth more. And I concluded he was correct from the standpoint of a mine owner, when I learned from him that they

paid their miners and laborers about the smelters thirty-seven and one-half cents a day in Mexican money, which in fact is only about twenty cents in good money. Mexico has free coinage. Gold has all been driven out of the country. The rich fare well, but laboring people are little better than serfs and scarcely earn enough to live at all. This old city, as we saw it from a car window, lying so far below in a narrow valley, with its houses built only of stone, presents a curious view.

We start this evening for the land of the Stars and Stripes and expect to cross the Rio Grande in a few days on our way to California and the Pacific coast.

Aqua Calientes, Mexico, March 25th, 1896.

LETTER XXVI.

FRUITFUL CALIFORNIA.

SALTEN LANDS.—MT. LOWE.— THE CABLE CAR.—
CORONADO BEACH AND SAN DIEGO.—RIVER
SIDE.—SMILEY HEIGHTS.—SOMETHING
POLITICAL.

SINCE writing last we have crossed the Rio Grande river and are back again to the land of our liking. Although three thousand miles from home, yet we are in our country again, where the people speak our language and dress as we do. In fact the people here are the men and women who came, or their parents came, from the eastern part of the United States since the Mexican war, settled in these beautiful valleys, built up these attractive cities and made California the greatest fruit growing state in the world. It is true that this state has many acres of waste and worthless land, where the sun shines every day on the sands, and the glorious, refreshing rains never come; but it has many broad and teeming valleys where the moisture laden clouds mingle with the sunshine, and the fertile acres yield in abundance various luscious fruits for the benefit of man. The hillsides are thick with the vines on which the finest grapes in the world grow, and from the juice a sparkling wine is made, which finds a ready market all over the states. Also the

finest raisins are the product of these fruitful vines, and car loads are sent to the various markets of the world. Prunes, cherries, peaches, apricots, figs, and olives grow in abundance here. The almond and walnut flourish and many other valuable nuts and tropical fruits are cultivated with great success. But above and ahead of all stands the seedless navel orange, large, juicy and sweet, which is fast displacing the seedlings and other varieties in the best markets, and is soon destined, I think, to be the favorite everywhere. It was introduced from Brazil a few years ago, and first cultivated at Riverside, where the trees flourish and yield what is now acknowledged to be the finest and most sought after orange in the world. Many fine looking orchards, with fresh green leaves and laden with the golden fruit of the old seedling variety are not worth picking, as the market only demands the new and larger navel orange. Many of the owners are cutting down these fine looking trees and replacing them with the new and favored navel. Wherever the orange grows, there also flourishes the sour and lighter shaded lemon, and nowhere, perhaps, are finer grown than in these garden fields of southern California. It is not just now, they tell me, that nature puts on her "spring bonnet" bedecked with flowers, gay and of every hue, or clothes herself in a gown of roses, but that every month in the year she is dressed in the most lovely green, bespangled with all the flowers that bloom and flourish in the land where the frosts never bite and cold winds never blow.

Imagine the change for us after leaving the

City of Mexico, and riding two thousand miles over sandy deserts, dusty plains, parched and heated for want of rain, with the windows of the cars as tightly closed as possible to keep out the dust, and to keep the smoke of the nasty cigarette in, which every Mexican will smoke anywhere and on all occasions, even at the dining table where ladies may be sitting, to be ushered into a land like this, where the balmy air is laden with the fragrance of blooming springtime.

Before arriving here we passed what is known as "Salten lands," a tract of country lying near the coast, ninety by about one hundred miles, in the extreme southern part of California, and one hundred and sixty feet below the level of the sea. These grounds are white with alkali and entirely barren. The sun shines with intense heat on this low and dismal waste, and the three hours' ride over it is very trying and disagreeable. It is very evident that ages ago, perhaps, the waters of the sea covered this entire basin. Sea shells are found in abundance on the now bare ground, and all indications point to its once being a salt water gulf of the Pacific ocean. Only a dike of ground separates this basin from the sea. Shores of sand, such as the breaking waves are always building along the beach, for ages perhaps, have been forming there, until they closed the inlet to the great gulf. Evaporation in time dried up this body of water and now it is a desert plain. John C. Fremont, the great explorer of the Rocky Mountains and the west, wanted the government to cut a channel through to this basin, which would let the waters in again and

make a large inland sea. He believed that the evaporation from such a body of water would induce rain over much of the arid districts of southern California. People here believe that some time in the future Fremont's idea will be accomplished.

We paid a visit to Mount Lowe and spent a day up above the clouds, nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Electric cars take passengers from here every hour to the foot of the mountain, nine miles away. There you enter an open car attached to the end of a cable twenty-six hundred feet long. At the other end of this cable is another car of like construction. "All ready," cries the conductor, when he touches an electric button to notify the man at the top to start the machinery. The car at once, loaded sometimes with as many as thirty people, starts up a long and frightful incline, fearfully steep and terrible to behold. Only one wire cable between the load of human freight and the shores of eternity. Half way up we meet the descending car which passes us automatically on the switch. We round a curve and notice the incline more vertical and more alarming. Breathless silence prevails among the passengers, while some with sickening fear turn their eyes on the floor of the car that they may not view the course downward through which they would fly to certain death were the little cable to let go its grip. It seems to me that Professor Lowe, who owns or controls these places should at least have two cables instead of one, as it is not probable that two wire cables would break at the same time. It is not the strain that I fear, but some hidden defect or corro-

sion of the small wire on the inside of the cable, which cannot be detected until too late. At the top of this incline is built a beautiful hotel called the Echo Mountain House, and from which you have a charming view of the valley far below. A valley teeming with orchards and gardens, bearing the fruits and products that flourish here. Los Angeles, with its fine, large blocks, long, wide and beautiful streets; with its hundred thousand people occupies apparently but a small space on the "living map" which you see spread out before you. The many lines of fruitful trees, some laden with the ripe fruit covered with fresh green leaves and all bespangled with the bloom of springtime, fill the valleys as far as the eye can see. The several villages in view and the many clean, white and beautiful cottages that stand amid the foliage make a picture which words cannot describe. We want to tarry here and look and look again way down the mountain side on that panorama of art and nature and growing beauty, but the conductor cries "all aboard for Mount Lowe" We take the electric car and proceed upward on the journey. Forward and backward, but constantly upward our little electric car climbs up the mountain sides, around the cliffs, first on one side, then on the other, of canons more than a thousand feet deep. We look on one side of the car that is twitching and trembling in ascending the steep grades and the peaks seem to touch the sky, on the other side of the car a yawning abyss of a frightful canon that seems to have no bottom. We see the railroad directly below, hanging on the mountain's side, also far above us, and

we wonder how we can get there. We turn and see down the canon to the far away level valley, now growing smaller and smaller as we go higher and higher towards the top. The scene up there is not so beautiful as grand, but the works of nature are far more impressive. After a few hours spent viewing the country for many miles away and looking down on the broad expanse of the great Pacific ocean, with its coast line and adjacent islands over one hundred miles distant, we cautiously commenced to descend to the valley where we were glad to be again in safety.

We spent a few days at the Hotel Coronada, a fine, large winter resort on the beach of the Pacific ocean. Millions of dollars have been spent to beautify this place at San Diego by the owners of the Santa Fe railroad, and they have really made it one of the most beautiful spots on earth. The vast grounds filled with rare trees, cultivated shrubbery, covered and interlaced with rich and blooming flowers of every kind and color, make it a fine picture. The constant incoming waves of the sea, breaking and roaring on the sandy beach, at times dashing the white foam of the ever restless waters far up the surf-beaten shore, add a charm to that place that attracts many people from every section of the world. People of the cold north, and many whose health has failed them in the more frigid climates, seek there, in winter time, especially, a place where they can live and enjoy the surrounding tropical beauty and breathe the mild air that comes in from the sea.

At Riverside we saw miles and miles of or-

chards filled with orange trees, now in full bloom. Through the kindness of Mr. J. H. Reed, formerly of Mansfield, Ohio, who resides here with his family, we were driven twenty miles over streets and highways, lined with the feathery leaved pepper and other beautiful trees which was a great treat to us. Riverside is a town of seven thousand people and is spread over fifty-nine square miles of territory with excellent streets. Nearly every family has an orange orchard of from five to ten acres, and some have more.

Owing to the many orchards surrounding their homes in Riverside, the houses, although in the city limits, are far apart. Mr. Reed, who is very much interested in that city and locality and who has lemon and orange farms, told me that last year three thousand car loads of oranges, nearly all of the navel variety, were packed and shipped from their town alone. Thousands of acres now teeming with the fruit, a few years ago was a barren waste, so rough and dry that it would not sell at one dollar an acre. They have spent millions of dollars in a system of irrigation. Through canals plastered with cement, which brings the water from the mountains, they are enabled to irrigate the whole valley for many miles. This once waste land now sells for from \$500 to \$1,500 an acre when planted and bearing fruit.

The valley is rapidly being settled and many acres of land that are yet lying waste are being reclaimed and planted with orange trees. Yesterday we drove through the grounds of Smiley brothers, called "The Smiely Heights," just above the town

of Red Lands, about twenty miles from Riverside. These two wealthy brothers came from New York City about six years ago and purchased about one thousand acres of mountain slope.

They not only planted many acres with lemon and orange trees, but laid out this immense tract of then barren land in well made, winding driveways, lined with growing flowers, cultivated shrubbery and trees, and spared no means to make it complete and beautiful in all its appointments. They brought the water in pipes from a higher mountain to use in irrigating their fruit trees and plants, and to make a series of artificial lakes and fountains all through their grounds. The trees were hanging full of ripe oranges and we were permitted to pull and eat as many as we wished—all free to us. Oranges never taste so well as when eaten fresh from the tree.

I had a talk with Mr. H. G. Otis, manager of the Times here, which paper supports Governor McKinley with all its power. The Republicans of California are undoubtedly almost unanimous for the Major, and as far as I could learn the entire Pacific slope will support him in the St. Louis convention. We have met Republicans from New York and other eastern states, and while they admit that New York will cast its ballot for Governor Morton, Pennsylvania for Quay and New England for Reed, yet in every case these people have said to us: "We are for McKinley." If I were a Republican and wanted an office, I would at once make haste to get on the "Ohio bandwagon."

This is a fine city, with wide, well paved streets.

Much of it is new, and still growing rapidly. Owing to the fine climate, many people from the north spend their winters here, and the city is filled with sojourners nearly the whole year, as this climate is also delightful in summer time. We met Mr. Daniel Lenker and his daughter, of Canton, who are spending the winter here. Mr. Lenker is so well pleased with the city and climate that he contemplates moving to this place.

There is much to write about that no doubt would be interesting, but this letter is now too long. In a few days we will go to San Francisco, after which we will turn eastward, cross the Rocky mountains, and by the latter part of April hope to reach our Ohio home.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 10, 1896.

LETTER XXVII.

CANADA.

THE BRAVE MONTGOMERY.—THE OLD CITADEL.—BUNKER HILL CANNON.—GENERALS WOLF AND MONT-CALM.—DUAL LANGUAGE.—THE FAR FAMED SAGUENAY RIVER.

WHILE sojourning in this historic part of the world, I thought I could write about something that would be of interest to the many readers of *The Repository*. The history of this city is well known. Every schoolboy has read about the “Heights of Quebec;” about the great wall surrounding the old part of the city, and the deeds of valor and bravery in which the French, the English, the Americans and the Indians, each in their turn, took such a heroic part. We visited the place where our own brave General Montgomery died—where he drew his last breath within the English lines in 1775—just after vainly attempting to scale the heights and capture this “Gibraltar of America.” A stone tablet placed here by some enterprising American to his memory, marks the place where this gallant American officer met his sad fate.

Over three hundred and sixty years ago Cartier, a French navigator, landed here, where there was a little Indian village, and claimed all the re-

gion of this newly discovered river and proclaimed for the King of France all the country north so far as land might be. In 1608 Champlain arrived and took possession, planted a successful colony and commenced the making of history in the new world. His romantic reign as practical king of the St. Lawrence and the eventful times of his successors, have all gone into interesting history. For a long time "New France" flourished and grew in the new world. Although the government has been English since 1759 the impress of the French is so plainly stamped on this section of the country, even unto this day, that one visiting in this region might easily imagine that he was sojourning in old France. The general style of the streets and the houses are here not much unlike you see them in the new, and the old quarters of Paris. In the shops (stores) you hear almost entirely the fast running tongue of the French. The rules and signs put up in and around the city for the instruction of the public are always in French, but generally in both languages.

The "Plains of Abraham" is an interesting place, overlooking the waters of the St. Lawrence. It is a level tableland nearly three hundred feet above the river and almost perpendicular to the water's edge. At the highest point and substantially straight above the waters where the Charles river from the north flows into the mighty St. Lawrence, to mingle its waters with the waters that roll over the Niagara Falls and come a thousand miles from the fresh water seas of North America, stands the famous citadel overlooking the country below for many miles.

The black frowning cannons perched upon the crowning rocks, pointing in every direction over water and plain, command the gateway to nearly half of the North American continent. I saw here while visiting the citadel a little green painted cannon mounted on a low wooden wheeled cart standing alone in the center of the drilling grounds. It is carefully guarded by the soldiers in charge as a great trophy of English warfare, and to the patriotism of an American it plays no little part. When I learned that it was captured by the English from the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill, I thought of brave General Warren, and wondered why the English would prize it so highly, for that battle was the commencement of a war in which the English lost the most valuable possessions they ever had a claim upon.

Here on the "Plains of Abraham" was decided the most important event in all the history of Canada. It was here the decisive battle was fought in the interest of two powerful monarchs. It was here that the gallant General Wolf scaled the heights with the English army and captured the citadel from the French in 1759.

Here Wolf fell, and Montcalm, commander of the French, fought his last battle. Two gallant officers were slain and the fate of Canada was decided. A tall marble shaft now stands to mark the spot where Wolf fell mortally wounded, and bears the inscription: "Here died Wolf victorious."

At another place in the governor's garden stands a dual faced stone column to Wolf and Montcalm, upon which is inscribed: "Valor gave a

common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

England has ruled here ever since, in a way, not with an iron rod as of old, but in a spirit of license, liberty and justice. The French and English now mingle and live together as one happy family. There is nothing in state or religion to mar the happy tranquility and harmony of peaceful Canada. So conspicuous in this age is the spirit of peace here that a common monument is erected by all the people to the opposing commanders of these once contending armies. These "dogs of war," that lie upon the heights of the city have been quiet for a long time. Canadian soldiers know little of war. Their country now needs not the brave defenders; every indication suggests a good, long peace.

To an American, Quebec is a very interesting city to visit. It is more like a European city, perhaps, than any other in North America. The distinctive characteristics and features of the people of their fatherland seem to stay with them. Although their ancestors for many generations have lived here, they are not Canadians; they are Frenchmen still. They seem to be an honest people, well dressed, and polite like their ancestors, but in politics cool and not so hasty and hot blooded as their relatives across the sea.

I think the maintaining of the dual language here must be quite a hardship. Every transaction of a public nature must be written or printed in both English and French; few positions are open to anyone who cannot speak both these languages.

It seems to me that Canadians ought to be Ca-

nadians, speak the language of their country, as we do in the United States, maintain one language in the schools and learn that language well. A few days ago we took a trip farther down the grand old St. Lawrence river on a French steamboat, to the mouth of the far-famed Saguenay, and up that river to near the borders of Lake St. John.

This little river, so deep and dark at places, flows between the green hills and pine-clad mountains of this sparsely settled northland. Occasionally a cluster of little cottages and a summer resort hotel may be seen on the high banks standing amid the pines, where the lovers of fishing and hunting come for sport and others for a cool retreat from the hot weather of summer time. And I can assure you they find it here. The rocky banks through which this river has worn a path so deep reminds me forcibly of the many fiords and long inlets of the sea which skirt the rocky shores of northern Norway. We passed through a deep, dark and lonely place where the precipitous walls of adamantine rock rise nearly two thousand feet above the surface of the water. Through this grand channel the waters of Lake St. John flow with sublime dignity, never ceasing, but ever moving onward to mix its crystal springs with the water of the briny sea. Nor height nor depth is wanting to impress you with this remarkable river. Once seen always remembered. We visited Tadousac, an old village long built upon the rocks just at the mouth of the Saguenay where the atmosphere is especially bracing. It gets the salt air from the gulf as well as the invigorating breezes from the green pine hills

of the north. A fine hotel has lately been built here on a cheerful and beautiful spot, and with its romantic surroundings and picturesque outlook, make it one of the most attractive places on either of these famous rivers.

Quebec, Canada, June 22, 1898.

LETTER XXVIII.

SECOND TRIP ABROAD.

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—SPANISH SOLDIERS—MOORS.

WHEN Mrs. Sherrick and I left home in January we were not aware that we would go farther east than Philadelphia or Atlantic City, perhaps. But circumstances have so shaped up with us, that now we find ourselves on our way across the sea and farther eastward. We are on the sunny Mediterranean and in a few days expect to be in Naples.

It was cold when we left New York and the sea was quite rough for three days out, but the weather soon became mild and the sea calm. Indeed the balance of the way over the Atlantic has been a most delightful trip. We are on the good steamship *Fuerst Bismark*, a strong, staunch and well built boat of the German type. Everything about is German-like and strong, and every man, woman or boy of the crew, from the captain down, is so German that but few can speak English.

We passed between the islands of the Azore group which lie far out in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and that was the only land we saw for eight days, or until we hove in sight of the famous old

Rock of Gibraltar, which seems to one approaching as if it were rising majestically out of the water. On our right lay the dark continent of Africa, and on our left were the sunny shores of unfortunate old Spain, once so great that all the world did envy her, now so poor that none will do her homage. The rock looks as if it were nearly two miles long, about half a mile wide and is one thousand and four hundred feet high. Upon it is planted the strongest fortress in the world. Five thousand English soldiers with their batteries on every side, behind bulwarks of solid rock as strong as the mountain itself, with guns that weigh a hundred tons, command the gateway to the Mediterranean sea—a sea upon whose shores rest many of the nations of the old world—around and upon whose waters history records many great events, many heroic deeds of valor and bravery; where wars and bloodshed so often changed the rulers of powerful nations; where Rome flourished, and empires rose and fell. It takes many pages of history to record the stirring events that took place on the shores and waters of the Mediterranean. The English have long held the keys to this Gibraltar gate and there would have to be great events take place, and wonderful political changes follow, ere she would give them up.

But just across a field is the Spanish line, another place and another nation. On one side of the line stands a row of sentinels, erect, neat and trim, with everything around them clean and orderly. On the other side, filth and disorder, a lazy, dirty, sleepy set of men calling themselves

Spanish soldiers. The streets between the barracks and the houses are rough and filthy. Their wagons and mules are in keeping with the balance of the outfit, all indicative of a lazy, retrograding people. Such is the difference of these two nations as we saw them there and no doubt a true picture of the character of each of these historic people as they now exist.

As we were taking a lighter from our large ship to the docks at Gibraltar we passed two boatloads of Moors from Tangiers, just over the strait in Morocco, which lies on the northern coast of Africa. There were about thirty in each boat. Two-thirds of them each had an oar or paddle and were rowing with exact precision. Their bare feet and heads, thin lips, dark skin and general make-up, reminded one of an age when the world was crude, thousands of years ago. In the progress of evolution these people have not kept pace and seem to remain in about the same condition as they were ages ago. Coming in contact with brighter minds seem to avail them nothing. One of them standing on the dock by a bale of hay noticed that he was being sketched by a young American girl from Cleveland. I observed his face as he discovered that he was the posing model or subject for a pen picture. Another of his race had first noticed what was being done and called his attention to it. The expression on his countenance at the time was extremely comical. He seemed pleased, yet had a look of embarrassment and great concern, as if he felt that his likeness might be taken to a heathen land, perhaps. She showed him the

hasty sketch. The two Moors said what we did not understand and both laughed heartily.

This letter is not as good nor quite as long as I should like it. But I wish to say to the editor, George B. Frease, (who telegraphed to New York, asking me to write for *The Repository*, etc.) that it was commenced at Gibraltar where our stay was short, and finished on the sea where the material is scarce. If all goes well it will be mailed at Naples on our arrival there. But if the ship should fail to make its port, this letter will go down with us, to the bottom of the deep and treacherous sea.

Mediterranean Sea, February 18, 1900.

LETTER XXIX.

SAILING TO EGYPT.

LANDING AT NAPLES.—SICILY.—ARABS ON BOARD.

FROM Gibraltar we had a very pleasant sail over the Mediterranean sea. After eleven days of sea travel we put in to the beautiful Bay of Naples. Triumphantly our ship glided over the blue water to the quiet harbor. Everybody on board the ship was glad, yes, very glad, indeed, to again see land. Joy seemed to reign supreme. Parting words of short acquaintances were heard on every side by friends, many of whom never expect to meet again. Luggage of every description was moving. There were stewards and waiters by the score, anxiously looking for their fees, and for good contributions. Passengers were hurrying to and fro over the deck and through the corridors of the great ship. Many stood by the railing as we approached the place to anchor and viewed with interest the charming scenes of the far-famed bay, and especially old Vesuvius, whose burning top was above the clouds that morning. The smoke from the internal as well as the infernal fire, mixed with the mists and darkened the clouds that hung over its head like a black hood. It is true as so often said, that to approach and enter Naples from the sea is one of the grandest

privileges of life, and makes an impression never to be forgotten.

As we walked ashore, a large number of Italians met us and made one grand rush for our baggage (luggage), they call it, pushing, rushing, jabbering, yelling and quarreling, some in uniforms with gilt lettered bands on their caps, some with other distinguishing devices, some well dressed and many barefooted and poorly attired, but they are all porters and anxious for a job. It seems the duty of the first brigade of porters in these countries over here is to get your baggage from the boat to the shore, then stop and look for the pay. The next lot come up and take the baggage to the custom house, stop and look for pay also, and vanish. Then a guide draws near, and without waiting to be engaged directs you to where you can find the men who are the examiners for the custom house, and then advises you the amount due to him for his wonderful service. After settling with this self-elected bureau of information, he further informs you the officer must have twelve cents for looking through your trunk, which he doesn't do. After paying this stipulated amount your trunk stands until another porter comes up and takes it to a carriage, that you engage for the hotel, and you pay another fee, and matters are quiet until you arrive at the hotel. You alight, pay the carriage hire, a pavement porter lifts your trunk to the door of the hotel—another fee. Then comes the hotel porter to take your trunk to your room, and another fee. Another grabs your hand baggage and shows you to your room, and another fee. I for-

got to say that the door of the carriage in which you arrive at the hotel is opened by a bystander, and of course, he expects a fee, and so it goes. Getting from a hotel or from a railroad station, the manner of procedure is the same in all Italy, I believe. Of course, if you have only hand baggage, you can hold on to it and ignore these fellows, but it seems best to pay them. The tips are not large, but if you do not "come to time" they will annoy you to the extent that you will "hand out" to get rid of them.

After a very short stay in Naples (where we expect to return later) we went aboard the Raffaele Humbertino, a large Italian steamship, and sailed to Messina on the island of Sicily, where we spent a day in a very interesting way. This island now belongs to Italy and is the largest and most fruitful island in the Mediterranean sea. It was a source of great wealth to the Romans in the days of their prosperity and greatness. At times since it has enjoyed its independence and at various times belonged to different nations of Europe, but within the last century, Victor Emanuel succeeded in uniting the various provinces of the Italian people and this island became a part of the Kingdom of Italy. The people, however, do not wish you to call them Italians, they want to be known as Sicilians. Figs, dates, oranges, lemons and olives grow in great abundance on the island, and are exported in large quantities to many ports of Europe and to other countries. Messina has a population, we are told, of one hundred and fifty thousand. As we drove through the many narrow

and busy streets there were many things to attract our attention; queer and different from anything we ever saw before; crude wagons drawn by little donkeys struggling with a load too heavy, reminded me that we were in a city whose people were a branch of the cruel old Latin race. The Campo Santo (cemetery) is the cleanest and most beautiful spot we saw in the city, with its fine lawns, decorated with growing flowers, beautiful shrubbery and rare trees, all green and growing. On a hill in the midst of these beautiful grounds stands a large stone crematory, where the human body, after the soul has deserted it, is, by the use of fire quickly consumed. The ashes are buried beneath the trees, and if the mourners can afford it, a statue of pure white marble, the likeness of the departed is placed to mark the spot where the ashes lie.

In driving through the suburbs of the city we could see the orange trees with their green leaves and golden fruit; the fig trees that are leafless now; the olive, with its narrow, tender leaf, somewhat resembling the willows that grow in North America, and many beautiful gardens filled with growing vegetation as in mid-summer at our home. It seems that nature always does its part well. In the wild woods it brings forth the food to feed the animals that roam there. On the wide prairies the virgin soil brings forth the wild flowers and the buffalo grass, and in the cultivated fields it yields fruit to the hands of man.

On again taking our ship we found that a queer looking set of people had come aboard while

we were absent. Fifty or more Mohammedan Arabs from the province of Tunis, lying on the northern coast of Africa, were on their way to Mecca to worship at the very ancient shrine. They had come over in a ship to Messina and went with us to Alexandria in Egypt. They occupied the extreme front end of the ship, where they slept and did their cooking. Few of them had on caps, some had sandals on their feet; most of them were barefooted, bareheaded and wore only a cotton sheet which was most ungracefully wrapped around them.

They huddle together on the hard floor of the deck like a flock of sheep. One night during a rainstorm they got under a canvas that covered about fourteen feet square on the deck, crowded in as close as pigs are put in a cattle car, and there, in the dark, far from land, and on the stormy sea, chanted in a doleful way some Mohammedan hymn or prayer. It was a queer scene to see them with their old crude camp kettles and tents, and a few baskets of fruit, on their way to the most holy place in all the lands of Mohammed, where they expect to receive renewed and eternal life in the world to come. There were also on board about twenty of the Malay race of mankind. I do not know where they were going, but I saw that they did not allow themselves to come in contact with the Arabs. They wear white trousers, small caps and shoes without counters or heels (a part of a shoe that they slip half of the foot in). I noticed them eat a meal which they prepared, consisting of rice and yellow oil. They boiled the rice in an

iron pan that held about two gallons. As soon as cooked they placed the pan with the boiled rice on the floor of the deck, six or eight sat on the floor around the pan, one of them poured on the yellow oil, the balance with their fingers stirred and stirred, until the oil was well mixed with the rice in the pan. With their fingers, without even using a "chop-stick," they ate their meal, apparently with a great relish. I am told this is the only kind of food they eat when traveling. Our ship arrived here Sunday morning and we are safely housed in the land of Egypt, of which I will write another time.

Alexandria, Egypt, February 25th, 1900.

LETTER XXX.

IN CAIRO.

LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA.—FETE DAY THERE.—
GLANCE AT HER OLD HISTORY.—VIEWS ON THE
WAY TO CAIRO.—ON THE STREETS OF OLD
CAIRO.—QUEER SCENES THERE.

WE spent a few days about a week ago in Alexandria, where we landed in old Egypt from the Mediterranean sea. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, the warm sun was shining and the cool breezes were stirring up the waters of the shallow bay. As we approached there we could see (what I never saw so marked before) large bodies of different colored water; one was very green, another as blue as the sky, and the other, lying toward the shore, a dark, deep olive. As there were no clouds in the sky at the time, I do not understand why the waters of the sea there should have that appearance. As soon as the ship cast anchor in the harbor, many strange, queer looking boatmen with their rowboats, were clustering around the stairway of the ship calling loudly and continuously to attract the attention of the passengers. The way these stalwart Egyptians strove to get near the stairway; the manner in which they scolded, quarreled and jammed their boats together, in their eagerness to secure a



EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

passenger, made it seem dangerous to go down among them. We did not understand what they were saying, but we knew if we were going to land that we must go with them about a mile to shore in their tossing, little boats, and we did, and they landed us all safely on African soil. Crude looking conveyances with boisterous drivers, and a score of clamoring guides met us on the dock. We were soon at the custom house and on our way through the streets and the narrow byways of old Alexandria to the hotel. It was our Sabbath day, but we saw no Sunday there; everything was open except the business places managed by the English.

It was a fete day and everybody was on the streets throwing candies, beans and small clippings of different colored paper. We were pelted with beans thrown from the balconies as we drove through the streets. Narrow ribbons of colored paper hung in festoons across the avenues of the city. Thousands of people, clothed in every imaginable style, thronged the market places and all the principal streets and avenues. Men with every hue of complexion and every shade of color, from white to the deepest black, were seen on every street. The natives all wear skirts; many wear red caps, but most of them are barefooted, and wear turbans around their heads. The women have their faces covered with a black mask, with a small space to see through, and not many appear on the street. This is a condition of their religious faith, and many do not appear at all in the marts of trade or in the market places.

There are many women, however, who are

toilers and bearers of burdens, and can be seen in the field, garden and street, or on the public highway with great loads on their heads, to some extent taking the place and doing part of the work that the faithful little donkey and the ugly camel are used for. The bazaars are very interesting there, as I am told they are everywhere in Egypt.

Alexander the Great founded the city and named it Alexandria, three or four hundred years B. C. After his death it became the chief city of the Macedonian dynasty. Not until Cleopatra (Serpent of the Nile) yielded name, life and empire to the Roman invader, was Egypt subdued. Alexandria, under the Caesars, became the granary of Rome; was celebrated for wealth, commerce, art, luxury, learning and refinement, and at the time St. Mark preached the Gospel there was a city of six hundred thousand people. But the long struggle between Pagans and Christians, the pillaging of the strong and greedy Romans, reduced it to about ten thousand poor, unlearned and distressed people. Not until the French invasion did the city make any progress.

Now it is a city of two hundred and forty thousand, with a harbor full of ships and trading largely with the world, with a good railroad to Cairo, and hundreds of camel caravans going to and from the interior of Africa. Pompey's pillar still stands to mark the place of suffering and great contentions. Through two thousand years this column looked down upon the struggles of the rival creeds and rival empires. Turk and Arab, infidel and Christian, Jew and Moslem have each

struggled at its feet. It has witnessed the triumph of Caesar and the victories of Bonaparte, and is the one memorial which survives the British occupation. We came to Cairo by rail from Alexandria, across the country, through the valley of the Nile, one hundred and thirty miles on a perfectly level grade—as level as the sea itself.

The lower part of the valley of the Nile is an extensive delta formed by deposits of soil that the great river has been carrying down for ages. All along from Alexandria to Cairo a public highway parallels the railroad. As we speeded along over these strange lands and through this old and wonderful country, our views from the car windows were so new and so novel and so curious that my pen cannot describe them. They must be seen to be fully appreciated. Every foot of land is under high cultivation, and is, I think, the richest in the world. Clover was being cut, packed in large, green bales and conveyed off the field by little donkeys, staggering and trembling under their huge loads. Fields of wheat were seen all along the road as thick as it could stand and just ready to shoot into head. Plowing with a plow which was but a part of a tree, one limb to stir the ground and the other to fasten the oxen to, such as were used when the world was in its infancy, was the only kind of a plow I could see. Not a fence, not a tree, except the acacia, orange, fig, date, palm and lemon. The acacia is used as a shade tree along some of the streets and the remainder grow only in cultivated gardens. Queer little villages of mud houses are along this road. Each house

has one room, small and about six feet high and without windows. Some were round on the top like a baker's oven, others had sugar cane stalks over the top. These houses are built in groups with a large mud wall about six feet high to enclose the group. It was raining as we passed them and the mud paths up to the very doorways of these hovels and the general surroundings seemed to me to indicate that these people were living in a way not much above the animal. As we neared Cairo we could see the tall old pyramids standing on the edge of the great Sahara desert on the other side of the Nile.

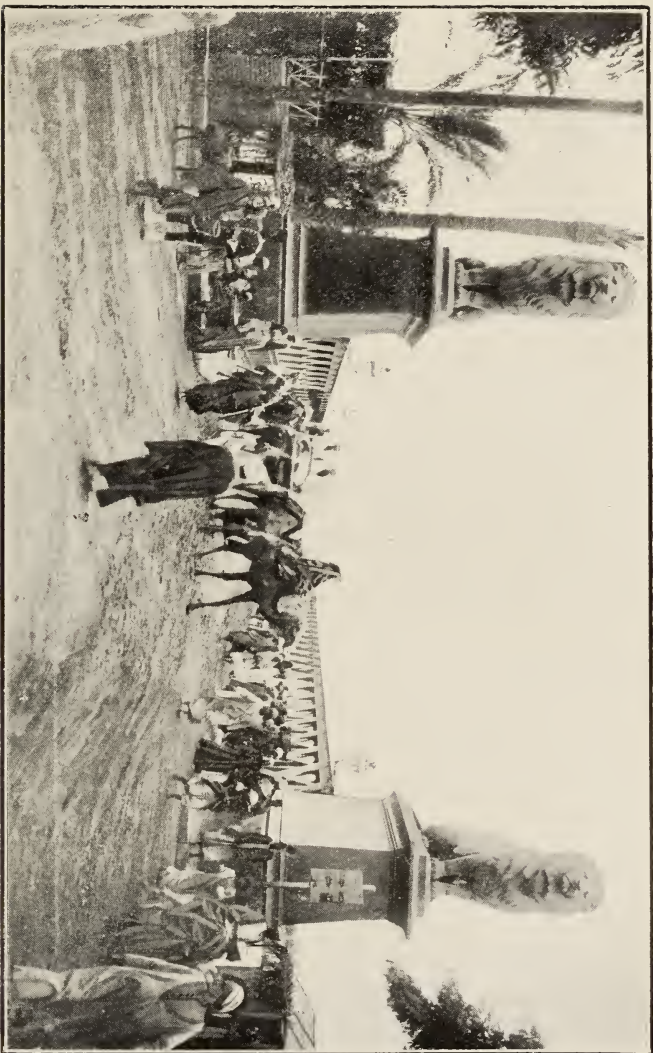
We were soon past the gates of the railroad station and were on the streets of Cairo. It was indeed a new scene for me and a very strange experience. On every side was a motley crowd and great confusion, "a babble of many tongues," a "blaze of curious costumes." We could see Syrian Jews with ringlets, Turks on horseback, Copts in high caps, black Nubians, French dandies, Italian beauties, Hindoo monstrosities, women in trousers, men in petticoats, Parthians, Medes, black, straight-haired men from India, and representatives of every nation under the sun. "That curious being in a white dress like a ballet dancer's, and legs tied up with strings," said our guide, "is an Albanian." Caravans of camels surging in the crowds jostled among the venders of fruit and cooked mysteries, laden with merchandise and products of the rich soil of the wonderful valley. Little donkeys, laden with the green grass, striving and prancing, made every effort to keep up with

the camels and with a load nearly as large. Then a landau or a victoria with two little horses and a driver with a red cap, occupied by people in European attire, slowly made its way through the narrow streets. Then we heard the voice of a runner, dressed in little but a white shirt, and bare from the knees down, crying at the top of his voice for the crowd to disperse and make way for the carriage of a grandee who sat in lordly style in his fine coach behind two gay English bob-tailed horses. And amid all this confusion the grim old Turks sat cross-legged on the carpets of their stalls, and smoked and sipped their coffee as if all was solitude around them.

As we passed through the old quarters of the city, either walking or riding, strange sights met us everywhere. One section is Arabian, another is Turkish, another is the native Egyptian, and in the new and beautiful part of the city is where the Europeans have taken possession and hold forth. Indeed, it seems to me that we have passed the gates to the orient, that we are on the border land where the old east and the new and enterprising west meet and mingle. These, "God's chosen people," as it were, have not kept pace with the west in the race of progress. In spite of the European environments, and notwithstanding the great light of civilization shines brighter and brighter every day, carrying refinement and luxury further over the earth, they seem to be less able to cope with the world, or do as well for themselves as they did five thousand years ago. May be that the once shining star of old Egypt will again rise from behind the

clouds and with her eight million people living on the richest soil in that most fertile valley of their great river, and take her place among the best nations on earth. They have not the ability to plan and project large things, but have the energy to strive for small affairs. They are civil but boisterous and not combative. Today we start up the Nile. I shall say more about Cairo and its surroundings in my next letter.

Cairo, Egypt, March 3rd, 1900.



NILE BRIDGE AT CAIRO.

LETTER XXXI.

IN EGYPT.

BAZAARS IN CAIRO.—PYRAMIDS.—ARABIC SCHOOL.—
WHERE MOSES WAS FOUND.—OLD CAIRO.—THE
NILE.—CURIOUS SCENES, ON AND ALONG
THE RIVER.

BEFORE leaving Cairo we visited so many places that were queer and strange that I will undertake to mention but a few of the most important. The bazaars in the native quarters are extremely curious. There they manufacture their wares and store, sell and display them. Main street, barely wide enough for two carriages to pass, leads into and through the strange and busy part of the great city.

It is so thronged during the day that one can scarcely push his way along. There are only narrow sidewalks and the whole street is filled with people on foot, on donkeys, in carriages, and on camels. The houses are low, project out at the top, built of stone and are ages old. From this main street lead many little straight and winding avenues, four to six feet wide, through which only people on foot and donkeys go. On each side of these passages are the stalls, five or six feet wide and four to eight feet deep. They are little rooms with three sides, built solid, and the front

bordering on the passageway entirely open. The floor is elevated a few feet, on which the better ones have a rug spread to sit upon. All sit upon the floor; not a chair or stool is to be seen. The floor of these passageways is the ground, and above it the open sky. There seemed to me to be no end to the little winding avenues, crossing each other and branching off in every imaginable direction. Acres and acres are covered with these most busy and industrial places. There is no machinery, no power; everything is made by the hand of man. Every booth is occupied. Some are making clothing, others weaving. All are doing something, sewing, selling, visiting, smoking, book-binding, baking, cooking, eating, and so on. It is difficult for one to crowd his way through these narrow places, and without a guide a stranger would soon be unable to find his way out. Strange it seem, but there are some very artistic things made there.

It is a very curious "bee hive," such as I never saw before, and is such a contrast to the way we do things, that this description will fall far short of portraying it as it is.

Just across a wide street and in this same city are the European quarters with their wide, clean, paved and magnificent streets, grand stone buildings and fine residences, beautiful gardens, with trees, shrubbery and flowers, such as grow in tropical climates, where frost never comes.

We drove over the river, and about six miles westward one afternoon to the great pyramids that stand on the edge of the dismal Sahara Desert,

that barren, sandy waste that extends over so large a part of northern Africa. I could see the wonder of my schoolboy imagination. There they stand, huge and high! Not so smooth as when new, but wrinkled and roughened by the waters that have washed their sides, and winds that have blown their sands away, since three thousand years before Christ was on earth. And it will be ages and ages before they will crumble down. People who are living five thousand years from now will look with wonder upon these piles of rock, and will justly say, no doubt, what a stupendous piece of folly; what a useless and extravagant waste of labor; what a cruel ruler who would require of his subjects such unnecessary labor or exact from his slaves such hardship, only to make a monument and a safe resting place for the bones of a tyrant. There they stand, massive and wonderful to look upon. They have never been of any use to man and never will be, except, perhaps, as a monument to represent the folly of a bygone age.

One of the most interesting things we saw in Cairo was the Arabic school. Seven thousand young people were busy studying and reciting aloud the morning we visited them; all sitting, lying or reclining on the stone floor. The building covers several acres of ground and stands on a thousand or more pillars, except the huge outside wall, and is built around a large hollow square, over which is no roof, where the warm, bright sun shines in and lights up the large interior. There are no windows and but one door. We were allowed to enter after putting on Mohammedan slippers, as

the feet of an unbeliever, otherwise clothed, are not allowed to tread on that floor.

Seven thousand children with primers and books were lying in small classes or groups over the vast stone floor, many of them in the hot sun, reciting their lesson and making a mixed and buzzing noise. The teachers, all men and in skirts, were walking around and among these children at study. It was a sight so novel and queer that it made an everlasting impression upon me. Only seven thousand children at school in a city the size of Cairo is a small proportion; undoubtedly many of the children must go untaught.

We were conducted by our guide to a place on the river where he said Pharaoh's daughter had found Moses among the bulrushes. I asked him to show us the bulrushes. "They are gone," said he. "It is a long time." "I be a Christian, no Moham-medan," said he, when he saw I was inclined to doubt his whole story. Of course, I said it must be true, to please him.

We drove through the streets of "Old Cairo," the one great city of ancient times, now a ruined and worthless place. A few of the old stone houses yet stand as monuments of former ages and some people still live there. The oldest mosque in Egypt, built in the days of the Prophet Mohammed, who personally aided in its construction when on earth, still stands in fair repair. It is the place where his faithful followers gather from all over Egypt once a year to worship in the sacred old place.

The Nile has been instrumental in making a delta



WATER CARRIERS—CAIRO.

of more than seventy thousand acres. It has driven back the waters of the ocean and made a great part of lower Egypt the richest lands in the world. Every foot of it was brought from the interior of Africa and deposited at its mouth in the Mediterranean sea. The Nile is still at work, for every year about September it rises and covers not only its new made land, but the whole valley for more than a thousand miles up from the sea. After a few weeks the enriching waters quietly recede and pass down to mingle with the green and salted waters of the ever restless sea, leaving all the fields, orchards and gardens moist and enriched, ready for another sure and bountiful crop. As its majesty approaches, it enroaches on the sea, building up more rich land and making more fields and gardens for the dusky-skinned Egyptian and the ever-faithful Mohammedan. If this wonderful river should ever cease to make its annual inundation or fail to rise high enough to spread its refreshing waters over these sun-parched fields, there would be great distress, famine and starvation.

Their prophet long ago told these people that their God would never let the Nile fail to rise and refresh their land once a year; and they are just as certain that their prophet is the only true prophet, and that the great river will rise as usual and bless the people of Egypt, as they are that the sun will continue to shine. Their love for this grand old river is so great that many approach its shores, and on the sands that border the water, kneel, bow, and worship in their humble way.

No inducement, however great, will persuade any of these people to leave their native soil; they feel so sure that this is God's favored land and that they are his chosen people; that all the world outside could not allure them away.

We were nearly a week coming from Cairo to Luxor on a little steamboat. At this time of the year the Nile is at its lowest stage and our faithful little steamer made slow progress up the river. We had very comfortable accommodations and good company (all English), so that our journey was not only novel and interesting, but pleasant. Our head steward on the boat is an Italian, the engineer an Englishman, and all the others of the crew are native Egyptians. The first three days our pilot had the boat on sandbars nearly half the time. There was such a flying around, such a confusion, such a babble of loud, fast talking, commanding and scolding among these black-skinned fellows, until the boat was off the sand, that it seemed ridiculous. The climax came on the third morning, when we arrived at a place where the river is shallow and wide. This place is called by native boatmen the "bad waters." There is only one narrow, winding channel through the place. As the river was quite low it afforded a good opportunity for the natives to block the way for our steamer. About thirty boats cast anchor in this channel and refused to let us up.

Money was what they wanted, and as there were so many boats lying there it was not possible for the captain to buy his way, so he concluded to try and push through. There are

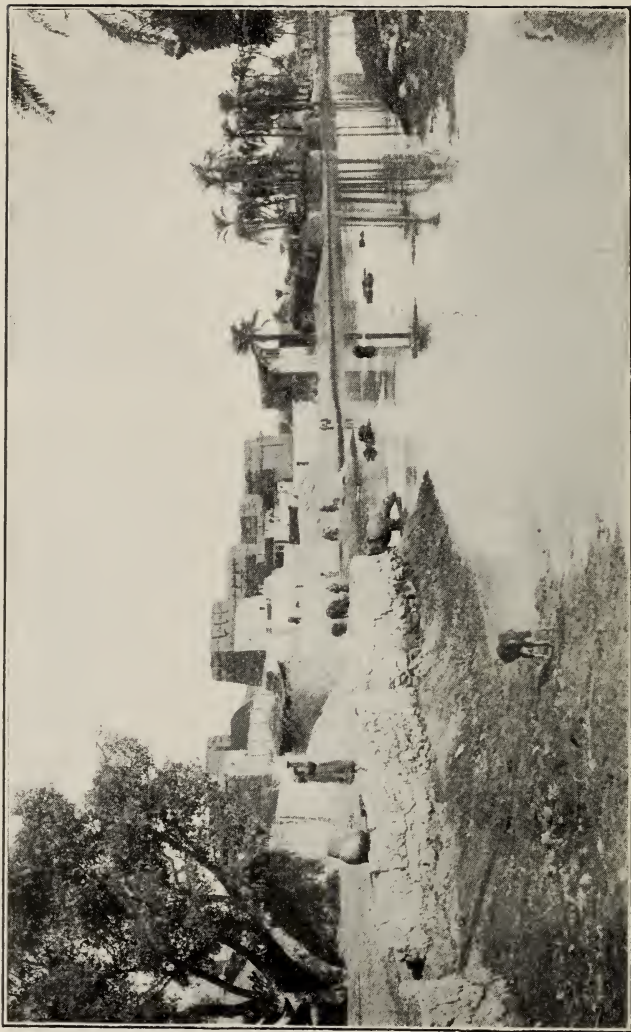
no laws, it seems, governing this river, or authority or police to compel one boat to respect the rights of another. The steamer made its way slowly, first pushing one, then striking against another. One little boat loaded with about ten tons of coal, sprung a leak during the fray. On it was a family with children, and as it slowly sank the boatmen lost control of themselves. Owners of other small boats became frightened and soon there was general consternation all along the line. Men flew into a passion, yelled and jabbered in a furious way; children cried and women wailed. Many nude black men leaped into the water (which was only about four feet deep), screaming and groaning like wild animals as they put forth all their strength to save what perhaps was all they had in this world. Such scenes! Not on the stage for amusement, but really taking place under the bright, hot rays of an African sun and on the waters of the long and far-famed Nile, made us feel, indeed, as if we were far from home in a queer country. After about three hours our boat got through this mob and again started on its way up the river.

Strings of camels, many little donkeys and numerous dark-skinned people can be seen all along the shore on both sides of the river. Men nearly naked were dipping up water from the river and pouring it into a ditch; further back others were dipping and pouring into a higher ditch, and so on until the water ran from the highest point back on the fields and gardens, to irrigate the soil. Sugar cane is cultivated and now and then a smoke-stack on the bank showed us a sugar mill was

there. I saw them separate wheat by throwing it up so that the wind blew the chaff away as the grain fell to the ground, just as these oriental people did five thousand years ago. We saw children with dirty faces covered with flies; men and women lying in the hot sun on the sandy and dusty roads, fast asleep in the middle of the day.

This river is unlike other rivers. It has no tributaries; not a stream, not even a little creek dashes down over its banks, not a bucket of water is added to its flow for one thousand five hundred miles or more, from where it joins the sea. In its long course it loses much by evaporation. The people are constantly using its waters for irrigation; consequently this river is larger at its head than at its mouth. For seven thousand years tradition and the records of man give us evidence that the Nile has been an unchangeable river. The oldest nation and the first of the human family of which the world has any reckoning, lived in this valley and dwelt upon its fertile banks. Ages and ages, no doubt, have passed since this wonderful instrument in the hands of nature has been at work robbing the marshes and valleys of the Abyssinian mountains of their rich mud and carrying it thousands of miles down, forming new land, enriching the soil of the old and making the people happy. Next week we expect to spend in upper Egypt where the great ancient city of Thebes once stood.

Luxor, Egypt, March 11th, 1900.



SCENE ON THE NILE.

LETTER XXXII.

UPPER EGYPT.

IRRIGATION.—THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.—MOON.
LIGHT TRIP IN ESNEH.—IN EDFOU.—DESCRIP-
TION OF KARNAK.—THE GREAT DAM ON
THE NILE.

WE are now in old upper Egypt, once the land of the proud Thebans whose cities and temples were the envy of such countries as Greece and the Roman Empire. Ancient Memphis in lower Egypt, and the grand City of Thebes, were once jealous rivals.

Wars ensued, dreadful carnage and bloodshed followed in the train of the conquerors; dynasties fell and empires passed away in the conflicts that raged from time to time. Skilled laborers were made slaves, and their religion changed by the power of the sword; their temples, the huge monuments built of granite and stone, are the only traces left now by which we may read something of the beauty and power of these people of so many centuries ago. The constant wars about religion and the ambition of rulers for conquest, discouraged progressive men. Nations retrograded and the dark ages which followed, blotted out and covered up the records and history of this most interesting people.

Now they are a nation of beggars—naked, hungry and without money. They seem, however, strong and healthy, and will work hard to earn a pittance. Thousands of them work at lifting water from the Nile to irrigate the land, and, I am told, they work twelve to fifteen hours a day and receive from one to one and a half piastres per day, equal to five to seven and a half cents. They will run on foot driving a donkey six miles for a few pennies.

We would know little of the advancement their ancestors attained if it were not for the huge walls and massive columns of their old temples. The cradle of civilization was perhaps rocked first on the banks of the Nile, and the religion of the most ancient people made known by the hieroglyphics that decorate the immense walls of their worshiping places.

A few days ago we visited the temple of Denderah, on the west bank of the Nile, and about five hundred miles up from the sea. It is a well preserved ruin of Egyptian architecture and represents an age about the time Christ appeared among the Jews. In the portico of the main entrance stands twenty-four beautiful and massive columns, fifty feet high, supporting a roof of rock perhaps twenty feet thick. At this portal the monarch presented himself in long robes and sandaled feet. Those who can read the writing and pictures carved on the walls, say: "In this hall is where he was recognized by the gods as king of High and Low Egypt."

In the rear of this are many chambers with thick, solid walls and high ceilings; some are with-

out a ray of God's light, while others have a slight opening where the sun peeps gently in. Some of these rooms were for the assembling of the priests and preparation for the festivals; others for the preparations of the sacred oils, and one for the king only, which was the inner sanctum and he only entered this holy place once a year. Nothing can be more curious and rich than the carving and hieroglyphics that adorn the massive pillars and walls. The ceilings are still covered at places with astronomical paintings. The serpent adorns the edifice on the various walls, some walking on human legs and others erect like corkscrews. Many other strange things are here represented as offerings to the unknown deity, all equally preposterous.

A winding stone stairway leads to the top. The steps, now nearly worn down, presented to us a wierd way to an ancient roof of rocks. From the top, however, the view is fine. The fields with growing crops; the glistening grand old Nile that keeps the gardens green; the awful desert, and a chain of barren hills that stretch away towards the shores of the Red sea make a grand scene. The people, whose energy built this wonderful structure and adorned it with such art and learning, were afterward slaves for the Greeks, their grand temples partially destroyed and the beautiful carvings defaced by the invading Christians. Such is only a glimpse of what I saw at the ruins of Denderah. It lay for centuries submerged. Towns were built up around it and over its top. Like Pompeii it has been uncovered. The rubbish of

many buildings accumulating for ages, has partly been taken away and part of the old temple at least is open to the sky again.

On the evening of the next day our little steamer tied up for the night at Esneh, the most picturesque and amusing little city on the upper Nile. The moon was shining brightly. Someone said, "let us see the temple here by moonlight." Ten of us struggled up the dusty bank and made our way between low, dried mud brick houses on narrow streets, led by one of the natives from our boat, who could speak a little English. In a few minutes we were surrounded by a host of anxious natives with crude lanterns, who knew perhaps a half dozen words of English. Each was a guide, "authorized by the chief," and they all proposed to act with or without our consent. By the time we arrived at the door of the temple each one of our party had about three attendants, or self-engaged guides. On this moonlight parade most of us had forgotten our government tickets and we could not enter the temple it seems without them. So we bargained with the doorkeeper that he should go with us to the boat after we had seen this temple by moonlight. He knew it would mean a tip for him and readily consented to see our tickets there. The entrance is down a long stairway to a part of the temple; most of it is not excavated yet. There was no possible chance for the moon to shine in from any side, so we saw what we did see by the dim light of the candle. The part we saw was the entrance hall, with the same huge columns and decorated walls as the one just de-

scribed. It was built about the same period. As we came out we found the street full of queer people, two policemen in uniform, and two guards with guns like our army muskets. We started after our guide to see the bazaars as the little shops were still open—one policeman in front and one in the rear of our party and the armed guards one on each side of us. It made us feel as if we were prisoners and guarded, for fear we might escape and not have the government tickets we told them were at the boat. I learned, however, that the main object was to prevent their people from annoying us, but they failed in this, as the beggars and vendors of trifles and useless things were so extremely persistent that one could scarcely pass along. Now and then we would see an officer strike one of their people with a club or stick of some kind, but I could at no time make out what the offense was. As we marched, guarded on all sides, through the queer avenues and deep dusty roads, by the dreadful hovels and amid these sad environments back to our boat, I felt that all was strange around me. Yes, very strange, except the moon and the many stars that shone and twinkled in the sky. When we arrived at our boat it seemed like a good temporary home. After the mob that followed us was dispersed and back to their accustomed places, we felt relieved. We made up a few shillings and gave to the doorkeeper of the temple for him to divide with those who had given us proper attention. The squabble that followed for a part of this small sum was not only terrible but in a sense very pitiful.

Further up the river at Edfou we saw another well preserved old temple which had been entirely uncovered and is the most perfect specimen of any of the Egyptian temples. Not many years ago the modern village of Edfou covered the whole structure except the one hundred and fifteen foot tower. Even the terraces of the top were concealed by the houses built on the roof and the interior was filled with rubbish to the very ceiling. The entrance hall, or great court, is one hundred and fifty feet square and surrounded by thirty-two dissimilar columns, carved with queer caricatures, all representing something of importance to the people of that time.

I must not forget to mention Karnak, near the town of Luxor, although now much ruined, it once was the largest and greatest temple of Thebes. Nearly four thousand years ago this great edifice stood in all its beauty. It must have been a grand sight with its avenue lined by two hundred enormous statues leading to the temple, and many others with porticos and archways leading in every direction from this wonderful structure. A glorious portal opens into a vast court crowded with a perfect forest of the most magnificent columns covered with hieroglyphics, and richly painted. But now forty centuries have come and gone; time has dimmed its beauty and ages have been leveling it down. Its crumbling dust lies darkening the horizon where once its portals and obelisks stood in all their grandeur. We passed under a large archway and along the avenue of sphinxs, whose heads are broken off, but their ped-



ENTRANCE TO KARNAK TEMPLE ON THE NILE.

estals and bodies remain unmoved since the time of Joseph. I thought, as I was standing within those walls of the wonderful endurance of that noble edifice, and how long it has withstood the ravages of time, and I wondered, as I looked at the grand old Nile winding its way between its shores and over the sands just as it flowed since this world began, if it will ever cease or even change its path to the sea.

The tombs of the kings hewn out of solid rock are also near Luxor. Some recede into the mountain a distance of five hundred feet. All were made at the expense of much labor and were intended as a place where the kingly bodies might forever rest in safety. In 1871 there was discovered a large tomb filled with coffins, heaped one upon another. This important find was concealed for awhile, but after a few years it became known to the government, an investigation followed, and the result is the museums are filled now with mummies.

We landed here at Assouan from the steamer Wednesday evening, after a sail up the cataract, on a small boat, where the steamer could not go amid the rocks and fast running current. We found a very good English hotel, recently built on the rocks at the edge of a vast desert, overlooking the first cataract in the Nile and about seven hundred and fifty miles up from the sea. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub, not a tree, only rocks, sand and water could be seen about or around this place. Here the Nile has worked its way through a chain of mountains and it now flows rapidly over and between these rocks. This

is the gateway to Nubia, Khartoum, and other African provinces. Here is where we can see the Barabras, half naked Bicharis and negroes of every kind. The Nubians are tall and slender and their features rather intellectual; They oil their soft dusky black or bronze skins with an oil which has an unpleasant odor to us and their women move about like so many sable Venuses. Yesterday a party of us on the backs of camels rode out over the desert to visit the camps of a tribe of Bicharis. We found them a "lively lot." They gathered around us like hungry wolves, making every effort to have us dismount; begging for something of value to them and striving the best they knew how to sell us beads and shells from the Soudan. They wanted to dance for pay. The expression of their faces with their dancing eyes and their wuzzy-fuzzy hair was wild. As they came out from under their miserable little tents and swarmed about us, their appeals were pitiful. On the desolate desert, under the burning sun and half naked, with apparently nothing to eat, seemed like starvation.

Near this place the government is building a dam across the Nile, seventy feet high and one and one-fourth miles long, which will dam the water of the Nile for more than a hundred miles up the river, and will make, perhaps, the largest reservoir in the world. This is to assist irrigating the lands and to improve navigation. It is being built of granite and limestone and is one of the most important undertakings of modern times. From fifteen to twenty thousand men are employed

by a Scotch firm that has the contract to complete it within the next four years. Many million acres of fertile soil in this country of Upper Egypt where it never rains, will be made to yield fruitful crops for a large part of Egypt. Another great dam further down is also in process of building, which will be another blessing they are getting by the good offices of the English people, although nominally Egypt is a province of the Turkish Empire and pays an annual tribute to the Sultan, yet it is managed and policed by the English government, which is doing much for the good of this dependent country.

In conclusion, I must say that our visit to Egypt has been a very interesting one. It is getting too warm up here now and we find it necessary to retrace our steps towards the north to find a more congenial clime.

Assouan, Egypt, March 17th, 1900.

LETTER XXXIII.

THE HOLY LAND.

MUMMIES.—MUSEUM.—TO PALESTINE.—JOPPA.—DEATH
OF A FELLOW TRAVELER.—IN JERUSALEM.
—THE HOLY SEPULCHER.—SOLOMON'S
TEMPLE.

SINCE last writing, which was in Upper Egypt, and before coming here, we spent a few more days in Cairo. I had thought that I would say no more about Egypt, but every day we saw something new there, and the longer we stayed in Cairo the more interesting it seemed to me.

It is a large city and is as truly cosmopolitan as the world can make it. The scenes on the streets are so varied that one can gaze upon the throngs, not only days, but weeks—and never tire. One can drive out through the great avenues that lead in from the country, and find these highways filled with a moving crowd of people and animals. Little boys and men are leading strings of camels, miles long, laden with grass and other products of the soil. Hundreds of donkeys with men on their backs go pacing along in the throng. Women in black gowns, most of them with veiled faces and sitting cross-legged on donkey carts, jolt along in this curious way. Some walk with great loads on their heads and others are

mounted high up on the back of rocking camels. These people are poorly dressed and barefooted, sleeping with their animals on the open plain; they rise in the morning, load their animals with grass or other products of the soil, and together they proceed to make their way to the great city and help to fill the streets with the motley crowds we so often hear about.

These highways, or avenues, are several feet above the adjoining land and are well built. They are lined for miles out by the acacia tree, which makes a cooling shade in this country of sunshine. The beautiful driveways, the fine green fields, the delightful cool breezes, and the many queer-looking sights, make these drives not only the most novel, but the most entertaining I ever experienced.

We spent a half day in the Ghizeh museum, which contains the most remarkable collections of monuments and antiquities in the world. Only in comparatively recent years has the uncovering of temples and tombs revealed to the world the evidence of a great people who lived so long before recorded history began. Within the last thirty years the temple of Karnak and the tombs of the Thebes, near Luxor, have added much to ancient history. In those tombs in the mountains, hundreds of feet in the rock, down secret winding avenues and far from the open light, were discovered large chambers hewn out of solid rock, painted, decorated and filled with coffins. The hieroglyphics on the caskets gave the names and other information of those who were sealed therein.

These, now known as mummy cases, were made of cement or hewn out stone. After a king, a member of his family, a rich person or priest died, it seems the body was embalmed and after a time placed in such a case, sealed up airtight and taken to the hidden vaults under these mountains of rock, where many of them have laid for five thousand years or more, undisturbed. Many of them now are on exhibition in this museum. After fifty centuries have come and gone these kings, queens and priests, have their old bodies resurrected, and now in a fairly well-preserved condition lie in state in a beautiful palace for this and future generations to look upon. The hieroglyphics on vegetable parchment, which are found in these tombs are wonderfully well preserved, and are of such a character that Egyptian scholars have partially deciphered them.

The monuments are numerous, ancient and very interesting. Strange it seems, that the winds, the Nile and the sands, in time would cover up the temples for thousands of years, and that the people in this age would again bring them forth and show them to the world as evidence of the skill and power of the prehistoric age.

There are many places and things of note to see, that are merely handed down by tradition and are now accepted only as myths by the learned; but there in old Egypt's museum is the evidence of much unrecorded history many times confirmed.

The 25th of March had come and with it hot weather; and as we had already tarried longer in



VIEW IN JERUSALEM.

Egypt than we expected, we bid farewell to the great city of Cairo and started down the Nile over a part of the fertile delta and through the Land of Goshen, on our way to old Palestine. We crossed over near the Red sea and not far from where Moses led the Children of Israel out of bondage into this, their "promised land." Our train skirted along the great Suez canal for about twenty miles and we saw large steamships and other craft slowly moving along on this narrow way for ports in India, and other eastern cties, or perhaps going westward, laden with products of the orient to find a market in the western part of the world. A ship from Bombay for London can shorten her route four thousand five hundred miles by paying toll to the English and proceeding through this canal. These works are a great saving to the travel and traffic between the east and the west. If the Panama canal is ever built by the Americans or any other people it will be a great saving in time and expense to the commerce and trade between the ports of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The day is certainly close at hand when this great work should be done and I hope it will be our people of the great western republic who will build and control it, not only for our benefit, but for the commerce of the world.

It was night and dark when our train reached Port Said. The station was full of porters, dragomen, etc., yelling, screaming and grabbing for baggage as usual here. An old rattling 'bus soon brought us to the shore of the Mediterranean, where little boats in the dim, glimmering light lay

rocking on the waves waiting for passengers who wished to go on board the ship which was lying a mile out in the sea. To get in these little row boats with strange, noisy and scolding boatmen and plunge out over the waves at night on a dark and deep sea is not a very pleasant experience. But we were soon on board a larger and safer boat, and on our way to Joppa. About the middle of the next day, the weather being fine, we saw with the naked eye in the distance, a line of bluish heights, which are the mountains of Judea, then a yellow shore and ancient Joppa with its terraces, like a fortress on the slope of a hill, announced that we were approaching the Holy Land of the Christians. Without unusual difficulty we landed. With passport in hand we got by the custom house and entered the land of Syria, now a province of the Turkish Empire on the continent of Asia.

We arrived at the hotel—the Jerusalem house—a few minutes later, when we were shocked and pained by the sad news that Captain Thomas Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio, an acquaintance and a fellow traveler with us on part of this journey, was lying dead in an adjoining house and that he had died in Jerusalem, in the hotel where I am now writing, of pneumonia, a few days before. The members of his family who were traveling with him, consisting of wife, daughter and sister and Rev. Ford C. Ottman, of Jersey City, who volunteered to accompany the distracted family, were returning for home with the body to Cleveland, Ohio. Captain Wilson was a prominent citizen of Cleveland. He owned and operated a

line of boats on the lakes there. He was president of the Central National bank, of Cleveland, of which Col. J. J. Sullivan is cashier, one of the largest banks in Ohio. He was also a stockholder in the First National bank of Canton, Ohio. His death will be not only a loss in Cleveland, but elsewhere, and his friends will ever remember him as a pleasant, genial and enterprising man.

Joppa is an old city and figures largely in biblical and ancient history. In the days of Solomon it was the port for Jerusalem and from what I can see here now it is the seaport for Jerusalem yet. It has often been captured, destroyed and rebuilt. It has an estimated population now, I am told, of thirty-five thousand, mostly Mohammedans.

In the afternoon of the same day that we arrived in Joppa, we left for this old noted place by a little narrow gauge railroad. We had a most interesting ride on a beautiful day over the Plains of Sharon, up the valleys and between the bluish mountain tops in Judea, until we arrived in the historic old city of Jerusalem. We were greatly entertained all along the way. First by the green and fragrant orange fields, where the trees in bloom were still adorned with the yellow fruit, juicy and ripe, waiting and ready to be pulled. I had often heard of the celebrated Joppa orange, and we find them a large and fine fruit, and of course, more delicious when just plucked from the tree full grown and ripe. Then came miles and miles of olive trees, standing in long rows over large plains extending far in every direction. After these the

fertile fields of wheat and barley and meadows of grass hove in sight, among which were fields just being plowed, giving us evidence that it was near seeding time for other products of this soil. I keenly felt the contrast between this land and the dreadful sandy desert of Upper Egypt. We entered the narrow valleys close by the mountain sides that rose higher and higher as our little engine struggled up the winding way. We noticed many little terraces apparently hanging on and covering the mountain sides far up towards the top on which the green pastures grow. All along the valleys on the sward and near the railroad, the ground was decorated with wild flowers. The "Rose of Sharon," (a flower they call by that name here) resembling the dark red poppy, seemed to be growing everywhere along the mountain sides. Strange pink and yellow flowers, wild and beautiful were also blooming here. The altitude was higher and the atmosphere cooler as we neared the old and far famed capital of the Jewish Empire. I must confess that I am disappointed in the dirty old city with its crooked, narrow and badly paved lanes. It does seem as if little is left of the ancient city of Zion. But it must be remembered that Jerusalem has been destroyed and rebuilt seven or more times and that some of its ancient walls lie now one hundred and twenty feet beneath the surface of the ground. It is only by penetrating the crust of rubbish and decay that shroud the many sacred places from view that enable us to realize the Jerusalem of antiquity.

The ruins we can see, of course, inspire one

with great interest, but the degraded aspect of the present city and its material and moral decline is a melancholy termination to the stupendous scenes once enacted here. Its history is well known. It is constantly being visited by the clergy and other scholars, and from the pulpit and the platform, Repository readers often hear, and are familiar with all of Palestine. For this reason I will say but little in detail of this well known and historic land and only refer to a few of the noted places.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre now standing over the spot where it is supposed Christ was crucified is a very noted place and the accepted shrine of all the branches of the Christian religion. It is nearing Easter time now and the pilgrims are preparing for the great annual event. Many of them remain here for weeks and worship every day. We saw many very peculiar and differently dressed people in the old church, moving through its corridors and worshipping at its various chapels. Armenians with their strange, but pleasant faces; Russians with their strong build, fair complexions, uncombed hair and heavy cow-hide boots; Latins in modest dress, and the Greek priests with their long hair and high hats, with a ring at the top, were there, all seeking in their way for the blessings of their God and future life.

We paid a visit yesterday to the site of King Solomon's Temple, which is on one of the four hills in Jerusalem. Little remains of the noted edifice: A large rock upon which a part of the great temple once rested remains to mark the spot. Other

temples and palaces have been built upon this site and passed entirely away since the days of Solomon. The order of Free Masonry dates its origin from the building of King Solomon's Temple, and the pride of the craft is that it remained a fraternal order for so many centuries, and withstood the vicissitudes of time for more than three thousand years. But I am sorry to say that no Christian Mason can visit or tread upon the ground or floor where their ancient institution first began, without getting permission of a Mohammedan governor, nor can one see the rock, the only vestige left of the old temple, without putting on Mohammedan shoes and entering through a guarded door of the finest Mohammedan mosque in the world. In the center of this fine Moslem worshiping place and fenced in to prevent it from being trod upon, lies this huge rock which the Mohammedans consider too sacred for either Christian or Jew to tread upon.

This morning we ascended Mount Olive, almost four hundred feet above Jerusalem, and viewed the spot where it is said Jesus ascended to Heaven. In the not far appearing distance the quiet Dead Sea glistens in the sunshine. The river Jordan was in sight and the blue range of the Moab mountains lined the misty horizon beyond, altogether making a beautiful picture from the highest point in or around Jerusalem. We saw there the tomb of the Virgin Mary and the rocky spot where it is said Judas betrayed his master and many other traditional places in which Jerusalem abounds. We halted by Rachel's tomb which is



ST. ANNE'S CHURCH—JERUSALEM.

in possession of the Jews, on our way to Bethlehem, and the Pools of Solomon.

While in Bethlehem we visited the ancient Christian church of St. Mary, which is built on the spot where Christ was born. In one part the Catholics were holding service and in the main chapel the Russian pilgrims were worshipping in the Greek faith. Most of the people in Bethlehem are Christians, but here in Jerusalem the Moham-medans are the most numerous, but the Jews own most of the property and they are now building some good house and making a part of the city appear more modern. But the old and far-famed Jerusalem lies buried beneath the rubbish of the new. So much of its wonderful history is purely traditional, and the true character of these ancient people so imperfectly understood, that religious contentions and consequent wars and bloodshed have unfortunately resulted. It is the birth-place of the Christian religion, and while it has made little progress here in the east it has spread with wonderful rapidity over the west and among a superior people. The time seems to be approaching, when contending creeds shall "bury the hatchet" and peaceful tolerance in the future prevail.

Jerusalem, March 29th, 1900. ,

LETTER XXXIV.

IN ASIA.

BEYROUT.—AMERICAN COLLEGE.—BAALBEK.—SCENES
IN DAMASCUS —SYRIA.

NOT wishing to tarry longer in Jerusalem we came here to the land of Syria, which is and has been an Asiatic province of Turkey for nearly five hundred years. This old and world-famed city of Damascus is one of the provincial capitals of the Turkish Empire. The Bible tells us how King David conquered the town after a bloody war and how Solomon failed to hold it for Israel.

Alexander the Great made subject all of Syria, and Damascus paid tribute to that great conqueror. In later centuries the Tartars, the Arabs and the Romans all pillaged here. It was the earliest manufacturing city in the world, and in old times an important commercial place, being at the head of caravan traffic with Persia and the east. But the constant danger that harassed them on the outside by powers stronger than they, drove them into dependence and slavery and their history now only tells of their constant misfortune and miserably governed subjects of the Sultan. Blinded by superstition and hatred of those who differed from them in religion, they fell upon the Christians who

lived here, and in one day and night murdered six thousand in cold blood. That was a terrible day for Damascus, an awful shedding of blood, killing kin, neighbor and brother of the same race. Men in the prime of life, old and young, murdered because they did not think on religious matters as their slayers did.

All seems peaceful here now, although I notice our hotel manager has the large outer door closed and locked as soon as it becomes dark. The hotel is built of good stone. Even the floors and windowsills are all stone. The thick walls are built around a hollow square, making it a beautiful open court in which are green trees and fine shrubbery growing. A large fountain in the center adds to this charming place. The passageway into this court and hotel is through this large heavy door which is kept locked after dark as a precaution against intruders from the outside. The guests of the hotel are advised not to go on the streets after dark.

The population is over two hundred thousand. There are only about three hundred Protestants living here, six hundred Latins (Catholics), thirty-five thousand of the Greek church—all Christians—and the balance Moslems, except there are about four thousand Jews who live and do business here. The Moslems have, it is said, two hundred and forty-eight mosques and colleges. In some, sermons are preached every Friday, (their Sabbath) in many others are chapels and schools for the repetition of the canonical prayers. They have some libraries, but it is too difficult for a

stranger to obtain access to them. The chief study is theology, including the interpretation of the Koran and the traditions of the prophets. The American mission has been busy working for many years and its school is well attended. The native Moslem is proud and ignorant. He feels the superiority of the west, and does not want to be disturbed in religious matters.

There are ten thousand primitive looms for the weaving of silk, cotton and woolen stuffs, which are of great beauty. But the ancient manufacturers are on the decline and not able to compete with the ever progressive western people.

Our journey here from Palestine was a very interesting one. We came via Joppa and the sea. We debarked at Beyrut, the most important commercial town of Syria and the seaport for Damascus. We visited there the American endowed college, which is a fine, stone building, standing in beautiful grounds on the heights overlooking the sea. The snow-capped mountains of Lebanon are not far distant and the blue waters of the Mediterranean are breaking on the rocks just below. On one side are the mists of the sea, on the other, terrace over terrace, hang on the mountain side, all fragrant with the apricot and orange that are now blossoming there; vines with rich and rare flowers creep over the branches of other trees. The green olive and the fig not yet in bloom are there and together the decorated steep makes a picture fine enough for the Gods to look upon. On this most grand and beautiful spot American philanthropy has erected this structure, embellished the grounds:

and laid out walks. The oriental boys from all directions come there to be educated in English and learn western ways from American teachers.

From Beyrout we went by rail to El-Muallaka. This is a very picturesque ride, first through fruitful gardens and among blooming trees, then up steep grades between mountains, winding around and up until we reached the cedars of Lebanon, where the air is much cooler than down by the sea, where we started. On these mountains is where Solomon procured the cedar for building the great temple at Jerusalem.

This trip was very strange, over a queer road in a strange land, and it somewhat reminded me of going by rail over the Alps in Switzerland, or the Rocky Mountains in America. At El-Muallaka we took a carriage, driving for four hours over fenceless highways, along the farms of an old country, with a primitive people. Many queer scenes met us along the way. Our native driver first took us to the tomb of Noah, which is by the roadside and not far from the village of El-Muallaka, where it is said the commander of the Ark lies buried. I am not sure of this. It is a long time since the "flood." He then stopped by the roadside where a dozen or more girls were lounging on the grass. I do not know why our driver stopped there unless it was to give these girls, who gathered around the carriage, an opportunity to see strangers in their country, for they stared at us and curiously smiled. I noticed these girls had their eyelashes stained black and their finger nails painted red,

which is, it seems, an oriental style. They were Christian girls and did not have to cover their faces like Mohammedan women. Their queer actions and simple manners were as curious to us, as ours were to them, perhaps. All along this way we met dark, black haired people, to us fantastically dressed and in all imaginable styles; some on donkeys, some on camels and others on foot. Some women in trousers and men in skirts. These are the peasants of Syria going to the market or carrying freight to the railroad. By the roadside men, women and children were at work tilling the soil in the most primitive way. Their plows are only sticks of wood, and their oxen pulling them are poor and weak. For about twenty miles we rode along these farms in a valley, which lies between the mountains of Lebanon, that are now covered with snow, although it is spring time in the valley.

We remained for the night at Baalbek, where we found a fair oriental hotel with the usual stone roof and floor. An old temple partly standing is now the pride of this village. Its tottering columns, its massive arches of solid stone, its fine carvings and Grecian architecture, reveal to us the power and skill of a people that once dwelt there. The world has changed since this grand edifice was new, more than two thousand years ago. The people here are not able, nor competent, to build such structures now, and the people in the world who are, have no use for temples. Most of the old temples were built with slave labor, but free labor is too wise to be wasted on a structure that would afford so little comfort to the people.

From there we drove down to the railroad and proceeded by rail to Damascus, the trip being much like the one of the preceding day. On approaching this city the train came down a fruitful valley on the banks of a dashing, winding mountain stream. As we neared the city the stream grew larger and we find it now between two stone walls, a fast flowing river just in front of our hotel, where it adds irrigation and freshness to the city.

The people here in Damascus are not as dark as in Egypt, some are white, but the most of them have a swarthy skin. They are not a lazy people, it would seem to me, as we find them busy everywhere. There are thousands of bazaars and little shops where they are manufacturing, exhibiting and vending their various wares. Some are imported from Europe, Persia and Japan, but most of the goods are made in the small shops and by hand, and I presume just as they made them thousands of years ago. Some of their hand work is beautiful, and they have fine silk and woolen goods for sale which are dyed and woven here. I saw them at work yesterday hammering brass and copper into pans, bowls, kettles, etc. I also saw them hammering out of steel the famous Damascus sword, which had a reputation as an edged tool before the rest of the world knew how to make steel. A large part of their business streets are arched over by a roof so that the sun and the rain might not disturb the busy hive that buzzes therein. These streets are not narrow like in Jerusalem—where carriages may not go and only donkeys walk within the walls of the city—but are from twenty to eighty

feet wide. It is pleasant when the sun is shining to drive through the covered streets, and a queer experience to see the motley throng.

We see here the fantastic dress and flowing gear of the Syrian peasant; the Mohammedan in skirts, bare footed and head wrapped with a turban; the native Christian in his red cap and mixed dress; the native Christian women not so much unlike their sisters in Europe, and the Mohammedan woman with her feet bare and her face covered with a hideous mask. Also large camels with long poles on their backs, dangerously turning and swinging their load near the heads of the people; horses and carriages, donkeys and mules, laden with grain and other freight, slowly making progress along the way.

Shopkeepers and salesmen are out on the street entreating and begging of you to only visit their place. "Come in and see." "It will cost you nothing to visit us." "We like to show you our fine goods." After you go in they at once hang a curtain before the door so that their competitors will not see their customers and make an effort to get them in their place. If you only ask the price of an article the efforts of the salesman will be renewed with great vigor to sell it to you. If you say the price is too high and offer about one-third the price he gave you, he will answer, "No, no, here, take it for nothing," which he knows will not be done. If you slowly walk to the door he will follow and make another price just a little above your offer.

In this country only the valleys are fruitful and

so much of the land is untillable that I cannot understand how the people live or where the large cities have their support. If our farmers in America could see the farms here, the implements used, how the land is tilled and what the people grow on their soil, they would feel very grateful for what nature is doing in the great west. I am convinced from what I have seen, not only here, but elsewhere, that the tillers of the land in the United States with their fine homes, large barns and fertile fields, are the favored people of the world.

Damascus, Syria, April 7, 1900.

LETTER XXXV.

IN TURKEY.

ALONG THE ASIATIC SHORE.—MEETING IOWA PEOPLE.
—ALEXANDRETTA.—TARSUS.—RHODES.—ISLE
OF PATMOS.—SMYRNA.—CONSTANTINOPLE.—
BLACK SEA.

FROM Damascus we again made our way to the sea. At Beyrout we embarked on an Austrian ship which was going northward along the coast of Asia. The ship cruised along the coast for more than a week and stopped at many ports, taking on and unloading freight. Also many native passengers, Syrians and Turks; some first class and finely dressed, others in rags lying around on the outer deck, were on board the ship. Several of these Turks who were traveling first class, I am told, had their wives out on deck sleeping on the floor with only a blanket and pillow for a bed.

It appears that only favorites of the Sultan and men of position here have any consideration. Women have no position and very little respect is paid them. They are only considered, it seems, a high grade of property. To see these women sitting out among the boxes of freight on the open deck, many with faces covered and white sheets over them looking like ghosts, made one feel that this part of the world is a land of superstition and injustice. We met on this ship ex-Governor

Larrabee and family, of Iowa, who with other friends were journeying in sunny lands. We enjoyed their company for several weeks, while in Turkey and Greece, and were sorry when our paths diverged.

On the 8th of April, a balmy and beautiful Sunday morning, we anchored and spent the day at Alexandretta, a town of seven thousand population. It is situated on a green plain lying on the northeast shore of the Mediterranean, and surrounded by towering mountains. It seems like a lonely little place hid away from the world in a small corner of a great sea.

From the ship I saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze over a little white house near the shore. The flag looked more beautiful than ever to me. The Americans on board hailed it with pleasure and admiration. This was the office of William R. Davis, the American consul, whose home is near Salineville, Ohio, not far from Canton. The vice consul is an English gentleman who has lived there eighteen years. He is in the business of buying and baling licorice root for an American company. These gentlemen showed us the licorice works and through the very queer town, which made our visit a pleasant one. The licorice root is brought there on camels from many parts of Asia Minor and some even from Russia, from where it is shipped to New York, boiled into a paste and sold to the manufacturers of tobacco. Thousands of tons go to New York and it is used in this way.

I learned from Mr. Davis that one of the well-to-do natives there who had three wives had just

returned from a trip to Constantinople with his fourth. While in the great city he found a beautiful young girl fourteen years of age; bargained with her father for her and finally got her for two hundred and fifty English sovereigns, which is about \$1,250. This is a very great price, as usually about \$150 buys an ordinary wife. This native had told Mr. Davis that the new young wife had not yet been informed of his other three wives and he disliked to tell her. In this country a man can, after being married seven years, divorce any or all of his wives at his own option without their consent or any legal ceremony.

The next day the ship stopped at Mersina, a town surrounded by beautiful gardens and the seaport for Tarsus, which lies seventeen miles inland. Tarsus, which is a dirty town of eighteen thousand people, is only noted for being the birthplace of the Apostle St. Paul. From there we sailed to Rhodes, one of the old Crusade cities of Asia Minor, where the walled harbor and mighty fortress still stand, but the great Colossus so long one of the seven wonders of the world, that stood at and guarded the harbor, was wrecked by an earthquake years ago.

Very interesting indeed was our little tramp through this queer old city with its narrow streets winding between the walls of the houses of solid stone, that have stood the ravages of time for nearly one thousand years. But after a few centuries these enthusiastic Christians were compelled to yield all these historic and traditional lands, sacred to them as the birthplace of their religion, to the

unbelievers. Today the powerful Ottoman Empire holds sway over all the people and all the lands over which Christ and his apostles first spread the new religion among the Jews, and rules them all in the Moslem faith. Strange it seems to me that so much of the religion in the world has been fixed, not by reason and justice, but by the arbitration of the world.

Soon after we left this historic old city we sailed (just as the sun was going down in a radiant glow) by the lonely little Isle of Patmos, where St. John in a vision had revealed to him the Revelations. We were much pleased with our visit to Smyrna, which is one of the large cities of the Turkish Empire and one of the principal ports on the Mediterranean sea. In that city of three hundred and fifty thousand people are many Christians and Jews as well as Mohammedans. Wares of European manufacture are for sale there as well as oriental goods and the many fine displays in the bazaars and shops are very attractive. Their crescent shaped avenues and covered streets, with no sidewalks, are filled with people of many nations. Many strange and curious in appearance, with dogs, donkeys, camels and carts, making a motley scene long to be remembered.

The next morning after leaving Smyrna we entered the far famed Dardanells on our way here. At sunrise we passed the Turkish war fleet that quietly lay at the entrance of this winding, narrow way, guarding the only passage to the great Moslem capital from the Mediterranean. Also controlling the only outlet of the Black sea upon

which Russia so much depends and which causes constant fear of trouble between these two great powers. By noon we entered the little Marmora sea. After sailing a few hours with the distant snow covered mountains in view, we came in sight of the great old town. Its many domes and beautiful minartes pointing skyward, plainly told us that we were approaching a Mohammedan city. From the sea it looks beautiful with its many colored stone houses, standing at the water's edge and up the sides of the sloping heights grandly overlooking the limpid waters of the Marmora sea. Like Rome it is built on seven hills, but unlike any other city in the world it stands on two continents—Europe and Asia. On entering the city I was disappointed in finding narrow, winding and dirty streets, filled with stench, garbage and dogs. We were pleased to find our hotel in a more pleasant part of the city. But the dogs on the streets are everywhere lying and sleeping in the driveways and narrow sidewalks. No one molests them. The pedestrian steps to the side and the teamster carefully avoids disturbing their slumber. They have no masters and they live upon the garbage that the people cast upon the street and are tolerated by the public as the only scavengers the city has. They are good for nothing except to eat garbage, unless perhaps, the music of their howls at night is enjoyed by the Turk. However, as a rule, these dogs are too lazy to either bark or bite, if they were not, they are so numerous that neither travelers nor sojourners would tarry long.

As we continue our stay in this city, I must

say my impression of the people improves. We have had kind and respectful treatment all the while we were here. There are some parts of the city better and cleaner than those we first saw and the people are polite, mannerly and well dressed. Although the government is an absolute monarchy and the Sultan rules with an iron will, I cannot see but that his power is tempered with justice and the welfare of his subjects. The people are taxed to maintain a large standing army because the Sultan foolishly and constantly stands in fear of the powerful Christian nations of Europe. The Turks themselves as we see them here in Constantinople, are a fine, sober and stalwart looking race of men. They seem kind and generous to each other. No signs of street brawls or drunkenness have I noticed anywhere. They are very unlike the people of Egypt and Jerusalem, where we saw so much scolding and striking of each other.

On last Monday afternoon, on board a little boat, we steamed up the narrow strait of Bosphorus to the Black sea, and all along the way (which is eight miles) on both sides are castles, hotels, and many beautiful summer homes. These houses are built on a narrow plain all along the shore, and the lofty hills in the rear whose sloping sides are covered with gardens, orchards and green fields, make in summer time a grand background for the charming places.

The fruit trees are now in bloom here and the green leaves are coming forth, and as this place is the same latitude as Canton, we are reminded that

the bloom of springtime is being enjoyed by our friends at home.

And now as we are about to terminate our sojourn here and go into the land of Greece, I must say that I am more favorably impressed with the Turk than I was when I first came into his country. I shall ever remember this city as a large and busy place. Its acres of bazaars, with their arched roofs over colonnades and avenues, shutting out the hot rays of the sun, the storms and rain; the queer shops; the fine and beautiful merchandise displayed therein; the crowded avenues, filled with people; the red fez caps on the native Turk moving in the throng, all made a scene very interesting for a stranger.

Constantinople, April 17th, 1900.

LETTER XXXVI.

IN GREECE.

SAIL ON A FINE RUSSIAN SHIP.—THE CITY OF ATHENS.
—EASTER FESTIVITIES.—ELEUSIS.—THE GREAT
BATTLE OF THE PERSIANS AND GREEKS.—
CORINTH.—ISLAND OF CORFU.

ON the morning of April 16th we saw lying in the beautiful harbor of Constantinople a large Russian ship. It had come down from the Black sea and was just about to sail for Athens. We secured our passage on the boat and found it one of the finest, cleanest and most excellent ships I ever saw. Not a member of the crew could speak English; everything is transacted in the Russian language and under the flag of the Czar. A fine picture of this young ruler hangs in one of the beautiful saloons of the boat and I learned while there that it is a breach of etiquette for a man to occupy that room with his head not uncovered. I noticed one of the stewards, in a very polite manner asking a fellow passenger to take off his cap as he was in the presence of the czar's photograph. As this man was a subject of Queen Victoria I could not refrain from saying to him: "You should not forget that he is a relative of the Queen and a member of your royal family." He sarcastically replied, "An American would have refused to take off his cap."

I said, "Oh, no, when we are in Rome we do as the Romans do."

Little incidents of this kind are very good illustrations of the customs and character of other nations. To an American this seems absurd, but to a loyal subject of an honored ruler it is only a polite mark of respect.

We had excellent service at meals. The dishes of food were highly ornamental and novel, and were prepared in a way quite strange to us. Some were queer in taste, but inviting in appearance. Coffee or tea is served in glass tumblers the same as water. But we enjoyed it all and would be pleased to have a boat like that to cross the Atlantic on. Not an unpleasant odor so common in ships could be detected on board that good ship, *Nicholas the Second*. The management of the fine, large ships of our own American line might learn a valuable lesson in cleanliness, serving and preparing of food from an unassuming and less favored people.

We are now in the beautiful, modern city of Athens, the new capital of Greece, built within the last eighty years on the classical grounds of ancient Athens, much of whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity. At the beginning of this century, this town was reduced to an unimportant little village with nothing but the ruins of its ancient castles and temples to mark the place where the Athenian architect, philosopher and scholar once lived and were the envy of the world. It is now completely modern, nearly all the buildings white and seemingly new and very clean. Since the

reuniting of these people, not a century ago, into the present kingdom and the selection of Athens as the capital of new Greece, the city has grown to a population of over one hundred and fifty thousand and is, I think, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. A few years ago these people foolishly engaged in a war with the powerful nation of Turkey and had not the combined powers of Europe interfered the Turks would have blotted out of existence this government and George of Denmark would have lost his now rather prosperous little kingdom. King George I is the son of the present king of Denmark and brother of the Princess of Wales. In 1863, while a young prince in his father's kingdom, he was elected to be the king of these, so long unfortunate people, by the intervention of the strong powers of Europe. Although of foreign birth he stands well with the Greeks. His personal relation with the strong, old nations of the north, is an element of security for his throne and a protection to his people. During his reign the prosperity of Greece was only marred by the late war with the Turks and the nation was only saved by the other governments of Europe who called upon the Turks to cease their conquering march and fairly treat with King George, which they did. Athens now owes its beauty and growth to its being the capital of the kingdom. After so many centuries of war, subjugation and gloom, Athens bids fair to again become a city of architectural beauty, progress and learning, as well as the fine capital of a united and independent people.

The studious traveler and those of an investi-

gating turn of mind do not come here to see its modern beauty, but to view its crumbling temples and learn from the ruins something of the art, history and greatness of a learned people centuries and centuries before the Christian era. Traces of their skill on marble and stone were not blotted out by the dark ages, as was nearly every other evidence of the world's history, lost in that midnight gloom. In the days of Alexander the Great, Grecian culture and art overflowed into Asia and on some of the yet standing columns we saw in Syria and Asia Minor the Grecian architecture well displayed. Modern science and art owe their first acquaintance with Greek art as with Greek antiquity generally, to Rome, who as mistress of the world collected within her walls all the elements of ancient culture, and preserved them for posterity.

The main religion here is that known as The Greek Church, which is a branch of the Christian faith. Last Sabbath was their Easter Sunday, which is one week later than our Easter, and they make the occasion an annual national event. The evening of Good Friday the streets were filled with people, bands, regiments of soldiers, and thousands of people; men and women with lighted candles in hand, slowly and solemnly marched through the streets. It was the burial of Christ and a figure representing Him was on the shoulders of four men in advance of the procession. The band played a funeral dirge and the slow march of the people on the street, was solemn and queer. After 12 o'clock Saturday night following, and

just as Easter was ushered in, the cathedral and large open square in front was again packed with people. The grand patriarch who is the head of the church, with five or six high priests, conducted the ceremonies on a large platform in the center of the open square in the presence of as many persons as could be packed in, standing. The king, his cabinet and members of the royal family, came in their fine coaches precisely at midnight and took part in the proceedings. The great occasion was to symbolize Christ rising from His tomb.

We visited Eleusis, one of the oldest places in Greece, and saw the place and stood among the ruins of the great temple of the mysteries, which is supposed to have been destroyed by the Goths about sixteen centuries ago. It was built by the Romans in the palmy days of their great Empire and it must have been a great edifice when it stood with all its grandeur. Close by, is the bay and many islands, which were in ancient times the scene of a great battle between the Persians and the Greeks. It was there that Xerxes, the great Persian, met his defeat, nearly two thousand five hundred years ago. The Greeks won the greatest victory of that age, and not only secured their future independence, but put a stop to the ambitious Persians, who were on their way intending to overrun all of Europe. Xerxes had one thousand ships and six hundred thousand men who had come from the east to battle for him. The Greeks had only three hundred vessels and a much smaller army of men, but they were fighting for their homes, their families, and for their very existence

as a nation. Who can imagine what a terrific conflict this must have been—one thousand three hundred little sail ships on the sea, nearly a million of men aboard of them, with spears, clubs and swords, perhaps, all anxious for victory and success. How the shouts of these warriors must have sounded on the water; how the crashing and smashing of the ships must have terrified the men as they beheld boat after boat in rapid succession, sink amid the bloody waters, and with all on board go down to the bottom of the sea. That was a sad day for Xerxes to witness the complete destruction of his proud army and great fleet, and a glorious day for the old Greeks, who, by their valor not only saved their nation, their fair city of Athens and their homes, but they saved, perhaps, all of Europe from the ruthless invaders.

A few days ago we passed by the ancient city of Corinth, the one rebuilt by Caesar, standing on the edge of a fertile plain and under the shadow of a lofty mountain. This is the Corinth that St. Paul knew and to whose people he wrote the two Epistles to the Corinthians. We traveled through a fine grape growing country to the city of Patras, a large city on the coast, from which large quantities of grapes and wine are exported. Here we again took the sea on our way to the picturesque island of Corfu, now belonging to the kingdom of Greece. It formerly belonged to England, but on the accession of King George, England yielded to the desires of the islanders and voluntarily allowed it to become a part of the new kingdom. The city of Corfu, the former capital of the island, is one of

the most beautiful places I ever saw.

We drove slowly along a delightful road on the shores of the harbor and bay, which leads to the extensive grounds of the old palace and to an elevated view of the surrounding country. The roadside was lined with roses and many other rare and beautiful flowers—some strange to us. The adjoining fields were full of orange trees with much of the yellow fruit yet unplucked and nearly hidden from sight by the green leaves and the fragrant blossoms. The gnarled old olive trees with their pale green and willowlike leaves stretched away for miles across the green valley and along the mountain sides. Various kinds of fruit trees were in full blossom and the many vines which hung over the stone wall fence along the highway were bespangled with flowers of every hue. Little black-eyed girls and brown-faced boys, children from the roadside cottages flung into our carriage freshly gathered bouquets. With bare feet they raced along our carriage, smiling and with anxious glances plainly told us, "Only a penny for our trouble." The fresh breeze from the limpid waters of the bay mildly stirred the leaves and the many singing birds made music among the trees. I shall ever remember these most enchanting grounds and think of them as a fair rival of the far famed little islands of the Bermudas which lie in the Atlantic sea.

Athens, Greece, April 24th, 1900 .

LETTER XXXVII.

AGAIN IN ITALY.

PEN PICTURES OF SORRENTO.—VISIT TO CAPRI.—BLUE
GROTTO.—TRIP TO THE TOP OF VESUVIUS.

THERE are many places in the world that are beautiful, and there are many places that are grand, but here on the famed shores of Sorrento, it is both beautiful and grand. No touch of the painter's brush can add to its beauty. No pen can portray its grandeur, however gifted. Nature has planted here on the limpid waters of this fair bay, miles of mountain shores, green from the water's edge up the straight and sloping sides to the very top. For ages industrious man has added his labor and skill to these fertile, winding shores. The warm sunshine ceases not to send its glow over the green and growing verdure, and the mists from the sea never fail to add their dewy freshness to fruitful gardens that bloom and bear so profusely here. The highways, centuries old, are winding terraces along the sides of the mountains. At places where the sides are perpendicular the road seems to hang like a shelf on the side of the towering rocks. The sublimity and beauty of these driveways can scarcely be described as we saw them from our carriage. At places we could see the dashing water almost under us, more than a thousand feet below and as

far straight above stood the grand old rocks in all their majesty. At other places the terraced slopes are covered with trees, shrubbery and flowers, all the way down to the water and up almost as far as the eye can see.

The wall of stone between the roadway and the downward slopes that line the way made us feel more safe as we found we were ascending higher and higher up the mountain side. Everywhere, high and low, the vegetation and trees are fresh and green. Miles and miles of olive trees stretch far and near. Date trees, now in bloom, flourish along the way and the fig tree adds its richness to the large garden fields. The orange and the lemon tree cover acres and acres of ground, all laden with immense quantities of the finest fruit. Flowers of every hue, fresh, beautiful and extremely fragrant, covering much of the landscape, clustered along the way and peep from beneath the fruitful trees that towered above them.

Driving slowly along, over a clean and perfect road, no dust or mud, the bright sun shining and the breeze full of delightful odor, made me think that the gods had favored the poor Italian with one of the most charming spots on earth.

I had often read descriptions of these famed places around the bay of Naples from the pen of noted authors, but I never realized the picture as I saw it today. The walks in the garden of this hotel are canopied over with the rich golden fruit and lined with the most delicate roses. Some of the guests have their table spread for dinner under the trees, and I saw the oranges pulled and

served on the table beneath. They are sweet and juicy and their freshness has a flavor that oranges pulled green and shipped to non-tropical countries, never have. The sea comes up to the hotel and is about three hundred feet below the garden in the rear. We landed from the water and were lifted straight up on an elevator to the hotel which stands on the edge of the rock. While I write there is music on the tile veranda of the hotel, which overlooks the sea. Four or five couples of young people, natives of Sorrento, dressed in their gorgeous national costume, in the open air under the bright electric light, are giving the many strangers here a dance of national character, which is a beautiful and novel entertainment.

A few days ago we paid a visit to Capri, a little island not far from here, which is little else than a wild and rugged mass of rocks, although there are fertile gardens, growing fruits and fine shrubbery on the sloping sides to the very top. The island is about four miles long and will average two miles wide, with a narrow depression in the middle sloping down to the sea on both sides. Other places the rocks rise straight up from the water two or three thousand feet high. The village of Anacapri lies on the heights at one end of the island, partly surrounded by gardens and green trees. By a road cut in the rock we drove up a zigzag way. As we approached the top in a light carriage drawn by two little black Sardinian horses, with a careful driver, we felt safe, although every thing around us seemed fearful and dangerous. Almost straight down, thousands of feet, were the trees, the jagged rocks

and the sea. The little boats on the water looked like toys. I never can forget this grand view or ever fail to remember the sublimity of the wonderful panorama as I saw it there.

The next morning, in a little rowboat, we went to see a natural curiosity called the "Blue Grotto." This is a cave in the rock under the mountain and just at the water's edge. The entrance is so small that we were obliged to lie down in the bottom of the boat while the boatman pulled us in with a rope. This grotto can only be entered when the sea is calm, otherwise the dashing waves would play havoc with the visitor. It seemed like a new world inside, or a fairy land. The walls and ceiling are radiant with rich blue color, like rare and precious stones dazzling in the weird light. It was not dark; a beautiful light was reflected in the little passageway through which we entered. As we rowed along, the dome and walls increased in beauty as the rays of light reflected on them from the blue, and silver-like water. As our boatman dipped his oars in the water, it seemed as if a coat of frosted silver covered them as far as the blue water touched. I threw a stone in the water and a myriad of tiny bubbles flashed out a brilliant glare like a tinted blue chemical fire. A man jumped in and apparently he was instantly cased in an armor more gorgeous than ancient kings ever wore. This is a rare natural curiosity, and the only one like it I ever heard of. No one who ever visits in this part of the world should fail to see it.

While the steamer lay at anchor at Naples we were entertained by an expert diver. Passengers

would throw coins into the water from the ship, close to him. At once he would spring from his little boat, head foremost into the sea and was soon out of sight. In a few minutes he would come up with the money between his teeth, and with a triumphant air, show the piece of coin that had just been thrown into the water. He would get into his little boat and wait for the next one to tempt him to dive, which was repeated at least a dozen times before the boat started for Sorrento.

Last week we took a trip to the top of the burning old mountain of Vesuvius. When we were at Naples six years ago we did not venture up. The ascent now is less difficult. We found it so unusually active that no one could stand on the brink of the crater. The ashes were flying and quite large cinders or heated stones were frequently thrown far up into the air. Several fell smoking and hot close by where we stood. The government guides in charge of the cone became alarmed and hurried the visitors into the safety house nearby. A cloud lowered over the top of the mountain and the fog made it more dangerous as one could not see the flying missiles so easily and would more likely be struck. As the rumbling convulsions became more intense it was deemed advisable to go down to a safer place. An hour later huge volumes of fire burst forth and by evening the lurid flames were all aglow and we viewed from a distance the volcano that in times past had blotted out whole cities and so often terrified the people here.

As late as 1872 it became so furious that many lives were lost. Those who were near could not

escape. The overflowing lava ran like melted lead down the mountain side and destroyed many lives and much property. Of course the first and great eruption of 79 and the fate of Pompeii, Herculaneum and other towns are well known.

The view from the summit is grand, as we look down on the curved shore of the beautiful bay. The many little sails look like white winged birds skipping on the azure water. The white houses and fruitful trees that fill the grounds in the valleys and along the sea shore make a glorious picture. The islands of Ischia and Capri and the bold headlands of Sorrento that lie in the distance seem quite near. The pure atmosphere and lucid sky add much to the view of the grand panorama below. But the grumbling and belching of the crater, the hissing steam and hot flying stones, the desolate and weird appearance of the cone make a different scene from the grand and beautiful picture we see below.

Sorrento, Italy, May 5, 1900.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THROUGH THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

VESUVIUS ON A RAMPAGE.—ROME.—DANTE.—MICHAEL
ANGELO.—GALILEO.—ITALY IMPROVING, AND
PEACE REIGNS.

JUST after leaving Sorrento we spent a few days in and about Naples. From our hotel window we could see old Vesuvius, whose top was in a flaming fire and hear the terrible rumbling that foretold the danger that lay pent up there. We had just come down and while there, did not realize the condition, or fully understand the danger that was so near. I have just read in a newspaper that a few days after we were there the crater vomited forth enormous quantities of lava, which ran down the mountain like melted iron from a furnace. The people of the villages near the base of the mountain were terror-stricken and fled from their homes. Four Englishmen, who ventured too near the cone were struck by a mass of incandescent stone and badly injured. The last we heard they were lying at Naples in a critical condition. I have not heard how many people lost their lives, or how much property was destroyed, but I saw in a paper of the 12th that the eruption was subsiding. I learned that the upper station of the mountain railroad and the safety house, into which we had fled to avoid being hit by the flying missiles, were en-

tirely blotted out. Fortunately, we were at a safe distance when the awful eruption took place. It is nearly thirty years since the volcano was on such a rampage.

While on our way north we spent a few days in Rome, where it is always interesting. It has changed some since we were there before. The new part is becoming more beautiful, grander and cleaner. But it is "Old Rome," "the Eternal City," that attracts the student and the scholar. In the ruins that lie around, one can see the glory of a past age. The beautiful columns, prostrate, or still standing, tell of the art that flourished then, and the huge walls that have stood in the rain and the sunshine for two thousand years, are the monuments that now give evidence of the power and skill of these people in the palmy days of their great Empire. These people are now taking an interest in preserving, as far as possible, the works of the great old masters. The churches, the galleries, the museums, the old fountains, and the truly wonderful statuary that adorn them all, are taken care of that generations yet unborn may look upon them and see what their ancestors could do so long ago. But it is not only the carvings and paintings of the old masters that are great; Italy has modern artists, some that are living now whose works are extremely grand and beautiful. But I cannot refer here in detail. There is too much in Rome to tell about. She has her volumes of interesting history which is charming to the reader.

From Rome we came here. I had never seen Florence in springtime, but I had often heard of the

"fair city of flowers." It lies away from the sea, and is gracefully surrounded by mountains and hills. The fast flowing Arno finds its way through the city and adds freshness to the trees and the flowers that grow here. Many bridges span this river, one of which has little shops on both sides the whole way over the water, filled with jewelry and other artistic ware. The city is over two thousand years old. It flourished and achieved greatness in spite of its constant internal dissensions and frequent wars with other Italian cities. It was here that Dante, the great poet, was born, more than seven hundred years ago. He must have been a thoughtful man with a melancholy temperament to be able to pen such poetry. His unhappy marriage, his political disappointments, his banishment from his native city, made him have a bitter heart from which sprang the undying poem, "Inferno." It was during his exile and while enjoying the hospitality of a friend at Verona that he wrote: "I found how salt is the taste of another man's bread, and how hard it is to climb another man's stairs."

It was here that Michael Angelo lived and displayed his powers as an artist and builder.

It was here that the great philosopher Galileo published his celebrated systems of the world and first proclaimed that this great earth moves around the sun. Galileo's philosophy, then repudiated by the ignorant in power, is now accepted as fact by all the learned.

Considering the ages through which this old country has passed, it should not be strange that

some great minds were produced, although the spirit of the times and the jealousies of intolerant religion as it was then, made the advancements in science and philosophy very difficult. Modern times have produced still greater men and the advancement of this age will grow brighter and brighter as time moves on. The names of such men as Morse, Edison, and the inventors of steam power, and the shining lights in medicine and surgery, will never dim, but grow greater as the world grows older.

And now as we are about to leave this beautiful country, with its bright sunshine and fragrant flowers, and go into France, I shall not neglect to say something about the Italian people as they impressed me. All of the Italian people are now united into one kingdom, largely through the efforts of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. This was accomplished about forty years ago. Since then all the internal dissensions have ceased. Good government seems now secure between all the provinces and prosperity is rapidly following in the paths of peace. Education is receiving more attention. Their finances are improving. The paper money which is about all we see here is very near par now. The educated and well-to-do classes are, it seems, becoming more numerous and the careless and the ignorant are fewer in number than they were when I saw them before.

But here, as in all Europe, there is such a marked difference between the classes. The lower classes have little opportunity for culture and in their distressed condition they seem to have no

ambition for elevation. Those of social standing can not understand how we in the United States can get along without second and third class cars in our railway trains, or how our public places can be open to all classes of people. I am glad to say to them that our people are educated and are generally first class.

I want to say now that our sojourn in Italy has been a pleasant one. I could say but little that I dislike of them, or their treatment of us. They seem to have a good government and a kind king. They are peaceful with each other and industrious. They have fine cities, fertile valleys and fruitful fields. They are progressing, and their course is in the right direction. I believe they are destined soon to be one of the first-class powers of Europe, and to be a peaceful and happy nation.

This is my last letter on this trip. We expect to spend about a month in Paris, and to see again the great city of the French. We wish to visit the World's Exposition, which is now in progress there, and then sail for New York. We hope to arrive home the latter part of June.

Florence, Italy, May 13, 1900.

LETTER XXXIX.

THIRD TRIP ABROAD.

TANGIERS.—AMONG THE MOORS.—LANDING IN SPAIN.—
CITY OF CADIZ.

A GAIN we have crossed the Atlantic ocean, and today we are on the sunny shores of southern Spain. It was mid-winter when we left New York early in February, but after a few days sailing the cold winds ceased and since we have had only mild and delightful weather. Our voyage on the sea was not unusual, but of course, somewhat monotonous. We left the ship at Gibraltar and stopped for a few days in that great fortified city. There we took a Spanish ship early one bright morning and sailed across the strait and on the Atlantic southward to Tangiers in Morocco on the coast of Africa. In the short space of four hours' time we had gone from the continent of Europe to the continent of Africa. As our ship anchored in the bay at Tangiers, I was reminded of a landing we made a few years ago at Alexandria in Egypt. As the Arabs and the Egyptians did on that occasion, the Moors surrounded the ship, so anxious to earn a few shillings that they strove, scolded tore and pulled at each other to get at us first, that they might secure the job of taking us and our baggage ashore. The

landing place was filled with curious bundles, boxes, beggars, donkeys, and couriers, the latter by the score taking hold of us and insisting that we accept their service. They would grab for our hand baggage, and if we would let them take it they would hurry us to a place at the gate to their town which they called a custom house, and where Moorish officials in white robes were sitting on a stone floor ready to inspect our belongings. The custom house was soon passed, but it was not so easy to proceed through a narrow, winding passageway paved with rough cobble stones, and filled with a motley throng of men and beasts.

The little donkeys, heavily laden with many kinds of freight on their way to the dock, were carefully pushing through the crowd and jostling with the pedestrians. I noticed as we rowed away from our ship that oxen were being taken on board from a barge that had pulled up from the African shore. A rope attached to the steam derrick from the ship was lowered to the barge. Around the horns of two of the cattle the rope was looped, and by steam power these beasts were drawn up and for quite a while suspended above the barge, hanging by their horns, on their way to the deck of the big steamer. After being drawn up as high as the deck they were swung over and let down into the hold of the boat. It seems to me that the Spaniard might have at least taken up but one of these at a time instead of looping two of them to the rope in so inhuman a manner. I wish I were able with pen to picture or adequately describe the curious scenes we saw from the balcony of our hotel in

Tangiers. The turbaned Mohammedan with his gaudy skirts; the native Moor with a cloak, like a bag, open at both ends and hanging on one shoulder and always bare legged from the knees down; and hundreds of very small donkeys with great loads on their backs, carrying stone, sand, lumber and freight of all kinds, were crowding the narrow, winding and stony streets. Not a wheeled vehicle is in that city of twenty thousand people, and the streets are about as dirty as those we saw in Jerusalem. There are many well filled bazaars, curiours shops and mosques. Friday (the Mohammedan Sunday) is their day for worship, and they are still on that day offering up prayer for the recovery of Granada, four hundred years after the banishment of the Moors from Spain. At the time the Moors inhabited the southern part of Spain and built the wonderful Alhambra, they must have been an advanced people.

Just beyond Fez, and about one hundred miles south from Tangiers they are warring now to decide who shall be their Sultan. A few weeks ago they fought a great battle, after which the heads of the leaders of the vanquished were brought into Fez and stuck up on the gate posts. The Pretender, who is striving to displace the present Sultan, is now trying to reorganize his men and fight another battle.

One morning I visited—alone and without a guide—the market, of which they have one each week. It is then they gather from all the country, far and near. A caravan of camels arrived while I was there from Fez, led by sleepy negro slaves

from the Soudan, laden with wares for traffic. Many were there belonging to the half independent tribes from the mountains towards Centa, whom the Moors regard as cut-throats. They are known by their shaved heads, and one lock of hair carefully coiled to use in drawing them up to heaven when they die, according to their belief.

It was a curious sight to see. Sitting on the ground were men, women and children, poorly clad in the most fantastic costumes one could imagine, displaying what they have for sale. They covered about five acres in space on a sloping hillside, just outside of the town. Hundreds of the poor little beasts of burden—the donkeys—were standing about, some of them still bearing the load which they had brought from the country, perhaps twenty or thirty miles away, such as charcoal, straw, brush, barley, potatoes and vegetables, that were strange to me; chickens, ducks, rabbits and many other things tied, bundled and bagged, brought from far and near on the backs of these faithful and sure-footed little creatures. I saw them loaded heavily and frequently on top of their load, sat crossed-legged, a big Moor, while the little beast trembling and staggering under the load was climbing up the stony street or carefully feeling its way down the hill.

Neither Mrs. Sherrick nor I could walk on the street without being beset with at least half a dozen natives, who constantly importuned and insisted upon being our guide. They were very annoying and one who is a stranger there cannot get rid of them, not even by striking them over the

head with an umbrella. The only way to proceed in peace is to engage one and then the others who were eagerly presenting their claims in their way with a few words of broken English will desist. The one you engage will smile and do his best to show you that which he thinks will be very interesting to you. He will make every effort to get you into narrow, winding, dirty, (not streets, but donkey paths) and into a Moorish bazaar, and away from the "bad Jew," as he styled that race who do business there.

There is so much to write about of interest, but I must not continue or I will not be able to say something about this place, without making this letter too long. After running the gauntlet and being harassed on all sides and at every turn, we were thankful that we were again on board the ship on our way to Cadiz, which is one of the prettiest cities in the world. It is built seemingly out in the sea, on the extremity of a long peninsula, joined to the mainland by a narrow causeway only.

The streets are narrow, well paved and clean and lined by high, brightly colored houses, beautifully and artistically designed. It has been likened to an "ivory model set in a frame of emeralds." Our Hotel De France, is as fine and beautiful as any I ever saw. The steps and balustrades of the stairway are of the whitest marble. The floors and balconies of the grand court are made of the same material and are trimmed with artistically colored tile, making it exquisitely grand. It is a very old town, having been founded by the Phoenecians more than a thousand years before Christ, and

nearly three hundred and fifty years before Rome was known. We see here very fine alamedas (parks), well kept, flowers now in bloom, orange trees, palms and other shrubbery, all characteristic of a semi-tropical country.

Our landing here from the sea was not the most pleasant. The custom house was very easy to pass, but the pier and dock were filled with a lot of Spaniards who were very eager to handle our "luggage" and assist us to the 'bus, which stood waiting for travelers. All communication was by gestures and signs, as not one person could be found until we arrived at the hotel who could speak our language. It seemed that we could see no end to the presons who demanded pay for the service they claimed to have rendered us, in getting from the boat through the custom house to the carriage. One would grab a satchel, take it from the boat, hand it to another who stood in waiting, and he to another at the custom house door, who would take it to the examiner close by, and then another would take it to the 'bus, and so on. After which each one stood by the carriage demanding excessive pay for what they did, and in a very unpleasant manner determined to make you comply. I finally concluded I would pay nothing to anyone except the one I first gave the baggage to, and motioned him to go along to the hotel. After this man had a stormy interview with the manager of the hotel, who could speak English, we got off with the legal fees which seemed reasonable.

Cadiz, Spain March 1st, 1902.

LETTER XXXX.

IN SPAIN.

SEVILLE.—THE ALCAZAR.—WHERE COLUMBUS SET
SAIL.—THE "PUERTA DEL SOL" SQUARE.—PALACE
AND BOY KING.—PROUD OF THEIR OLD HIS-
TORY.—DRIVING DISPLAY.

BEFORE coming here we spent four days in the renowned old city of Seville, (pronounced Sa-vel-ya). We had a very interesting time and a most excellent hotel. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the river Guadalquivir, surrounded by high Moorish walls. They say there is never a day that the sun does not shine in Seville. It is celebrated in history as being the city where Mohammedans ruled for nearly five hundred and fifty years. Remarkable traces of the abundant wealth of the Moors can be seen there in many places. The Giralda, built by the Moors in 1196, for an observatory still stands, and is now used by the Christians as a bell tower for the great cathedral. It is enchanting to view the city, the river, the green fields, and the many orange orchards that lie below, from the top of this great tower. The cathedral itself is one of the largest in the world, and the most imposing that I have ever seen, except St. Peter's at Rome. This church contains the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, second

son of the great discoverer, and on a slab covering his remains is the celebrated sentence in Latin: "To Castile and Leon a new world gave Columbus." About two years ago, or about the time Spain lost Cuba, the Spaniards removed the remains of Christopher Columbus from there, and they are now resting in this great cathedral at Seville. It was from Seville that Columbus sailed down the river and out on the Atlantic sea to reach East India by sailing westward and prove to the learned men of Europe that his theory that the earth was round was correct and that he could sail around the world by a continued sail westward. We all know the result—that the then undiscovered America lay in his path, and that old Spain grew great and rich thereby. Although Columbus was an Italian by birth, yet the Spanish today almost worship him as being the greatest benefactor they ever had, and well they may.

The Alcazar, or house of Caesar, at Seville, is the most interesting and remarkable building I ever saw. It is a complete Arab castle, preserved in its original beauty. The walls, fountains and ornaments are of Moorish origin, and every sovereign from Caesar down has left his mark in this delightful spot. Thus far I am surprised at the traces of former wealth, power and greatness that have been centered here. Why they have not kept pace with their Anglo-Saxon rivals is a question I sincerely believe cannot be answered.

Last Sunday while at Seville, I put in some time on the streets mingling with the common people. I walked along the banks of the river and

viewed the place where Columbus set sail to discover America. I observed good sized ocean steamers that had come up the river from the sea, lying at their docks. In the forenoon on Sunday everybody seemed at work, as on any other day of the week, but in the afternoon business was generally suspended and the streets filled with people. Many were engaged in making sport and entertaining the throng. Gaudily dressed girls were clapping their hands and dancing on the street. Now and then a large man, dressed in woman's attire would pass along, arm in arm with a small man, to make it more fantastic. A two-horse wagon passed, on which were perched a half dozen peacock figures with large, brilliant tails. A man inside of each figure gave it life. Their keeper, dressed in fine black with a high silk hat stood in the center of the float, busily engaged in keeping them in proper order and seeing to it that none flew away. It seemed that everybody enjoyed this nonsense and the fantastical show kept up until evening. The day was warm and the bright sun shone beautifully. Some of the people had gathered in the great cathedral and were worshipping there, but this goes on every day as the cathedral and churches are always open for the silent worshipers to creep in and kneel.

After a tiresome journey of sixteen hours over a primitive railroad and through a country on which not a fence could be seen, we arrived here in this beautiful capital city of Madrid. The hotels, so far as we have gone, are not only good but they are excellent. The Spanish people have treated us

kindly and I have not noticed in the least any feeling against us as Americans on account of their recent war with our country. This city very much reminds me of Paris, with its boulevards and gardens (parks). It is a modern city, with many spacious streets and wide sidewalks. It abounds in large squares, planted with trees, and ornamented with flowers and fountains. The windows from our room at the Hotel de Paris, where I am writing this letter, front on the celebrated square, The Puerta del Sol, and is the place where ten different streets from as many directions pour in a constant flood of population. It is the center of the great city and from early morn till late at night it is a sea of life and a mixture of noise. Here meet and pass the rich and the poor; the Castilian peasant in breeches, smelling of garlic, and the minister of state; here merchants meet merchants; politicians scheme and demagogues plot. It is the starting point for all the electric lines. It is filled with a restless throng of people, with carriages, carts, and street cars and is the heart of a lively city that beats a fevered pulse.

On this morning, beautiful and bright with sunshine, we visited the boy king's palace and the armory, and also the House of Parliament. The royal palace, it is said, is one of the most beautiful in the world. We were permitted to be in the private royal chapel while the cardinals and high priests were holding mass. This is the most gorgeous place I ever saw and is a gem in the palace. The royal guard and national troops, infantry and artillery, were on display drill in the palace grounds just

in front of the window where the boy king and his mother may look out and see the power that supports their throne. A great sight to see here is the royal armory which the Spanish value very highly. Of course their patriotic pride has more to rest upon in the long past than in the present. This collection of armor and implements of war is from the time of the Moors. We saw displayed there all kinds of fighting devices from the days in which bows and arrows were used, down to the present time. Some of the spears and shields were used more than seven hundred years ago. We saw trophies of war that Columbus brought from the "New World." and some that Cortez and Pizarro brought from Mexico and Peru. It seemed to me that this collection is more interesting and has a greater history than the collection on exhibition in the Tower at London. We were admitted to the House of Parliament, and saw the very fine chamber of the lords and the most beautiful rooms of their presiding officer or president. They boast here of having the finest and largest collection of paintings in the world from the noted old masters. Their greatest painter is Murillo, and forty-six of his paintings are displayed in this beautiful gallery. Truly Spain is rich in old treasures and very proud of her old history. She has done much in the world and no doubt was at one time the greatest nation on earth. From the time that Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic King and Queen, drove the then prosperous Mohammedan Moors out of southern Spain, their great history began. Soon after, that great sea captain from Genoa in Italy,

by their assistance—as every school boy and girl well knows—discovered a “New World” for them, and soon they were on the crest of their fame. Many of the trophies that Columbus brought from the “New World” are displayed there and elsewhere in southern Spain. They take great pleasure in showing them to strangers and especially to Americans. I shall long remember this place, not only for the kind treatment we received, but the many novel and interesting things we saw here. The people are not so much unlike the people of France. They seem kind to each other, and in every respect look well as we see them on the streets. The women are well dressed and are all brunettes, with large, black eyes, and raven hair worn a la pompadour. We see many good carriages and fine horses on the streets, especially those in their private “turn outs.” About an hour before sun set the fashionable boulevard is filled for about two miles with fine coaches. The rich are out then in fine display with coachman and footman in uniform, driving up and down the broad course; and the people who are not able (and there are many) to own a pair of prancing steeds sit under the trees, and are apparently pleased to see the show go on.

Madrid, Spain, March 9th, 1903.



CATHEDRAL—CORDOVA, SPAIN.

LETTER XXXXI.

ALHAMBRA.

CORDOVA.—MOORS.—WHERE COLUMBUS PERSUADED
THE QUEEN.—NON-PROGRESSIVE SPAIN.

AFTER leaving Madrid we went to Cordova. This is not a large place now, but at one time in the long past it boasted of being a city of more than a million people. But now it is only an ordinary Spanish city with nothing left of its former greatness but a large old Arab mosque. Part of this mosque has been converted into a Catholic cathedral. But there it stands on more than a thousand pillars of marble porphyry and jasper, brought from nearly every part of the world more than a thousand years ago. It is truly a wonderful building, and is another evidence of the great architectural skill which the Moors had attained in those days.

But where are they now? All driven out of Spain, and living in huts on the plains of Africa. Their greatness has departed, and left them but warring tribes, so near the land of their former splendor. For more than four hundred years they have been praying to be restored to their lost homes and cities in Spain. But their power is gone, and their prospects to ever recover their once beautiful land of "Andalusia" seem more and more remote.

The sad fate of the Moor is but a melancholy example of man's greed when clothed with temporary power. The Moors themselves, before, were also conquerors and they perished in their turn. Napoleon fell by the hand of those whom he strove to destroy. Oft repeated history reminds us that the downfall of the Moors may be the common fate of all nations after a time.

Here in Granada is one of the chief objects of our visit to Spain. Just above our hotel and on a wooded hill is the great Alhambra, which is the glory of Granada; the pride of Spain and the admiration of the world. Here our own gifted author, Washington Irving, lived for nearly a year, where his writings about the Moors and his "Tales of the Alhambra" were penned. His graphic description of this great citadel and beautiful castle by moonlight has found a place in English literature. There are so many places of interest and so many wonderful things to see in and about the Alhambra that a short letter like this can only refer to them. Enough of interest centers here to induce the readers and students of history to carefully peruse the pages of Irving's charming "Tales of the Alhambra." To me it seems strange that the Moors were ever capable of erecting and beautifying such a large and lasting castle, so fittingly representing their achievements of a thousand years ago. As I look upon them now; as I see them in their present condition, it seems more strange that these people who, when the ages were dark to the most of the nations on earth, were enjoying the sunshine of wonderful prosperity,

should now in this age of light and advancement be living in the dark shadows of the world. For about five centuries this people lived, ruled and prospered in the south of Spain. But their final downfall came in or about 1492 when they surrendered Grenada to the Catholic kings. The Christian conquerors since then have held all of Spain. Most of the Moors were driven across the strait to Africa but quite a number were held as slaves and became Christians in time. They are now mixed with the Spanish blood and Moorish traces can be noticed in the faces of many of the people here. Soon after the Moorish surrender, Ferdinand and Isabella took up their residence in this place, and here is where Columbus came, after vainly appealing to other strong powers in Europe for aid and equipments to make that never-to-be-forgotten voyage. Here in Granada is where Queen Isabella was finally persuaded by the great old sea captain to aid him in his long-cherished enterprise. Notwithstanding the king's refusal to assist Columbus, the queen, enthused by the prospects of the new discoveries that he promised, sent a messenger after him who overtook Columbus at the bridge not far from the castle where he was journeying homeward forlorn and disappointed. With revived hopes he returned to the queen and the world is familiar with the result. The same bridge was pointed out to us; the place that marks the spot that saved to Spain the honor and glory of discovering a new world. Not only that, but it gave Spain riches and power which enabled her for a long period of time to stand first among the

nations of the world. The same beautiful box that contained the rare and valuable jewels which the queen gave the old hero to sell and use the proceeds in fitting out the expedition, was shown us. In the center of the cathedral, and only a few feet from the spot where Ferdinand and Isabella lie in their granite coffins, are kept these highly valued relics, securely locked in charge of an official. In this vault we were shown Ferdinand's sword, Queen Isabella's needle work, the flag that Columbus gave to the queen after his return; the same flag he used on his ship. He also gave back to her the jewel box filled with gold from the "New World," which she had given him filled with her jewels so short a time before. These relics are very interesting to the people generally, and the Spaniards take pride in showing them to strangers, especially to Americans. We are going down to Gibraltar tomorrow to embark for Algiers in Africa. We feel reluctant to quit this charming place so soon, but our ship is due there the next day and we must tear ourselves away. I shall never forget our visit here; the wooded hill of tall and stately English elms planted by the Duke of Wellington; the charming walks and roads that wind up and down in and around the great hill and beneath the branches of these giant trees. Nor can one ever forget the old Alhambra, crowning the eternal hill, majestically proclaiming the beauty and history of ten centuries; nor the old stone steps, worn by the tread of man for so many years, winding and leading to the lookout tower where we saw the long and fertile valley of the river Darro, which

comes dashing down from a still higher elevation, from the Sierra Nevada snow-covered mountains, not far in the distance, furnishing water for hundreds of fountains, not only for the Alhambra grounds, but for the city of sixty-five thousand people that lies at the foot of the great hill. Spain is now inclined to preserve all traces of the Moors, but they admit their inability to reconstruct or imitate their beautiful colorings or architectural grandness.

The condition of the Spanish people is not as good as it should be. The wheels of evolution that have been turning so rapidly in the last century have been standing still in historic old Spain. The working people, the average Spaniard, has very little or no education. They have very poor tools to till the soil; they do most of the farming by hand and a few yoke of oxen. On our way here last Sunday, we saw the people at work, just as they do on any other day, hoeing and pulling weeds in their wheat fields, and scratching the ground with a wooden plow, making it ready to plant corn, etc. They seem to take the most laborious way to do everything. Slowly they plod their way, content to do their daily duties only as they must.

The want of general education among the Spanish people hold them where they are, and there they will remain so long as their government continues in the hands of the favored few, whose selfish interest it is to keep the masses of their people in ignorance that they may revel in luxury. So much of the products of labor or enterprise is taken by the tax gatherers that the remaining balance is in-

sufficient to afford a decent living. The unproductive class who are at the head of state, and this includes the church, must be supported by the taxes levied on what little industry they yet have, consequently the people are poor and discouraged. If the common people here were educated; if a fair and just government would allow the people of this country to hold and enjoy a fair proportion of the products of their labor; if inducements were given their poor people to build and own a home and only reasonably taxed, I believe they would improve their condition. This is all I wish to say of Spain or about her people now. We are pleased with our visit here. We have seen many novel things. While it is quite a hardship to travel in a strange country and among people with whom you cannot talk, where their ways are so different from our ways, and where they are unaccustomed to meeting foreigners like ourselves, yet we enjoyed our trip in Spain, and I shall remember it as a pleasant part of this journey

Granada, Spain, March 15, 1903.



LANDING FROM SHIP—ALGIERS.

LETTER XXXII.

ALGIERS, AFRICA.

LANDING IN MOONLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.—WHAT THE
FRENCH HAVE DONE HERE.—THE ARABS AS
WE SEE THEM.

A FEW days ago we left Spain and at Gibraltar went aboard the large ship *New England*, on its way from Boston to Alexandria, Egypt. We arrived here in the middle of the night, and had to go to the landing (as is usual in Mediterranean ports) in small boats rowed by the natives. For an extra franc a lively Arab helped us through the custom house and secured us a carriage for the *St. George Hotel*, which is located on the heights far above the city, overlooking one of the most magnificent bays in the world. The moon was shining brightly, and in it was the only familiar face we saw. The city was quiet. The many beautiful white houses of mixed French and Moorish design that stand along the streets, and by the zigzag road that lead up to the heights from the sea to our hotel, made for us a most charming midnight ride. For more than half an hour we drove over an excellent road, winding upward towards the hotel. On one side of the terraced driveway, looking downward towards the sea, were palms, fruit trees and blooming flowers,

scenting the moonlit air. On the other side, and above were the same green steeps of cultivated beauty surrounding many white villas and delightful homes. After driving up a winding way between the vines, trees and flowers of the hotel garden, we found this excellent stopping place.

The next morning the sun shone brightly over the great blue sea and green slopes. The fragrant breezes laden with the odor of flowers and tropical plants, blew gently over the gardens. On the bushes and hanging over the white walls the constantly blooming rose is present everywhere. Ornamental flowers of every color and every description fill the gardens and line the green terraces that hang on every hillside. Oranges and lemons hang by the roadside and in private and public gardens. The peppers, olives, and pomegranates grow here and the oriental Eucalyptus tree is in its element, covering the ground on the top of the hills.

The artistic Frenchman has made many beautiful gardens; planted them with the shrubbery and flowers that so profusely thrive in an even climate like this. The main entrance to a private or public garden is generally through a stone arched gateway of Moorish design.

Yesterday we drove to the country over a well made French road leading in and around beautiful ravines. The road was cut into the side of great hills. For miles our course was upward and between garden fields that hang on the sides of the fertile hills, making a grand picture and most beautiful scene. We passed a little Arab village

which was just beyond these charming French farms, and this is all we saw on that drive to remind us that we were in Africa. The French deserve great credit for what they have done in and about this city. The European quarters are a fine place to visit and stop a while. It is charming and entertaining in every respect.

But the scene changes if we go a little northward, and down along the sea. Here is the old Moorish town, with its dirty, narrow, winding streets full of their little bazaars, not unlike they were centuries ago. These streets are crowded with bare-legged Arabs. The men covered with white blankets, one arm out, and the women in bloomers, faces covered, and a white sheet spread over their head. I saw, at their large market, the Arab men and women from the country; those who live back on the lands, and are the tillers of this fertile soil which lies beyond the French farms. Their market was well filled with oranges and tangerines, onions, artichokes and potatoes, green peas and beans in abundance, and light-colored dates, still hanging on the branches, fresh and delicious, as I ate of them and know whereof I speak. Although these oriental people have been living among and mingling with the European races for many years here, they do not adopt in any degree the dress of their Christian neighbors, or any of their manners or methods of living. They seem to have no desire whatever to make the least change in anything. They plod along just as their ancestors did a thousand years ago. They stick to their religion as revealed by Mohammed, sincerely be-

lieving that only the faithful can be saved in the world to come. According to their law and practice a man may have not to exceed four wives, but he can at any time of his own will divorce any of them and take another. But the wife has no privilege of that kind.

The surface of our world is large, and on it are many kinds of animals who live, breathe and are warmed by the same sun. Man is one class of these animals. Properly averaged, the plane upon which he travels in this world is much lower than we are wont to consider it. Of course, we are apt to think that our ways are the best, and that we ourselves are God's favored people. This may be, as it should. But I am sure there are many things that even we fail to see in the true light. We look with contempt on some of the views and actions of our ancestors; and no doubt our posterity will in the future look with amazement on many things that we, of this generation, consider right and proper now.

Centuries before the French conquered these people, Algiers was a place of piracy, assassinations and slavery. It is said at one time thirty thousand Christian slaves were held, and by their enforced labor built the walls and fortified the city; also built the great stone dock which, crescent like, borders the bay at the foot of the hills.

The French have not changed the religion of the Arab, but they brought peace for him. This generation of these primitive people know little of the bloodshed and murder of their fathers.

Algiers, Africa, March 23rd, 1903.



NATIVE WOMAN OF ALGIERS.

LETTER XXXXIII.

AGAIN IN ITALY.

NAPLES.—DRIVING ALONG THE BAY.—NORTHWARD
THROUGH ROME AND FLORENCE TO VENICE.—
ITALIAN PROGRESS.

LATE in March we left Algiers and crossed the Mediterranean sea to Naples, where we again had a pleasant sojourn of three weeks, visiting the many places of interest that lie on or near the shores of the most beautiful bay in the world. As I have written, when visiting the south of Italy three years ago, for *The Repository*, I shall only say that we again visited beautiful Sorrento and from there drove to Amalfi, a picturesque old town standing on a rocky eminence of a wild ravine. Grand precipices form a striking background for this romantic place. Here we stayed one night. In the morning we saw that we were close to the place where about two years ago the side of the mountain slid down to the sea, carrying part of the hotel with it. Thirteen people lost their lives, who were in the hotel at the time. We left there on a bright Sunday morning for La Cava, in a cab drawn by two horses, and a sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy for our driver. Just as our boy was rounding a point and driving down grade at rather a rapid gait, one of the horses stepped on a round stone,

which threw him off his feet. The yoke-strap broke and the carriage ran on top of the fallen horse. Of course, we quickly alighted. The boy and I, with the assistance of a pedestrian who happened by the wayside at the time, pulled the carriage from off the horse and helped the animal to rise. The horse seemed all right except that the skin was off both his knees. We were able to temporarily repair the harness, and after a half-hour delay proceeded on our way. In the afternoon we took the train and passing through a fertile valley to Pompeii, thence along the sea coast and close by the base of fiery old Vesuvius, we arrived in our hotel at Naples.

While in Naples we met Major and Mrs. Vignos, of Canton, Ohio, who had sailed from New York early in February with a large excursion party. They had been to Algiers, Egypt and the Holy Land, and were on their way to France. The advantage of being able to speak several languages is far more apparent here than in our country. On the train to Rome the compartment of our car contained two French people, two Italians, one German and ourselves. At another time we were in a compartment with a French lady (born in New Orleans, U. S. A), and her little daughter; a fine looking couple from Denmark, and a gentleman living in Victoria, British Columbia.

This is a sample of the cosmopolitan people that one constantly meets in these parts of the world. At home we find little use for more than one language, but over here many tongues are very necessary. We spent nearly a week at Rome,

where the weather was cool. After visiting again many places of great interest (of which I had written about for *The Repository* three years ago), we went to Florence, which is called by noted writers, "the fairest city on earth," and in the art of sculpture is unsurpassed by any place in the world.

We left Florence last Thursday for this place on a very rainy morning. After crossing one of the most fertile plains, covered for miles with mulberry trees and fine growing crops, the train commenced to zigzag up and along the ravines of the Apennine mountains. The scenery is grand; our progress was slow, but ere long the strong and puffing engine reached an altitude where the mists of the clouds befogged the windows of the cars. After proceeding along cliffs and through tunnels, for about two hours, the train came out on the other side of the great mountain range into clear day and bright sunshine. Then, and with more speed, the train descended along a little, dashing, mountain stream. Every few miles another stream joined its waters. Before we reached the city of Bologna which stands on a fertile plain at the base of the Apennines, this little mountain stream had grown to a fast flowing river.

A little before sunset the wonderful old city of Venice lay before us, surrounded by water, and apparently standing out in the sea. Over a bridge of many arches, and the longest in the world, our train speeded on to its station in the city which is by, and at one end of the famous Grand Canal, which has been the pride of Venice for more than a thousand years.

I will not speak of Venice now, as letter XV, written while here on a former trip, refers to the queer and grand old city, except to say that I noticed a marked difference since we were in Italy nine years ago. Then the country was filled with dirty, ragged boys and many ignorant men; now, the boys are well dressed and in schools, and much better conditions prevail in all respects. The men seem to be at work and appear more competent in their business. Their money is now on par with the money of other nations. All the provinces of the Italian people are not only politically united (as Victor Emmanuel succeeded in doing some thirty years ago), but they are now friendly and fraternally united, consequently they are growing nationally strong and will soon be one of the first-class powers of the world. It is not now as it used to be, when we spoke of the Romans, the Venetians, the Florentines, the Sicilians, and others, but it is Italy and the Italian people all speaking one language, and under one government. This in a large measure accounts for their progress. They have a few reforms yet to make, which in due time will undoubtedly be accomplished. They are proceeding on the road lighted by more and better education for all their people, which must lead them to more just laws and equal rights.

Venice, April 28th, 1903.

LETTER XXXIV.

IN AUSTRIA.

FROM ITALY TO VIENNA.—OVER MOUNTAINS.—THE
GREAT CITY.— THE PEOPLE.

AFTER an interesting sojourn of more than a week in charming Venice, we passed over some very historic ground and came into Austria. In an hour or two after steaming along over a very fertile plain in northeastern Italy, of which every foot of soil is cultivated, we reached Passeriano; the place where Napoleon in 1797 concluded peace with Austria and dissolved the old republic of Venice. We then proceeded onward and upward through a winding and very interesting ravine, along a swift flowing river, through numerous tunnels, over high-arched viaducts, and between snow-capped mountains, whose peaks are above the misty clouds. It was after dark when we reached Villach, which lies in the mountains of Austria, and is not unlike many of the towns of Switzerland. All the next day the views from the car windows seemed still more grand. Near evening the train reached Semmering, the highest point on the line, where is the most wonderful display of engineering skill and mechanical ingenuity that I ever saw. One cannot estimate the labor it must have taken to build such

a railroad from cliff to cliff, and over frightful ravines thousands of feet below.

It was dark when we reached Vienna, the great and prosperous city, and capital of Austria. The city in some parts reminds me of Paris. It is very clean, and, like most European cities, the houses are large blocks, and built of stone and have but one entrance usually. The ceilings of the rooms are high. A seven-story house here is about as tall as they build, and is about as high as a ten-story one in New York. Many families live in a block. These large stone buildings stand at the edge of the street on all sides, and surround one or more hollow squares, or courts. The entrance leads to the court and is in charge of one or two persons, generally a man and wife, whose business it is to guard the entrance, give all necessary information and assistance to the callers, see them safely on the lift and start it for the particular story they want to go to. By a device the porter is able to set the machinery so that it will stop at the required place. In this way the service of an elevator boy is dispensed with and the man, or perhaps woman, in charge, is relieved from any further requirements on that occasion. The river Danube circles through the city on its way to the Black sea, and boats ply up and down every day between Vienna and Buda-Pest. Vienna is noted for its magnificent public buildings of architectural beauty, standing on spacious grounds and by many little well-kept parks which give the city a charming appearance. I noticed as soon as we crossed the line and came into Austria a marked difference in

the people. It was not the musical voice of the Italian. Their words did not drop only from the lips and in rapid succession like we hear among the Latin races, but were of the deepest German type, and the many "jaw-breaking phrases" soon reminded me that we were in the land of the Teuton. I must say, however, that I feel more at home here than I do in either France, Spain or Italy. The little German that I learned when a boy on my father's farm that I acquired by being with the children of German families who lived on our place, now enables me to talk with these people in a general way. I find some long words, names of places, etc., that are not in my German vocabulary, and are most too much for me. Here are a few samples. This is over the "Imperial Royal Pawn, Storage and Auction office"—"K.K. Versatz-Verwahrungs-Und-Versteigerungsamt." The name of a man's singing club here is Mannergesang-verin. The following is a sample of the names of the streets in Vienna, Rothenthurmstrasse, and there are many, as we see them up on the corner houses, that are still more difficult for a stranger to pronounce. Vienna has a wide boulevard, with beautiful sidewalks, lined with many trees, which they call the "Ring." It is about a mile long, and encircles the heart of the city. One side runs along the Danube, which makes a charming promenade on the bank of the flowing river. A double track for electric cars is on this "Ringstrasse," and from it, and to it, run about every line of street cars in the city, some of them far out to the many beautiful suburbs.

I see many wagons on the streets drawn by one horse without shafts. It seems that truck and delivery wagons are nearly all made with pole instead of shafts, so that I frequently see one horse hitched to a wagon, (side of the pole) and in that awkward way rapidly going over the stony streets. This manner of hitching one horse to a wagon seems to me not only strange but ridiculous.

The Austrians do not, I think, present so fine an appearance as many of the people of other nations in Europe, but I have found them kind and very accommodating. One morning I asked a man in fine uniform, who is a cavalry officer, to direct me to "Stefenplats." He replied in his language, saying, "My garrison is not stationed here, so I am, also, strange, but I will ask for you." Then speaking to an officer of still higher rank who was near by, and who said: "It will be very difficult for you to find the way, but if you please we will go with you." In German (poorly accented, no doubt) I replied: "You are very good but I must not make so much trouble for you." However, they went with me. We soon passed through many short and crooked streets on our way, and I was completely lost. No stranger can keep his bearings in a city like Vienna. Some of the streets are laid out in a ring, others are straight for a few rods, then bend to the right or to the left, in curves, and many are short and angle in every direction. As soon as these officers learned that I was an American they ceased to speak German, and made a great effort to address me in English, but their very limited vocabulary made it more

difficult for me than their own tongue. They escorted me in the most pleasant manner to the place, then politely lifting their hats and shaking hands said, "Guten Morgen," and retired back to their quarters. In this city, foaming coffee, resembling beer, and largely taking its place, is served at all the restaurants, places of amusement and where the people gather to while away their leisure hours. I must mention that the young man from the country comes to the city, dressed in green, with a white feather in his hat, which is the national costume of the rural people, and appears very picturesque.

Vienna, Austria, May 9th, 1903.

LETTER XXXXV.

IN HUNGARY.

SAIL DOWN THE DANUBE.—SCENES ALONG THE RIVER.
—THE PEOPLE.—THE GREAT NEW CITY OF
BUDA-PEST.

FROM Vienna we came to this place by boat on the "Blue" Danube. All day the weather was fine. The steamer made good time on the swift flowing river as it glided down between the hills and green fields that line its shores in old Hungary. On the one side of the river we could see the hills which are the last outposts of the mighty Alps, frowning down on the water that flows at their base. We could see the cattle and sheep from the pasture lands coming down to the water to drink. The shores are dotted with little fields and small houses, and many villages along the shore were landing places for the steamer. I saw women with as much energy and apparent strength as the men, catch the steamer cable and help to tie up the boat at the landings. In fact, it seemed to me that they did it quicker and better than the men.

It was just sunset when the great city of Buda-Pest came to our sight. Before the boat arrived at its landing place the electric lights of the city were turned on. All along the walled banks on

both sides of the river the electric lights hung like beads, and over the bridge and up hills and steeps, these bright lights shone forth in all their glory. Three grand bridges span the river, towering above the water like mountains in the air. Along the shores are fine promenades, shaded with green trees, and as we landed we found them filled with a gay throng of people who were enjoying the warm evening in the open air. A few were bare-footed, and many were in rich attire, all walking the gay promenade, or dining by the wayside and reading the evening papers.

The mighty Danube, which flows through the town, does not only add beauty to the great city, but it is Hungary's highway to the sea and the main artery through which the life blood of the nation flows. What would all Egypt do without the Nile? The country would soon be a desert, and the people a "thing of the past." Germany loves her beautiful Rhine, New York her grand Hudson, and the states of our great west glory in the far-famed Mississippi.

Buda-Pest is a twin city now. Previous to the days of large bridges Buda was on one side of the river and Pest on the other. Since 1873 they have been united as one city and connected with great bridges. It now has a population of over half a million. Almost the entire city is clean and new. Everything up-to-date. Nature has made it an ideal spot and no expense has been spared to make it in all respects one of the most charming cities in Europe. On the right bank, on the Buda side of the river, nature has provided a

grand elevation for a fortress. On these heights, and at an enormous expense, the Hungarian people have built a large palace for a king. It is not yet quite completed, but it stands out in all its beauty, crowning the great old "Hill of Buda." It adds to the charms and beauty of the city. It towers grandly above the great river that rapidly flows at its base. But it substantially stands unoccupied eleven and a half months in the year, as poor old Hungary has no king. Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, acts as the sovereign and comes down here from Vienna once a year and stays in their palace for about two weeks. They do not dislike him; but like the people of Norway, they are not pleased with a foreigner for their king, and are constantly looking forward to the time when a Hungarian shall succeed to the dual throne and come and live in their palace here.

Next week the emperor will be here and they are now at work preparing the city to give him a great reception. Thousands of temporary seats are being erected along the streets and promenades which command large prices and are selling rapidly. If we would tarry a little longer here, we could see from the balcony of this room of the hotel the entire procession, and see the old emperor acting as king for these people. They say the grand old emperor is forlorn and unhappy. A few years ago his wife, the empress, was assassinated in Switzerland—at Geneva. His only son met with a violent death several years ago, and his only daughter is not eligible to the throne. His successor will be taken from a lot of archdukes

who are not so near to him as he would like, no doubt. We paid a visit to their House of Parliament, which is composed of two chambers of legislative bodies, consisting of about four hundred and fifty members in each. Here is where all the laws are made and where the power of Hungary is centered. The emperor in time of peace exercises but little authority over these people, being of course very content to have his empire progress without trouble. The interior of this building is far beyond description. Gorgeous in every detail; magnificent and complete in all its appointments; its entrances and corridors are simply grand; the variegated colored and mirror-like columns charm the visitor. The decorations of gold, gilt and glowing colors that so perfectly fit the architectural design, blend into one harmonious picture of unexcelled magnificence.

This city has, it seems, more asphalt streets than Vienna. It has a goodly number of fine shops (stores) and is doing quite a large business. Many Jews have come here with a great deal of means and money, and their enterprising competition has excited the envy of some of their competitors in Vienna, who now say that the growing city down the river should significantly change its name from "Buda-Pest to Jewda-Pest."

We shall always pleasantly remember our visit to Hungary, of our pleasant sail on and down the old Danube, and our entertainment in the most interesting and beautiful city that lies on both shores of the famous old river.

Buda-Pest, Hungary, May 14th, 1903.

LETTER XXXXVI.

IN GERMANY.

NORTHERN AUSTRIA.—GERMAN MANUFACTURES.—
OLD NUREMBURG.—FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.—
WEISBADEN.—SAILING DOWN THE RHINE.—
COLOGNE.—ADMIRATION FOR THE
GERMAN PEOPLE.

NORTHERN Austria is a fertile and fruitful country. As we passed along on our way we saw many fields of wheat just shooting into head, and the large fields of grass were nearly ready for the mower. It was the first time since we left home that I was in the least reminded of the fine farms and green fields of northern Ohio in the beautiful June time.

The German government is assisting, encouraging and protecting their manufacturing industries, but they do it at the expense of their farmers and other classes, which is causing some political commotion here just now. I was told by an observing Englishman, a few weeks ago, that "the men who made England such a great manufacturing country were mechanics who stood by their business just as you do in America now." "But," said he, "these men have grown old. The ownership of these various large and successful industries have not passed into the hands of those

who helped to build them, but into the hands of the sons of the former proprietors who now belong to that class who never do anything; who have been brought up in luxury and are unskilled for any purpose except to put on dress suits and pass their time at fashionable watering places." He seemed sure that this is the principal reason that England is losing so much of her former manufacturing prestige, and that our American methods are putting us in the front ranks.

In 1894 when we spent several months in this country, the United States was looked upon in a very different light than they see us now. Then they would not believe that we were fast becoming commercially great, politically powerful, and financially strong. But now they fully admit our standing. They realize our future prospects and evident growth to such an extent that they praise our methods, express an admiration for our institutions, and very carefully court our friendship.

I wish to say that we spent, with great interest, a few days in old Nuremburg. We arrived there in the evening, after an all-day ride through northern Austria. We put up at the Grand Hotel, a well-kept and charming place for a stranger to stay. In a few minutes there was a rap at our door. I opened it and there stood our fellow-townsmen and my long-time friend, Judge Baldwin, who is the American consul and lives at that hotel. That we were pleased to meet him and see him look so well goes without saying. Mr. Baldwin very kindly took us to many interesting places of note in that quaint and pleasant city. We were reluctant

to leave Nuremburg and our friend Judge Baldwin, and we shall ever remember our visit to that place with great pleasure.

We spent a few days at Frankfort on the Main, a large and beautiful city, clean and well-paved, as all German cities are; and, like most of the growing cities of Europe, composed of old and new towns.

The old towns have, of course, the historical associations, and the new, the modern beauty. In Frankfort we were shown the house where Goethe lived and wrote; also the house that Martin Luther, it is said, occupied. We are told that the city purchased both these houses, and will preserve them as noted places.

We were delighted with our visit to Weisbaden, an old watering place near the Rhine, famous for its mineral hot springs, and where the German people, as well as people of other nations of Europe have resorted to and bathed in its waters when afflicted with rheumatism and kindred troubles, for many years. Thousands who are not in need of its curative properties seek pleasure and amusement there. For many it is the most attractive place in all Europe. Nature has provided the spot, and man's labor and taste has beautified the place. It is one vast park, and is the most complete for its purpose in all Europe. For hundreds of years people of means have gathered there and spent their money freely. And it is now, so to speak, a finished city of large, fine villas, wide streets, winding promenades and charming drive-ways.

This week we spent one beautiful day sailing down on the fast flowing clear waters of the historic old Rhine. The famous river of which Germany has always been so proud. It is navigable for about six hundred miles above its mouth, and as a channel of commerce stands first among the rivers of Europe. In ancient times it was a great factor in the development of northern Europe. In the days of Caesar, when the Teutons were called by the Romans the barbarians of the north, the twilight of civilization was reflected on the shores along the Rhine. Since then much of the world's history has been associated with this great waterway. Huss, Luther, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and many others with their genius, their learning, or their power, have rendered the Rhineland memorable. From the days when the Romans looked with wondering admiration on this grand old river, travelers have never ceased to celebrate its charms and poets to sing its praises.

As our boat was gliding along between the vine-clad hills, and historic shores, we could see the remains of castles, fortresses and cathedrals standing amid the green trees and far up the mountain sides on great rocks, silently proclaiming the life, the pleasures and dangers of a former age. The great fortresses are not needed now. In their stead beautiful villas stand in charming places along the shore. I am sure we were well repaid and I shall ever remember our trip on the Rhine as one of the most interesting days we have had on this journey.

We are now at Cologne where we landed from

the Rhine, a large port on the river and a great manufacturing and commercial city. It has a large sale of cologne (perfumery), which I presume is known all over the world. Like all the old cities of the world it has many attractions and places of interest. But what always interests me the most are the characteristics of the people. There seems to be some peculiarity about the inhabitants of every nation. To me it is very interesting and entertaining to study the manners and customs as I observe them in their usual avocations and daily walks of life. How different one nation seems from another. Yet there is a mingling of certain traits of character and common politeness that obtains almost everywhere. Germany has contributed so much to America and we have absorbed many of the characteristics of her people who so numerously live among us, that we of the United States are today more of the Saxon than any other people speaking the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Emigration, trade, commerce and political changes are surely and gradually erasing the very marked lines that existed between the nations of olden times. The blessing of more courts of arbitration; more civilization and less war, greater tolerance in religion and more common sense is advancing the world at a stride scarcely to be realized. I have formed an attachment for Germany. We have been treated so generously and so kindly by these people that I could not feel otherwise. In fact, we have been accorded as Americans, universal consideration and respect everywhere, and by all the people with whom we come in contact. I am profoundly glad

to see and realize the consideration and esteem that America and Americans receive at the hands of the people whom we have met on this side of the water.

I cannot attempt herein to record the many compliments I have heard paid to our country, or mention the expressions of desire to live in America that one hears so frequently. As for myself I have seen many things here to admire. I am fond occasionally of mingling with these people, to sojourn among them for a time and observe their various traits of character. But the longer I stay the more I realize the blessing of our own country. The superior advantages of America appear to me more marked and prominent every day. I am always glad to see our flag, with its radiant stars and beautiful stripes; and I am doubly glad to know that it is respected in "every land and on every sea."

Cologne, Germany, May 21st, 1903.

LETTER XXXXVII.

IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

AMSTERDAM.—DYKES.—MARKEN ISLAND.—THE YOUNG
QUEEN.—THE HAGUE.—ROTTERDAM.—ANTWERP.
—BRUSSELS.—WATERLOO.

BEFORE coming here we spent a week in Holland with a people who are the real Dutch. Amsterdam is their principal city, and the commercial metropolis of the country. It lies on a gulf which they call Zuyder Zee, but that body of water being too shallow for large boats they built, about thirty years ago, the Grand Ship Canal of north Holland from Amsterdam to the North Sea, fifteen miles distant. This canal is about one hundred yards wide and thirty feet deep and cost \$14,000,000.

This great artificial water-way enables their commerce to reach every nation that borders on the high seas. Amsterdam is a very peculiar city, so level and low that much of the place is below the ocean, and if it were not for the wonderful dykes all along the shores of the sea, and the huge gates at the entrance of the grand canal, high tide would soon destroy it.

It is not only near and around Amsterdam that the great dykes are indispensable, but in fact all of the north of Holland and as far south along the sea shores and sluiceways, as the large city of Rotterdam. What a vast amount of labor has been

done by those industrious and energetic people in building and maintaining the large and many dykes, that surround so much of their country. What pluck and skill they have displayed in saving their lands and homes in their apparently never-ceasing battles with the sea. They do not only keep the sea back with these monstrous levees, but have reclaimed a great part of their most valuable lands, as nature had it, were under water. Where the flowers now bloom and the wheat fields are green, was once the bottom of lakes and inlets from the sea. Much, or I should think, nearly all of these low lands are deltas made by the Rhine and other rivers out of the soil carried down and deposited in the slack waters where they enter the sea. Just as the Nile is doing for Egypt, so is the Rhine making more rich soil for Holland.

On the island of Marken, lying north of Amsterdam in Zuyder Zee, we saw the inhabitants in the odd costumes as they dressed in the olden times and before European styles found their way into that country. The men there wear baggy trousers and wooden shoes, and the women gaudy red waists, skirts to their knees and also wooden shoes. They have been standing still in this world of progress and have only been able to hold their place as it was two hundred years ago, while some of their neighboring towns on that gulf are dead cities now.

While out riding one day we saw the young and popular queen and her disliked husband, Prince Henry, out for a drive in Amsterdam where they came to spend a week from their residence at

The Hague, the capital of her little Dutch kingdom. She is much admired by the people but her husband, who is a German, is not liked at all.

The Hague is the most interesting city in Holland with a population of two hundred thousand. It is noted as a place where rulers and plotters of other nations met and schemed for power. There was sufficient liberty in that old Dutch republic to make it a place of comparative safety for the fanatic, the schemer and the intolerant. Good as well as bad has been accomplished there. The great court of arbitration for almost the whole civilized world meets there, and the blessings that accrue, or the horrors that are averted by its action, cannot be estimated.

Rotterdam is another large old city in Holland. Its commerce floats to the sea on the waters of the Maas, and is today one of the great ports of northern Europe.

At some places in Holland the canals are so high above the vast plains of low land that it seems very queer to be riding along on a boat and see the tops of houses on a level with the water, and the birds flying in the air below you. It is said that "the frogs along the shores of some of these water ways croak down on the swallows that are flying beneath them."

I am pleased with our visit to Holland. There is much more of interest to write about, but I wish to say something of what I see here in Belgium, and I will leave it and refer the reader to their very interesting history. Such as the old Dutch Republic, the Pilgrim fathers, the "Mayflower," etc.

From Holland we came into the land of Belgium. Spent a day at Antwerp, a noted seaport on the river Scheldt. Then came here to the large and beautiful capital of the little kingdom which is said to be more like Paris than any city in Europe.

I visited Waterloo battlefield in company with one Irishman, one Englishman and two Americans. We had also with us a native Belgian, who spoke English, and very intelligently described to us in detail much of the history of that eventful spot. It was the great battle on the 18th of May, 1815, which marked the time of Napoleon's downfall and the rise of Wellington, both of whom are conspicuous figures in modern history. Napoleon had an army of eighty thousand, and the English only sixty-seven thousand all told, and some of them not English soldiers. On the night of the seventeenth Napoleon was ready and eager for the fight. So confident was he of success, and so fearful that Wellington might retreat before morning, that he personally mounted his horse after midnight and rode over the fields and watched that his enemy might not slip away. In the morning the brother of Napoleon commenced the battle, and it raged with dreadful carnage most of the day. Wellington was expecting the aid of the Prussian army, and all the day he was looking for Blucher with his twenty-six thousand men, knowing well that if he could hold out against the French until Blucher came there was hope of success.

Napoleon was very much aware that the Prussians were hastening to assist Wellington, and he was making every effort to complete the job before

Blucher could arrive. Napoleon ordered Marshal Ney to attack the British at the cross roads where they were weak. But the great field marshal thought the whole British force was centering there, and he delayed the attack several hours—which was a fatal mistake. In the meantime Wellington saw Blucher coming up the valley on the right of the French. Hastily mounting his horse he ordered his reserve guard to charge on Napoleon's left, and at once put the whole British army in action. The fresh Prussian army on the flank of the French and the whole British force in front was too much for any army. The old French guards stood amid blood and carnage until few were left. Blucher got there too soon for Napoleon, and he lost, not only the battle and thousands of brave men, but his power and his empire were gone forever. That was a famous day for Lord Wellington, and England will never cease to honor him. It was a comforting day for all the nations of Europe, for there was little peace while Napoleon was in power. Belgium has placed a monument made of the ground from the battlefield, two hundred feet high. It stands on an elevated plain, like the pyramids of Egypt, with a lion on the summit. Steps lead up to the top, where we had a grand view of the whole battleground, and where every move of both armies was explained by an officer.

Tomorrow we start for London, where we expect to spend a few weeks and then sail across the sea to America. Hope to reach home late in June.

Brussels, Belgium, June 3rd, 1903.





